LITERARY
SOUVENIR

London
1834

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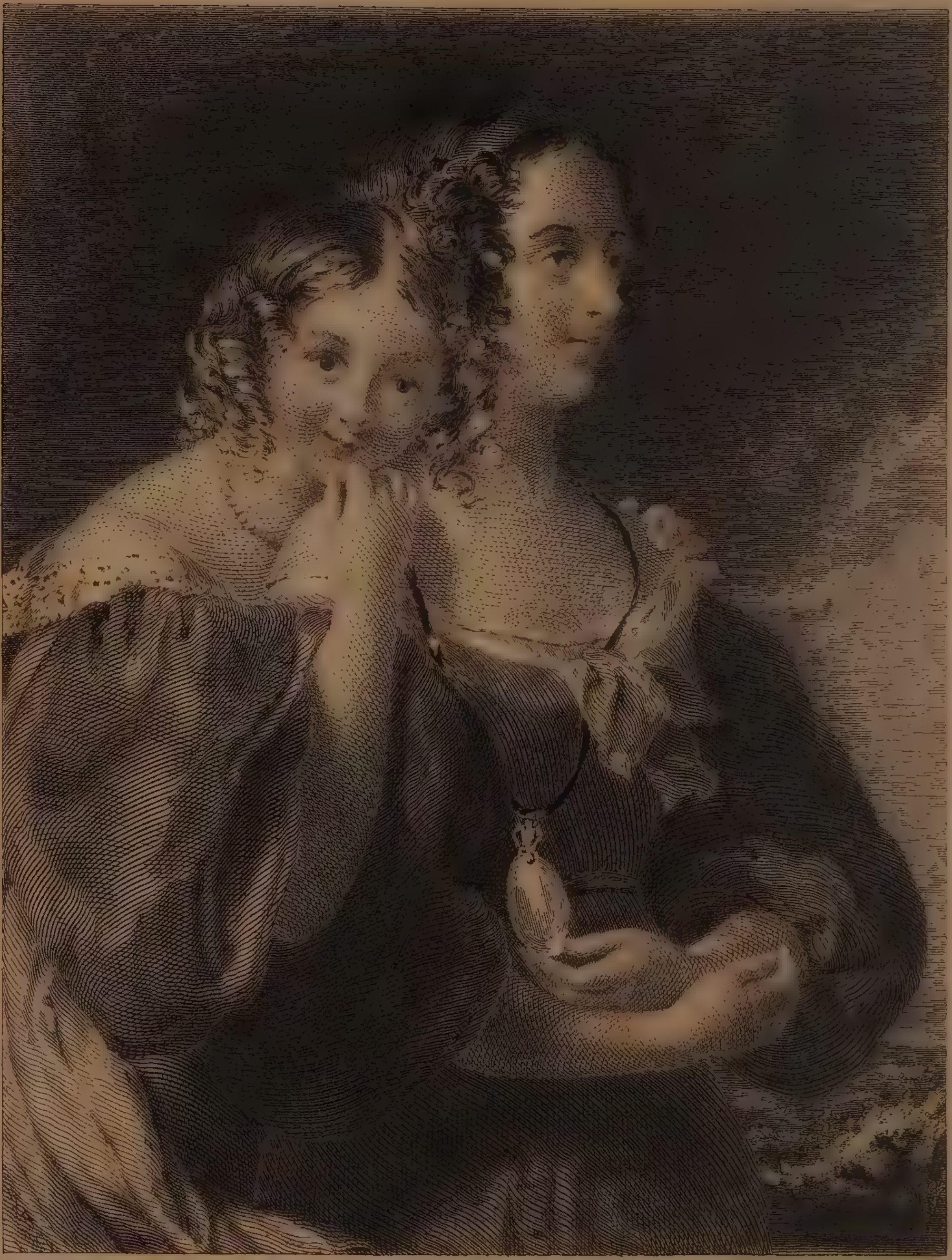

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THE CONTRAST.

THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR.

EDITED BY

ALARIC A. WATTS.

I have song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN.

1834.

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TO

WILLIAM WELLS, ESQ.

AS A MARK OF RESPECT FOR HIS PATRONAGE OF

BRITISH ART,

This Volume is Inscribed,

BY THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

IN presenting to the Public the Tenth Volume of the LITERARY SOUVENIR, the Editor profits by the opportunity to announce his intention of commencing an entirely new series of the work with the ensuing volume; availing himself at the same time of such improvements in its plan and arrangement as past experience has suggested. What the precise nature of the contemplated changes will be, cannot for obvious reasons be specified at the present moment. They will be such as will, in the judgment of the editor, be likely to increase materially the interest and value, graphic and literary, of the publication.

Of the distinguished patrons of British Art, to whom the Editor has stood indebted from time to time for the loan of pictures for the LITERARY SOUVENIR, one of the kindest and most courteous has been removed by a premature death beyond the reach of his acknowledgments. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that he alludes to LORD DOVER, to whose politeness he owes the permission to engrave the beautiful picture by Collins, entitled Fisher Children: a group which includes, he believes, the portraits of two of his Lordship's children.

It may perhaps be as well to mention, that in consequence of the lingering illness and subsequent death of the engraver of the Oriental Love-Letter by Destouches, a delay has occurred which has given the Painter an opportunity of publishing or causing to be published, in Paris, a lithographic print from some duplicate of the subject in his possession. This lithography has been again copied, in mezzotint, in this country. We regret the circumstance; although we think we may affirm that both prints bear too slight a resemblance to the original, to detract much from the novelty or interest of Mr. Ensom's engraving.

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ALOFF AND HENNEKA.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The mightiest system of martial despotism that ever rose on the world, was in the wane: those iron men of ancient Rome, who had subjected to their invincible arms the greatest portions of the three known continents, were no more: their sons, corrupted and enfeebled by the wealth of their fathers' conquests, were retiring from the extremities of their immense empire,—from the hot sands of Africa, from the populous cities of Asia, from the forests and morasses of Europe, towards that great central heart, which now was diseased to the very core, and was ready to sink into inanition, and lie buried for ages with its fallen children. A hundred kingdoms, rising from the wreck of this august state, were about to grow, through centuries of battle and strife, into strength and renown. But a mightier power than even Rome, was coming over them. From the hills of Syria, a peasant youth had gone forth to the capital of Judea,—the ancient, the wise, the holy,—startling the people by his magnificent deeds, and confounding the powerful and the sage by his wisdom. This youth had been looked for from the beginning of the world. God announced him to the first pair,—patriarchs lived only to bear the honours of his parentage,—kings founded their thrones upon the hope of his coming,—prophets, a wondrous and peculiar race, had risen in long succession, to pass their lives in dens and desarts, musing on his name, his nature, and his fortunes, and writing the most glorious poems in his honour. The very kingdom of his birth had been planted and preserved for him;—but his arrival from the depths of eternity; from the hopes, and expectations, and marvels of a hundred generations, was the most wonderful of all. He was neither monarch nor warrior; neither priest nor scribe; neither patrician, nor one of those splendid adventurers who rise from the gloom of the lowest regions of life, to render more dazzling that brilliance which soars up above all other thrones, and puts out the fainter lights of legitimate rulers: he was but a simple, country youth, the reputed son of a carpenter! But what was birth or station to him? He possessed powers which made universal nature tremble and bow before him; his wisdom was truth itself, freed from all the follies and the failings of men: he spoke such words of beauty, of power, of love in the public streets, that men stood in astonishment; and the maxims he uttered, fell with an everlasting fruition on their hearts, and changed them from base and ignoble, to great, generous, and divine. He lived, and died. The wicked and envious triumphed for a moment, and all that he had done and shewn, seemed gone like a morning dream: but it was not so. His supernatural powers revived in other men; his wisdom and his love inspired them. They went forth to a hundred nations, doing wonders in his name. Men fell on them, and slew them; but others arose, and prosecuted their work. They conquered the prejudices of their countrymen; they triumphed over all the power of the mighty and universal Rome; they triumphed over the haughtiness of imperial pride; the emperor of the world became their disciple! But they stopped not here. Into every nation they went on: into the learned cities of Greece; into the vast plains of central Asia; into the mysterious realms of India they penetrated. The deserts of Africa stopped not their course: the demi-savage lands and woods of Europe were not too abject, or too rude, to awake their love. Everywhere they proceeded, and everywhere they brought blessings and strength. The rocks and snowy wastes of the north beheld them approach; they arrived in the desolate vales of the very Ultima Thule.

It is in this part of the world that we shall make a momentary pause, to contemplate the deeds of these Christians, these "dark-attired Culdees." It was here that men who had been bred up in all the refinements of Grecian society, or the ease and affluence of Rome, were to be found, making their abodes in forests and in caverns, or building for themselves the meanest huts, and seeking no object in these tempestuous regions, but to civilize and christianize the inhabitants. They had to contend with the most savage habits, and the most bloody superstitions; but with an admirable and invincible patience, they endured every thing, whether from the rigour of the climate, or the malice and misconceptions of rugged men; and they, at length, reaped their reward, and introduced the most brilliant intellectual light into the north. It was these men who, amid the wild and splintered rocks of Iceland, amid the stormy isles of Scotland, and the rude clans of Ireland, kindled the beautiful blaze of christian knowledge that burned so fairly, when all around was dark, savage, and wintry.

In a wild glen of Sweden, at the foot of stupendous mountains, might be found the hut of one of these meritorious fathers of northern christianity. In the short summer of the country, it was a delightful situation. The little picturesque tenement then, stood in a small green meadow, in which the freshest grass and a thousand beautiful flowers shewed themselves. On each hand wild, rocky, and precipitous mountains arose, stretching away to a great height and distance, darkened here and there with forests of pine. Down these hills, various little torrents were dashed, and ran in swift streams past the hut on both sides, leaving it, in fact, on a sort of little island. The glen closed not far northward of it; and to the south lay the prospect of a considerable plain. Amongst the mountains dwelt foresters and miners, to whom the excellent Anskar devoted his labours. In winter it was an awful abode. For many months the mountain torrents were chained up by frost; the rivers that ran on either hand, were frozen hard as the rocks themselves; and snows fell and drifted into the glen, in such quantities, that the christian father's hut was sometimes buried in them, and he was often cut off from all communication with his fellow men. The wolves and bears that abounded in those mountains, came by day and night in ravenous troops, snuffing and howling around, even climbing upon its roof, and endeavouring to tear their way into it. The only defence the good old man had, was in two large dogs who shared his little hearth, and whose deep growlings seemed to check their savage assailants, whenever they were on the point of succeeding in their efforts. But his chief reliance was on the Power who had led him to this desolate land, and who, he believed, had much for him to do in it. So, winter after winter, here he still maintained his abode. Around him all the voices of darkness and tempests raged, or wailed in a hundred melancholy, or furious tones; and one mighty pine, which hung its black foliage above his little dwelling, gave to the passing element such a music of sadness, or stormy power—such sighings and deep lamentings, and hoarse, ocean-like roars, as were enough to sink a heart less divinely fortified. But his spirit was still calm, and even joyful; for he had succeeded in making the most lively impression on the minds and manners of the people, and had won their most ardent affection. He had achieved a still more splendid enterprise: he had converted Henneka, the young princess of Gothland; and through her influence, had effected the conversion of nearly all that kingdom. To support Henneka on her throne, during the agitations of this great change, and to put down the desperate endeavours of the priests, he had prevailed on Aloff, the young and gallant king of Sweden, notwithstanding his hereditary antipathy, to assist her with his arms; and had seen, not only the kingdom restored to peace and security, but Aloff, partly through his own noble nature, but more powerfully by his admiration of the beautiful and high-minded Henneka, strongly inclined to the christian faith. Thus, there was a prospect of the union of two powerful kingdoms; a union, not only in the bonds of common life, but in the true knowledge—and all, through his instrumentality. At the very least, did no such union ever take place, Gothland was christianized, and Sweden was opened, by the favour of the king, to his unlimited efforts. Buoyed up by this glory, with which the goodness of God had crowned him and solaced by the treasures of the sacred Scriptures, and by other precious scrolls of ancient learning, he passed the winter in his hut, as if it were a dwelling in heaven itself. While the fierceness of the season hemmed him in, he sate and read, and forgot all without; or penned in a voluminous scroll, the records of all he had done and witnessed.

If we could have looked in upon him on a certain night of December, in his seventieth year, we should have found his hearth burning brightly with its fire of pine branches; his two large shaggy dogs stretched before it, with their noses between their fore-paws, and their eyes fixed on the blaze as steadily, as if they were in some deep reverie of thought. Above them, sate on a short stake driven into the wall, a huge glossy raven, who, holding his head first on one side and then on the other, contemplated the dogs as with a mischievous design; then dropped down between them, pulled their ears, or their long shaggy hair, with his great black beak; hopped upon their heads and looked into their faces, while they stirred not a limb; and then stalking round the room, flew upon his master's table, and after sitting sometime opposite him with a deep gravity, flew up again to his perch. We should have seen the venerable Anskar, wrapped in his bear-skin robe, seated at his little table, with his lamp burning before him, and his eyes intently fixed on his scroll.

The darkness had set in some hours: the storm was wildly howling without, when the raven suddenly raised his head in a listening posture, and the dogs starting from their attitude of repose, pricked up their ears, and gave signs of perceiving the approach of some living thing. Anskar listened, and thought he could hear the howling of wolves, amid the noise and eddying of the wind. He was soon convinced of it, and arose to try whether he had already secured his door; but in that moment he heard a rushing sound near it, and a loud, hoarse cry of "help! help!". The very idea of a human being pursued by wolves, made Anskar fling wide his door, though he did it at the imminent risk of his own instant destruction. The snow already lay several feet deep, and was blowing blindingly about. He perceived close to him some huge body—what, he could not tell, struggling with the deep mass and bewildering flakes; and, in another moment, a gigantic man plunged into the hut, and dashing the door to with a frantic hand, placed himself against it. The barking of the dogs, and the hoarse screaming of the raven ceased in an instant, and made fearfully distinct the howling of the wolves, now close upon the dwelling.

"Stranger," said Anskar, "let me bar the door. Thou art safe. But what evil fortune has led thee at this hour into the forest?" The man, who was of extraordinary proportions, shook the snow from his form, and pulling his cap from his head, displayed a bush of hair, rough as the sedge of the forest river, and gazed round him with wild eyes, but was yet silent. The wolves now raged and howled about the hut, rushing upon it with ravenous madness, and seeming as if they would tear it down. The brawny stranger grasped his huge sword in both his hands, and stood eyeing the door and the roof, as if expecting every moment to see his deadly pursuers enter.

"I tell thee man, thou art safe," said Anskar. "This tenement has protected me ten years, and shall it not defend thee for a night? Yes, whoever thou art," he added in a solemn tone, "know that the power of God is here, and lay aside thy alarms."

But it was not easy for human nature to do so. The man had maintained a perilous strife for some time against his gaunt pursuers; and had only escaped from them in the moment of apparent destruction; and even now the feebleness of the barrier between him and their horrible fury, made him look for its momentarily giving way. He stood, therefore, for some time intently on the defensive; but, at length, seeing the venerable old man set upon the table food and drink, and seat himself calmly by his fire, he subdued his terror, in some degree, and turning, said, "Holy man, thou shouldest know the strength of this place, and therefore I will believe it stouter than it seems; but to me it appears little capable of resisting such mad beasts; and though I am not wont to be fearful myself, I marvel at thy calmness." As he said this, he leaned his great sword and round target against the wall, and every moment glancing at the door and up at the roof, he accepted his host's invitation to refresh himself. If he had been much terrified, he had also been greatly fatigued, and, for a time, his fear seemed to give way to his appetite. Anskar viewed him as he sate at his meal, and wondered at his mighty size. He had seldom seen, amid all the sons of the forests through which he had gone, a stronger, larger man. He was clad in leggins, and a close jerkin of the skins of that very species of animal which had pursued him, and his cap was made of the same. His hair was bushy and untrimmed; and his face, tanned with the north wind, was expressive of a fierce, but not malicious mind.

As he sate thus at his food—"Thou askedst me just now, wherefore I came hither. This will tell thee;" and with an action as blunt as his speech, he drew a scroll from his bosom, and extended it towards his host with one hand, while he raised the cup to his mouth with the other. Anskar took it with an air of surprise, which was heightened when he beheld its texture, and the mode in which it was addressed—for it was composed of the thin bark of the silver birch, and the characters were of his own teaching.

"From the noble queen Henneka?" he exclaimed.

"From the same;" said the salvage bearer. The holy father opened it, and read, with an expression of lively concern that gradually deepened to the intensity of distress; but, when he had gone through it, he rolled it up; resumed his usual serenity of aspect; and, turning to the bearer, said,

"And what knowest thou of thy message?"

"All I know," replied the man, "is, that I have brought it at the risk of my life, and I am prepared to carry back thy answer on the same terms."

"There, then, is thy bed," said Anskar; "refresh thyself as thou canst, for with the earliest blink of day thou must depart."

He pointed to a heap of mountain moss in the nook by the hearth; and the burly messenger instantly shook it down to the length of his own frame, and threw himself upon it. Anskar cast a covering of sheepskins upon him, and bade him sleep, with God's blessing. But it was evident that he was not sufficiently at ease to do that speedily. As he lay, his great shining eyes might be seen from beneath his shaggy locks, glancing curiously from the christian, who, seated before his lamp, was busily inscribing a scroll, to the raven, who as intently fixed his jetty eyes upon him. Fatigue, however, at length sunk him into sleep, and he woke only as his host shook him to announce that morning dawned, and therefore it was time to depart. The huge man instantly sprung to his feet; and, looking out, beheld all one still expanse of snow, dimly seen by the earliest day-beams. He ate rapidly the food set before him; and then, thrusting the scroll he received into his bosom, his host beheld him depart with giant strides through the silent snow.

No sooner was he gone, than Anskar, taking his staff, and flinging his belt around his winter-cloak, prepared to set out also. His dogs rose and stood at his knee, ready to follow him. He stroked the glossy head of the raven that came hopping before him where-ever he turned, as if conscious that he was about to leave home, and said — "My poor Wandelkroker, I must leave thee to the care of Him who feeds all living things—man, beast, and bird: and to the care of his faithful servants here, who have never suffered thy master to need, and for his sake, will not suffer thee. They will care for, and caress thee till I return, if God decree my return; and so good bye to thee, my grave old play-fellow." Wandelkroker sate eyeing him with his bright twinkling eyes, and sideway-inclined head, but made no attempt to follow, and Anskar drew the door after him, and went on his journey.

It was a beautiful sight to see that fine old man going forth in such a season, on some occasion of high emergence, for that was apparent;— clad in his leggins of well-tanned buff, and cloak of shaggy bear-skin; his cap of softest beaver on his head; his tall staff in his hand; his satchel of provisions thrown over his shoulder, and his two large dogs leaping in the soft deep drifts, whirling round in the joy of their hearts, whisking their long bushy tails, snapping up mouthfuls of the feathery snow, and rolling themselves in it in their ecstasy. Anon, they returned to their wonted gravity, and followed meekly the steps of their master. He went along, painfully, and slowly; for, at his advanced years, it was not by activity, but care and patience, that he made progress through the wintry heaps. As he went, he seemed absorbed in the cause of this sudden journey, and walked on, muttering to himself disjointed words, half soliloquy, half prayer.—"Aloff marked by the priests as their victim, at the feast of Yule;—Yule but two days hence;—God! wilt thou suffer it? This holy work—this prosperous mission.—Thus on the eve of a great triumph, which should establish the Cross here for ever—thus rising like a new sun on these desolate lands;—cheering, blessing, and softening all these rugged sons of the wintry rocks,—can it, shall it be? But what shall hinder? What help in these old limbs! Yule in two days only,—and Upsala so far!—and these snows—these valleys—now so many impassable gulphs! Oh, Lord! help! help! And what then shall save this noble king? Who shall dare to stand up for him, against these bloody priests? Oh, Lord, send help! send help! Thou hast thunders and lightnings and earthquakes, spare not thy power on this occasion—let them see it, and know thee. Shake the wicked from thee, as ripe corn is shaken from the ear by a tempest.

Thou hast sons and servants not so far off—Oh! fire their hearts, quicken their limbs—send them like thy clouds, over land and water, wood and hill—send them, great God! send them!"

So he went on through the day. So deep were the snows, that he could not take the regular way, but was obliged to vary his direction as he found it practicable. Night began to close, and he seemed to have made little progress. His aged limbs began to tremble and fail. The snows still seemed to grow deeper,—the very dogs drooped their tails, and looked mournfully at him. Before them was a wide forest, but no sign of human habitation. To pass the night in the wood was certain death, either from cold or from wild beasts. The old man's faith had often been tried to the extremity, but age was now on him,—his bodily powers were weak,—his heart almost failed him. Yet he went on praying, and strengthening himself in God. Night came rapidly down; the dogs began to exhibit instinctive signs of fear of the wolves. Anskar looked anxiously around, but could discern no light—no smoke. They entered the dark shades of the forest,—it was dismal and heart-quailing. They heard the distant howling of the wolf; they even saw one stealing through the thickets near them. "If thou wilt not that I perish, O Lord, now send help," said the weary old man. As he spoke, they heard the clear tinkling of a harp. For a moment he stood eagerly listening; such a sound in such a place seemed some evil delusion; but he heard it still more distinctly; and turning a projection of a rock, behold! a bright blaze flashed upon his eyes! When he could more definitely perceive what was before him, he discerned a wide arched cave in the opposite rock, and an old man in the habit of a Scald, seated by a fire, and playing upon his harp. It was a strange, yet a cheering sight. As the Scald saw Anskar advance, he ceased his playing, and sate gazing intently upon him. Anskar went on, and as he entered the mouth of the cave, the man cried out without moving from his place,—"Ah! christian *nithing*, why comest thou here with those dogs of Hela?"

"I come," said Anskar, "to crave the shelter of thy cavern,—the cherishing of thy fire,—for I am sore awearied. Give me that boon, I pray thee, as a man and a brother."

"As a man and a brother!" cried the old Scald, starting upon his feet; "as a serpent and scorpion of hell! But whither goest thou, I pray thee?"

"To Upsala," replied Anskar mildly.

"To Upsala!" shouted the furious old man, in the same fierce tone,—"to Upsala! Well, sit thee down by the fire; for why should I harm a christian who is going to Upsala at Yule? Ay, warm thee, christian, warm thee, and go to Upsala by all means!"

The tone of bitter and exulting irony sufficiently told Anskar what thoughts were passing in the old man's heart; but he seemed to note it not; he sate down, and commending his soul inwardly to God, drew forth his provisions from his wallet, and invited the Scald to partake.

"Nay," said he, in contemptuous wrath, "I need it not. I have feasted on venison, and drank from this cup, ale of the best;" seizing a dish formed of the upper portion of a human skull, which hung by a chain of human hair to his belt, and shewing it with derision to Anskar. Anskar mildly nodded; and giving to his faithful dogs, who sate before him, part of his food, made his meal in silence, and melted some snow for drink in a shell which he bore with him.

"And now friend," said he, turning to the Scald, "may I ask if this be thy abode; or dost thou too journey in this inclement time?"

"Oh! I journey! I journey, to be sure!" replied he petulantly, "and I will tell thee wherefore. It is to slay one of thy comrades—Anskar, the arch traitor. Never did the spirits of Evil, wallowing in the fiery floods of Niflheim, thirst for the pure waters of Gimle, as my dagger thirsts for his blood. I tell thee this, for thou canst not prevent it, and I would have thee to groan under the knowledge of it. Thou canst not leave this cave to night, or thou art food for wolves; and in the morning, Gaff, the scald, will be gone before thee. Couldst thou outstrip me if thou wouldst?" He sprung to his feet, flourished his dagger before him, and leaped across the cavern at three bounds, with an agility that astonished Anskar. "Do that," said the ferocious old man, and then will I think that thou canst get before me to the abode of thy accursed brother." Anskar perceived that he was not personally known to this implacable foe; and he added, "Alas! what a bloody faith is thine! What harm hath this man done thee? And what harm doth his faith, which is peaceful and kind."

"Peaceful?" reiterated fiercely the Scald,—"Peaceful? Ay, it is a fitting faith for cowards. But is my faith bloody, sayest thou? And thine kind? Whose faith, I pray thee, filled Gothland with blood? And would now fill Sweden with it too? But the Gods will have a noble victim at Yule! Wretch! provoke me no further! Never shall thou and thine reach the fair city of Gladheim, or the sweet country of Ocolm. You shall be plunged into the fiery fountain of Vergelmer, and the snakes and scorpions of Nastrande shall torment you. What will ye do, when Odin mounts his horse Sleipner; with one bound clears the great rainbow bridge of Bifrost, and pursues you with his fiery sword? What will your crucified man do, when Thor lifts his hammer, and dashes in pieces the rocks of the world! Lie thee down, old man! sleep! arise! go to Upsala. There shalt thou see sights!"

With that, the fanatic Scald rung a passionate lay on his harp in honour of his gods; then flinging the skirt of his cloak over his head, stretched himself out and slept. Anskar, full of anxious thoughts, leaned his back against the rock, and contemplated the dark aspect of affairs, till sleep also stole over him, and when he awoke it was morning; the fire was extinct, and Gaff, the scald, was gone.

This day he went on with quicker steps; his soul was roused to exertion by his troubles and his prayers: and on issuing from the forest, he found the track beaten, for numbers of people were on the way to Upsala. Many strange groups passed him from all quarters,—men, women, and children,—all hastening to the great feast of Thor: some driving before them cattle and young horses for sacrifices; some bringing presents of jars of honey, sacks of wheat, bundles of furs, and money for the annual tribute to the temple. Many curious looks were cast at the christian father; but he heeded them not, but went stoutly on his way. Towards evening the gilded roof of the great temple was discerned glittering in the clear, frosty sun-set; and the crowds came on thickening in every direction. Anskar's soul grew full of trouble and despondency. To-morrow what accursed deeds would be done in that temple of heathenism! What human victims slain! Perhaps the king himself, — and with him, Christ's religion quenched in darkness. His own fate was surely involved in these events; but of that he thought little—if Aloff and christianity perished, could he wish to survive?

As he drew near the city, he beheld fires burning brightly on all sides. The sounds of revelry came palpably on his ear. It was necessary to pass in his way that celebrated grove adjoining the temple, which for ages had been deemed so holy, but which to him was the most horrible of places on earth. As he neared it, he beheld temporary abodes erected all around it; bands of men and women dancing round the fires. The sounds of the flute, drum, and trumpet mingled wildly; and contrasted strangely with the scene itself. A wilderness of most ancient and wide-spreading trees it was, from whose branches depended the bodies of innumerable human victims,—some recent and whole; some black with the smoke of fires, with sun and rain, wind and frost; some falling piecemeal from the chains which held them; and others, white and dangling skeletons, whose low rattling sounds seemed to warn him away. Beneath lay bones in heaps, or scattered singly. As he strode forward, he felt them beneath his feet in the snow, half melted by the vicinity of the fires; and the croak of ravens, and the flapping wings of disturbed vultures watching for fresh prey, startled him, ever and anon, as he passed through the more quiet spots, to avoid the bacchanalian rout. As he passed the walls of the temple, he beheld a throng issue with drums and trumpets, leading out two youths, victims to Goya, the goddess of fruitfulness, and proceed to plunge them into that black and unfathomable gulph of hers which yawned just by. Trembling with horror, the good old man stopped his ears, lest he should hear the shrieks of the wretched youths, and hurried up into the town.

In happier times, his direct way was to the palace; but now to go there, could only increase the king's danger, and his own. He knew the king had been warned, and what more could be done? Bound by his regal office, he must attend the sacrifices on the morrow, or forfeit his honour, and with it, every thing worth living for; and if he did attend, what power, save that of God, could avert his fate? The priests, mightier than kings, could at any time call for the blood of the monarch, as a sacrifice to the gods, nobler, and therefore more precious and availing than any other,—and who could say nay? In times of military disaster—of famine, or of pestilence—they had chosen such victims; and the ancestors of Aloff had fallen by their hands. Filled with these ideas, he turned aside into another street, and sought the dwelling of an humble proselyte. This friend knew all that Anskar knew on the present situation of affairs; and all night they sate and conversed on them, with many tears, and prayed with all their souls to God. Ere the first streak of daybreak, Anskar went forth, and climbed a lofty eminence above the city, commanding a view of mountains and ocean; by day, a magnificent scene; and there, with his dogs at his feet, he sate down, and putting his head between his knees, poured out his spirit, like water, to the Lord of heaven and earth, and watched, and waited for the morning. As it at length gradually stole over the landscape, his eyes wandered eagerly over the southern slope beneath him; and, hour after hour, as a hundred groups come pouring up the roads toward the city, he sate gazing and gazing, as one that fain would discern some hope or sign that he saw not. The morning rolled on—the sun ascended proudly and tranquilly up the clear frosty sky, and gilt the fanes of that fearful temple, where presently the fate of a kingdom and of Christ's church were to be decided. Anon, the beat of drums, and the shrill wail of trumpets, announced that the feast was begun—that the king and all his princes, jarls and warriors, were on their way to the temple. Anskar started up, clasped his hands aloft, threw a long imploring look to heaven, and exclaimed, "help! help Almighty!" and sped hastily down towards the town.

He made his way, regardless of all the wonder his presence occasioned, through the dense crowds collected and collecting round the temple. He reached its awful doors, and gained with difficulty an entrance. Already, the fearful rites were begun. Before the three great idols of the north, Odin, Thor, and Freya, already the fire blazed on the huge brazen table; already eight youths of singular stature and beauty were arrayed for death. Already the priest stood with his dagger, ready to pierce the necks of the victims, and shed their blood into the great brazen cauldrons placed to receive it. The chief priest, standing before the altar, cast his eye over them, and said with a solemn voice—"I see eight victims to the honour of the gods, but where is the ninth?" There was a fearful silence. Again the priest demanded,—"but where is the ninth? Can there want a suitable offering on such a day, or is there one needed for the sins of the nation, more august and potent than is wont? It is so! Horrible dishonour has been done to these mighty deities, who led our fathers from the far regions of the east, and have crowned them and us with victory and prosperity for so many ages. Strange and blasphemous words have been uttered against them—the overthrow of their power has been concerted; and they demand the blood of the traitor. I see him there!"—pointing to Aloff—"Bind him! let his blood wash away our sorrows!"

A number of frantic priests rushed forward to execute his daring command; but Aloff, drawing his sword, waved it before him, and warned them to stand back; then, turning to his nobles, cried—"Defend your king!" There was a sudden motion amongst them. A hundred swords already glittered, issuing from their sheaths; but those of the most potent moved not. Their faces were stern and dark, and at once the hands of the rest seemed paralyzed. "Is it so?" said Aloff; "then death shall not come singly;" but the priests rushed in a mass upon him. Several of them he laid dead at his feet, but others from behind bore down his arms; his sword was dashed from his hands; he was overpowered and bound.

"Traitor king!" said the chief priest, "for the blood of Gothland; for thy meditated crimes against thine own realm, and this holy order; and for the lives of these servants of the gods, thus slain by thee in their very presence, I devote thee to them." They led him to the side of the brazen altar, and the priest, trembling with rage, raised his glittering poniard to plunge it into his neck; but at that moment, Anskar, lost in his own feelings, struck the weapon aloft with his staff, with such force, that it flew and quivered in the gilded statue of Odin himself. At that sight the whole band of priests gave a fearful yell, and rushed upon the christian. His life appeared doomed to a thousand wounds,—but then, a scene of wonder presented itself. A gigantic man, clad in the skins of wolves, grasped Anskar's arm, and drew him behind him, and swinging a ponderous axe around his head, cried, with a voice loud and hoarse as a cataract, "Down with the devil's priests!—down with the traitors!" At once the astonished spectators beheld, as the nobles and priests sprung forward to assail the king and this his unknown and colossal champion, an opposite band, with drawn swords and portended targets, ready to defend him. There was a moment's pause of astonishment. All now saw, what none had seen before, that this band nearly filled the temple,—was clad in one uniform close dress of dark woollen, and had each in his cap an eagle's feather, fastened with a little cross of brass. Wonder filled every mind whence this body of warriors had arisen; but they had only become conspicuous by silently drawing themselves from the crowds, with whom they had been so mingled, that they had before attracted no observation. "Down with the traitors!" reiterated the giant-man, and at once, the whole band assailed the priests and nobles. A tall stripling slit the bonds of the king, and restoring his sword, side by side with the huge man of the wolf-skins, they fought so fiercely and fatally, that soon the priests lay stretched in their blood, and the band of nobles cried out—"For the king! for the king!" The chief conspirators had perished—the remainder, who had only submitted to their feudal influence, were spared. It was a moment of strange and joyful surprise.

Aloff, glowing with the ardour of battle and of triumph, turned to the venerable Anskar, and seizing his hand, said aloud—"Noble old man! to thee I owe this deliverance."

"Nay," said Anskar, "thou owest it to God!"

Aloff bowed his head lowly.

"To God thou owest it, and to a dearer hand. I did but add strength and encouragement—the conception was another's, a nobler heart's; and thanks, eternal thanks to Him who assuredly inspired it, and who has thus gloriously achieved His will."

Aloff turned, and looked inquiringly at the band around him. "Who then," said he, "are this mighty man and this graceful youth, to whom I owe my release?"

The youth bent his knee to the floor, and said in low trembling tones of emotion—"It is but life for life, and kingdom for kingdom!—nothing dost thou owe me!"

As he said this, he bowed his head to the pavement, and with his right hand withdrawing his cap, a cloud of golden locks fell and hid his face. At the sight, Aloff started back some paces; the voice had gone through his heart—he stood in strongest wonder. Well he knew those beautiful locks.

"Henneka! Henneka! God of heaven, is it thou?"

As he spoke, the figure arose—it was Henneka herself! A murmur of joyful and admiring astonishment went through the crowd. The two youthful figures stood gazing silently on each other; their forms animated—their faces lit up with the intense feelings of the moment into such a spectacle of nobility and grace, that even old Anskar stood and smiled, and wept in self-forgetting wonder. In each countenance love and gratitude, joy and triumph, were so conspicuous that all read the workings of their hearts, though their own tongues refused them utterance. At length Anskar broke the silence, saying, "My children, God has this day displayed his will;—two hearts—two kingdoms shall here become one!" At these words the whole assembly struck their swords on their targets, and shouted—"Aloff and Henneka for ever!" Aloff put forth his hand to Henneka, and said—"Shall it be so, my noble deliverer? Wilt thou then give me both life and felicity in one moment, beyond the fortunes of any other king?"

Henneka took the proffered hand, and said blushingly, but with energy, "It shall be so, Aloff—with heart and soul it shall be so!"

Again the thunder of joyful applause filled the place; and Henneka, taking from the hand of one of her followers, a rich purple mantle, clasped it at the throat with its clasp of pearl and gold, and hand in hand with Aloff, issued to the temple door, where the dense and mighty mass of the people was assembled in strange curiosity respecting what had happened. As they saw Aloff, whom they already deemed was dead, and that majestic vision of female loveliness with all her golden hair flowing upon her shoulders, they imagined that Freya herself had appeared for the king's salvation; but Aloff, waving his hand for attention, thus addressed them—"My people, behold your queen! Behold queen Henneka! in her own right princess of Gothland, and in mine now queen of Sweden. This day Sweden and Gothland are united. This day, hear me I pray with patience, this day are the priests that slew your sons, and would have slain your king, destroyed. Henceforth there shall be no more human sacrifices. You shall hear of one great Sacrifice that has been made for us all. Hear, henceforth, this good old man: destroy these bloody idols, and he will teach you how to worship the God who made heaven and earth—the Allfader. Worship him, for he asks not blood, but peaceful and loving children. Do this, and be prosperous and happy."

He ceased,—and for a moment there was a dead silence: but the thought that Gothland was added to Sweden; the fair and gracious looks of Henneka; and the sight of their noble sons and kinsmen—the eight victims restored alive to them,—had their natural influence; there gradually grew a murmur and a stir amongst the multitude, which gathered into a final shout of acclamation that was astounding. The people turned eagerly to the work of demolishing the idols, purifying the grove, and burning the bodies of the unfortunates there suspended; while the king and queen, at the head of their nobles, with the sound of drums and trumpets, proceeded to the palace;—Anskar and Slingbunder, the queen's gigantic hereditary huntsman, walking close behind the royal pair. Anskar, gazing on the mighty limbs and bluff countenance of

Slingbunder, said, smiling, "My friend, methinks the dangers of to-day have not been less than that of the wolves at the door of my hut, on a late occasion; yet pardon me, if I say, I marvel that the man who betrayed some slight symptoms of fear thereon, should have shewn nothing but a hand and a heart of iron to-day." Slingbunder nodded, and was about to reply, when a wild figure rushed forth from a cross path, and struck a dagger into the bosom of Anskar. The wretch was immediately seized by the giant arm of the huntsman, yet he shewed no alarm; but, gazing fiercely on his victim, exclaimed, "Ah! wretch! I have then slain thee at last! The malicious Lok blinded me in the cave that I knew thee not, but when I traced the footmarks of thee and thy dogs toward thy dwelling, my heart misgave me. I entered thy hut, and my fears were confirmed; thou wert gone; but a spirit of Niflheim, in the shape of a raven, sate aloft, and mocked me. But day and night I gave wings to my feet, and thanks to Odin, I see thy blood!"

"Strike down the wretch," exclaimed Aloff; and the axe of Slingbunder clove him to the shoulders, ere yet the words ceased on the king's lips. Aloff turned, and beheld Henneka stooping over Anskar, weeping, and binding up the wound. The royal leech had already pronounced that it was not mortal; and they bore the old man into the palace with joy sobered, but not extinguished by this event. A cordial draught so far restored the good old man from the faintness of his blood-loss, that he joined the hands of the noble lovers with the rites of the christian faith, and all sate down to feasting and merriment.

For more than two years, Anskar abode at Upsala. The temple was purified, and appropriated to christian worship. Far and wide, the good father's labours spread the law and the peace of Christ. The king was prosperous and victorious; the queen more and more beloved, both by Aloff and the people; but at length Anskar was smitten with a desire to return to his old abode. He felt a sentiment of closing existence come upon him, and the love of his first followers come strongly with it. Earnestly did the king and queen dissuade him from leaving them:—when they found his resolve immoveable, as earnestly did they desire to send him forth with steeds and attendance as became his honour and their love;—but he declared he would return as he came; and he set out, amid the tears and blessings of the king and queen and people; and followed only by his two faithful dogs, went on his way into the forest. It was now the season of spring. He made short, but pleasant journeys. The trees were in their fairest foliage; the wilderness was full of grass and flowers, and the woodwele and northern thrush sung rapturously on the forest boughs as he passed, as if rejoicing in his return. At night he lay down beneath the forest tree, and his dogs lay at his head; and in earliest morning he arose, and amid the glittering dews and the cheerful sunshine, he proceeded on his way. So he journeyed, and so he came to his old place. At the news of his arrival, his people came flocking about him, bringing a thousand gifts, and a thousand children to receive his blessing. The old man blessed them, and wept. The dogs lay once more on his little hearth: his old Wandelkroker again sate above his chair. But his days were numbered; his spirit failed within him. When Aloff and Henneka heard of his death, they set out with numerous attendants, and arriving on the second day at his abode, saw his venerable remains committed to the earth, amid the tears of his affectionate followers. They gave in charge to Slingbunder to care for his dogs and his raven; to Biorner, the chief mason, to build a church over his body; and returned to the capital, blessing him in their hearts as they went.

THE BOY AND THE HOLY IMAGE.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF ONE OF HERDER'S LEGENDS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

AMONG green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child:

II.

There oft, on summer evenings,
A lonely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

III.

Oft sate his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

IV.

“ And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate’er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say.”

V.

Thus spoke his tender mother:
And on an evening bright,
When the clear, bright sun descended
Mid clouds of rosy light;

VI.

Again the boy was playing;
And earnestly said he,
“ Oh, beautiful child Jesus,
Come down and play with me!

VII.

“ I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe, red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down!

VIII.

“ Oh holy, holy mother,
Put him down from off thy knee,
For in these silent meadows,
There are none to play with me!”

IX.

Thus spoke the boy so lonely,
The while his mother heard;
But on his prayer she pondered,
And spoke to him no word.

X.

That self-same night she dreamed,
A lovely dream of joy;
She thought she saw young Jesus
There, playing with the boy.

XI.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessing shall be given
A thousand fold to thee!

XII.

"For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Shalt have, dear child, thy fill!"

XIII.

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

XIV.

And thus it was accomplished;
In a short month and a day,
That lonely boy so gentle
Upon his death-bed lay.

XV.

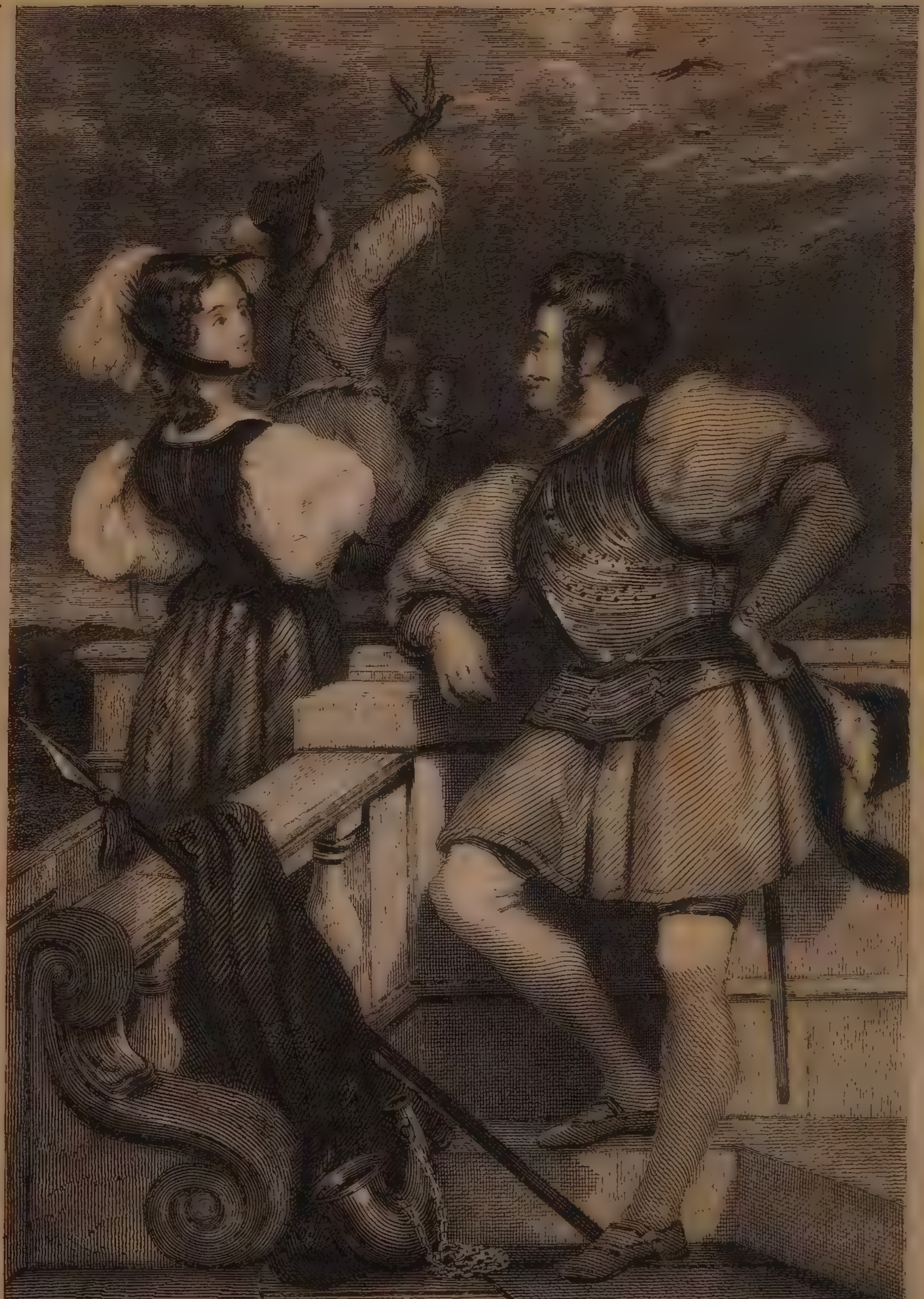
And thus he spoke in dying:
"Oh mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus,
A coming down to me!

XVI.

" And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries;
Dear mother, let me go!"

XVII.

He died—but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain,
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.



HAWKING.

HAWKING SONG.

I.

Come, let us away! The morn is bright;
The hills are steeped in a golden light;
And the sun, like a new-crowned king looks forth
In festal pomp on the smiling earth.

II.

Come, let us away! The wars are done;
'T is a noble field thy knight hath won;
His dinted shield on the wall is hung,
And his deeds in the Minstrel's lays are sung!

III.

'T is a time of peace, and the land is free;
The unherded cattle graze peacefully;
And the hermit sits in the forest shade,
No more of the coming foe afraid.

IV.

Then let us away! 'T is many a year
Since thou and I rode hawking here;
Since we passed, in the pride of our youthful will,
As it liked us best, over holt or hill.

V.

Oh, I long to visit the merlin's glen,
And to ride by the druid-stone again;
And to see our birds from the mountain's crown,
Bring, as of yore, their quarry down!

VI.

Thou know'st the well in the forest old,
Where the ancient crone our fortunes told;
'T was a rhymed spell, and its burthen lay
In a clouded morn and a cloudless day.

VII.

We have seen the clouds part east and west,
And the day shine out on a land at rest;
And our crowned king in his own domain,
Sit down on his father's throne again.

VIII.

Then let us away! I care not whither,
O'er hill or plain, so we wend together;
For, 'tis greater joy with thee thus to ride,
Than as belted earl by a monarch's side.

THE BURIAL OF BUONAPARTE.

I.

There is a sound on the desart shore,—
'T is the muttering cannon's funeral roar!
In one deep glen of that barren isle
There rises "Napoleon's" funeral pile;
His court is around—his bearers are by—
And who?—The sons of the enemy!

II.

Are his "guards" at that fearful gathering,
Steel-clad, and with iron hearts within?
Do banners wave o'er him? and trumpets tell
That he sleeps 'neath the warrior's thund'ring knell?
The lone tree waves—and the ritual is read
By an exile priest o'er the silent dead!

III.

Are burning cities and crumbling thrones
The soil of the conqueror's grave?
Is it piled with an altar of hostile bones,
Is it slaked with the blood of the brave?—

In a quiet valley's smooth green bed
Rests, in its slumber, that laurelled head!

IV.

Does the deaf'ning peal of the glad hurrah,
Ring wild and wide on the vaulted sky?
And the shout of thousands in armed array
Tell the god of their soul's idolatry?—
A few brief shots—and then all is still,
And the echoes are mute upon valley and hill!

V.

He was the star of a stormy sky,
None were so brilliant, and none so high;
Its fiery blaze could the world illume,
Its setting was dark as the tempest's gloom:
Now the hand of the stranger hath burst his chain,
And his dirge is told by the ceaseless main.

THE RAVEN'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS," "TALES OF THE MUNSTER FESTIVALS," ETC.

> Her sire, an earl—her dame of prince's blood;
> Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
>
> *Sonnet on the Countess of Lincoln.*

THE Fabii make not a more distinguished figure in the history of the ancient Roman, or the Medici in that of the modern Tuscan State, than do the family of the Geraldines in the troubled tale of Ireland's miseries. Whenever the annals of the island shall be treated by a competent pen, they will not fail to be classed by all impartial judges amongst the most remarkable families in history. Their errors, and perhaps in many instances their crimes, were great; but their undaunted courage, — their natural eloquence, — their vigorous genius, and their hereditary open-heartedness, are qualities which will be as certain of awakening admiration, as their misfortunes of exciting pity. The story of the earls of Kildare constitutes such a piece of history as Sallust might be proud to write, and the genius of Plutarch would have delighted in the pithy sayings, heroic actions, and touches of character, in which the annals of the family abound.

During the reign of the Tudors, a deadly feud had raged for many years, between one of the earls of Kildare, and a chieftain—a branch of the Geraldines, residing in a distant part of Munster. The Geraldine conceived his rights, as well as those of his country, invaded by the excessive rigour and even injustice with which Kildare (who was Lord Deputy) administered the government; and the earl was so highly incensed by what he called the turbulence and malice of his kinsman, that he protested his determination not to lay down his arms, until he had compelled him to make submission, "albeit he should have him as a common borderer, cut off by the knee." In this resolution, he received the entire sanction of the English government, who seldom bore hard upon their deputies for an excess of zeal.

Outworn by continual defeats, and feeling deeply for the sufferings which his fruitless resistance had brought on his dependents, the gallant Geraldine testified at length his willingness to make terms, and offered to come in person to the metropolis, in order to make a formal submission to the viceroy. He was not so despicable an enemy that even the haughty earl was not rejoiced at his proposal. He was received in Dublin with the highest testimonies of respect and joy. The earl gave splendid entertainments, to which many, not only of the substantial citizens of the Pale, but of the native Irish chieftains, were invited; and the public places of the city for several days were thronged with a motley company of revellers, mingling with a confidence as enthusiastic as if they had not been for centuries as bitter enemies, as oppression on the one, and hate and outrage on the other side, could make them.

On the second night after the arrival of the Geraldine in Dublin, a party of horse, bearing the marks of long travel, in the jaded carriage both of the animals and their riders, appeared upon the borders of the Pale, which they had entered by one of the northern roads. They were commanded by a young man, of an appearance at once delicate and martial. The peasants and humble artizans doffed their bonnets as they passed him on the road, and the sentinels saluted, and suffered him to go unquestioned. As they approached the city, the sounds of rejoicing which were distinctly heard in the calm air, awakened the attention and curiosity of the group.

"Ride on before, Thomas," said the young officer, addressing the page who bore his shield and helmet, "and ask what feasting is toward in the city."

The page spurred on his horse, and after making inquiry at the booth of a rosy looking vender of woollen stuffs, returned, to say that the Geraldine was in the city.

"The Geraldine! what! hath he taken it, then?"

"Nay," cried the page, "if it were so, I question whether the Pale would be so orderly. He has come to make submission to the king."

"To make submission! The Geraldine make submission!" repeated the young man. "This seems a tale no less improbable than the other. Alas! such wisdom is rare in a Geraldine. The poor isle has suffered deeply to the pride of the Fitzgeralds. Poor miserable land! Give me the helmet. We must not pass the Geraldine unarmed. How long is it now since this quarrel has begun?"

"Near sixteen years, my lord."

"Thou sayest aright. I remember to have heard of it on my mother's knee. I well remember, how Kildare returned to the castle on an autumn evening, all black with dust and sweat, and how she flew to meet him, while I marked his rusty javelin, and puzzled my brains to comprehend its use. I am not so ignorant now. Ill-fated country! How many lives, dost thou compute, have already fallen in this feud?"

"It is thought, my lord, some seventy or eighty soldiers of the Pale, with about seventeen thousand of the Irish in various encounters; besides castles sacked, about fifty; towns and villages demolished to the number of nineteen; and private dwellings of the common sort, to the amount of some thousand roofs. The Pale, too, suffered loss of property; a woollen draper's booth destroyed, besides some twenty cabins in the suburbs, laid in ashes."

"I pray you, Thomas, who might be your accomptant?"

"My cousin Simmons, my lord, the city bailiff;—your lordship may remember him?"

"Ay, I thought the computation had been made within the Pale. And what was the beginning of the strife?"

"The insolent Geraldine, my lord, had the audacity to turn a troop of the Lord Deputy's horse ——"

"Out of a widow's house upon his holding, where they would have taken up their quarters for a fortnight in the scarce season. The insolent Geraldine! I long to see the disloyal knave. Know you if the lady Margaret his daughter be with him in the city?"

"My lord, the woollen-draper spoke not of her."

"I long to know them both. Report speaks loudly of her, no less than of the Geraldine himself. But here 's the city. Good morrow masters! Thank you heartily, thank you all! O'Neil is quiet in the north, my masters! Long live the King! Huzza!"

The last sentences were spoken as the young warrior passed the city gate, where he was recognised and hailed by a holiday throng of the loyal citizens, with shouts of welcome that made the houses tremble around them. "Kildare for ever! Long live the King! huzza!" was echoed from the city gate to the very drawbridge of the castle. The young nobleman, who had, amid all his gallantry and gaiety, a certain air that shewed him to be above the reach of party spirit, received their congratulations with spirit and cheerfulness, but without losing a moment's time either to speak or hear. The streets as he passed presented an appearance singular and altogether new to his eye. The Irish green hanging bonnet seemed as common as the cap of the Pale; kernes who spoke not a syllable of English were gaping at the splendours of the city; and citizens, standing in their booths, stared with no less amazement at the unshorn locks, wild looks, and woodland attire of their new allies. Passing on to St. Thomas's Court, where the Lord Deputy, at that time, transacted the business of the government, Sir Ulick Fitzgerald, the young knight whose course we have been following, alighted from his horse, and sent one of the officers to inform the Lord Deputy of his arrival. He was received by Kildare in the king's chamber; and gave an account of the state of affairs in the north, where he had for some months past occupied the place of the Lord Deputy himself.

"Thou art welcome, Ulick, from the north," said Kildare, reaching his hand to his son, who kissed it with reverence and affection. "And, now, how hast thou done thy work, my lad?"

"Like a true soldier of the Pale, my lord," replied Sir Ulick. I taught the rascals what it was to have to do with a friend of England. Thou and our royal master I am sure will love me for it."

"What said O'Neil at the conference?"

"O my good father, bid me not repeat his insolence. He said his lands and castles were in the keeping of his ancestors, before the very name of Ireland had sounded in the ear of a Plantaganet,—that we used our power cruelly—(we, my lord, cruel! we! and I could aver upon mine honour as a knight, we have not piked above twelve score of the rascal's Irishry, except on holidays when we wanted exercise for the hobbelers. We cruel!); he complained also of trespass on the property of his dependents, (what! had we touched their lives, my lord?); he said all men were naturally free; that he derived his possessions from his progenitors, not from the royal gift; and many things beside, for which I would have set his head upon his castle gate, but as your lordship recommended clemency, I only hanged a cousin of his whom we caught in the camp after dark."

"Ulick," said the earl, "thou art a bantering villain; and I warn thee, as the Geraldines stand not over well with Tudor, how thou sufferest such humours to appear, and before whom. It has been remarked, and by those who might not pierce thine irony, that thou art rather a favourer of these turbulent insurgents. Thou art over mild with the rebels."

"It is a mending fault, my lord," said Sir Ulick; "in the service of Tudor it will soon wear off."

"I tell thee," said the earl, "it is thought by many that thine heart is less with the people of the Pale, than might become the descendant of those who have grown old in the royal confidence and favour, and transmitted both as a legacy to their posterity.—Thou hast learned the language of these rascal Irishry."

"I confess my crime, my lord," replied the knight; "I know my country's tongue."

"Thou lovest their braggart poetry, and villanous antiquities; and art known to keep in thy train a scoundrel harper, who sings thee to sleep at night with tales of burnings and rapines, done by their outlaw chiefs upon the honest subjects of the crown."

"I confess my fault, my lord. I love sweet music."

"Thou hast even been heard at times," continued the earl, "to sing a verse of their howling ditties in the very precincts of the castle."

"Nay, nay, good father," cried the knight, "if you will impute my tuneful voice as treasonous, blame nature and not me, for I had it of her. I confess myself guilty in that point also. There is a rebel melody in my voice that I cannot well be rid of."

"Ay, banter, banter, villain," said the Lord Deputy. "I tell thee, in a word, to treasure up what I have said, nor presume so far upon thy loyal deeds to excuse disloyal words. Princes are jealous of a smile. Thou must bear in mind that it is a conquered race thou hast to deal withal, and add a ferule to the rod of government."

"I shall learn, my lord, I hope, as aptly as my predecessors. Ere I am twice Lord Deputy I shall amend."

"And now," said the earl, "to thy chamber, and prepare to meet the Geraldine at evening. In a few days, he makes formal submission to the King before the Lords of Council at Kilmainham Castle, and to-night he must here be entertained as becomes a Geraldine of his birth and breeding. Farewell!"

Spirited, lively, and yet filled with generous affections, the young knight was no less calculated to attract admiration in the hall than in the field. He was early at the festival, and met the Geraldine in his father's presence. The latter was a swart, stout-built man, with a brow that spoke of many dangers braved, and difficulties withstood, if not overcome. Unaccustomed to the polished raillery of a court, the stubborn chief was somewhat disposed at first to be offended with Sir Ulick, who addressed him in a tone of ironical reproof, and upbraided him in eloquent terms with the unreasonableness and selfishness of his withholding from the conquerors, possessions and immunities which he and his ancestors had now so long enjoyed, and which it was but fair that they should yield at last to those poorer adventurers, whose services the Tudors had no other means of rewarding. "Did the Geraldine, or his confederates, consider what the Tudors owed those men to whom they were indebted for the subjugation of so large a province? and would they be so ungenerous as to withhold from the sovereign the means of recompensing so palpable a public service, etc."

The Geraldine, who did not understand irony, was observed two or three times to bend his brows upon the youth, but had his ire removed by some gracious turn in the harangue, introduced with timely promptitude. The hall of the festival was now thrown open; and Sir Ulick, standing at the farther end, summoned to his side his favourite attendant, Thomas Butler, from whom he inquired the names and quality of such guests as, in entering, had attracted his attention.

"I pray thee, gentle Thomas," said Sir Ulick, "what man is that with a cast in his right eye, and a coolun as thick and as bushy as a fox's tail, and as carroty-red withal; and a sword that seems at deadly feud with its owner's calves?"

"Who? he, my lord? That is O'Carroll, who thrashed Mac Morrough, at the Boyne, for burning his cousin's castle, and piking his children in the bog?"

"And who is she who hangs upon his arm?"

"His daughter Nell, my lord, who eat the tip of Mac Morrough's liver, with a flagon of wine, for dinner, on the day after the battle."

"Sweet creature! And that round, short, flashy, merry little man, with the chain?"

"That is the mayor, my lord."

"And the lofty lady who comes after, like a grenadier behind a drummer?"

"The lady-mayoress, my lord, who took her husband upon her shoulders, and ran off with him to the city, when he would fain have fought, single-handed, with an enormous O'Toole, who set upon them as they were taking a morning walk to Cullenswood."

"Her stature stood him in good stead. And who are they who follow close behind?"

"Burke of Clanricard, and O'Moore, who hanged and quartered the four widows in Offally for speaking against the cosherings on the poor."

"And the ladies?"

"Their wives and daughters, who were by at the quartering."

"A goodly company. But hush!"

"What is it, my lord, that you would ask?"

"Hush! hush! Canst thou tell me, Thomas, what lady is that in yellow, as far beyond the rest in beauty of person as in the graceful simplicity of her attire?"

"That, my lord," said the attendant, "is your cousin, Margaret Fitzgerald, and the only daughter of the Geraldine."

"Fame, that exaggerates all portraitures, fell short in hers. My cousin Margaret! Away, good Thomas, I care not to learn more."

Approaching the circle, of which the fair Geraldine formed a chief attraction, Sir Ulick was introduced to his young relative. The evening passed happily away in her society; and before many days they were better friends than, perhaps, themselves suspected, or the parents of either could have readily approved. Both freely communicated their thoughts and wishes on the condition of their families and country. Both mourned the divided interests that distracted the latter, and the wretched jealousies which seemed destined to keep the well-wishers of the island for ever disunited in themselves, and therefore utterly incapable of promoting her advantage. Such themes as these formed the subject of conversation one evening, while the dance went gaily forward, and the hall of the banquet seemed more than usually thronged with brilliant dresses.

"Now, at least, cousin Margaret," said Sir Ulick, in a gentle voice, "we may promise ourselves brighter times. Our fathers seem better agreed at every interview; and so nearly do their tempers harmonize, that I am sure it needed but an earlier intimacy to render them as fervent friends as they have been strenuous—Hark! What is that noise?"

While he spoke, the sounds of mirth were interrupted, in a startling manner, by loud and angry voices at the end of the hall, which was occupied by the Lord-Deputy and other chieftains of every party. Before time was given for question or reply, the wordy clamour was exchanged for the clash of weapons, and in an instant the scene of merriment was changed to a spectacle of horror and affright. The music ceased, the dance was broken up, the women shrieked, while of the men some joined the combatants, whom others sought to separate by flinging cloaks, scarfs, caps, and various articles of dress across the glancing weapons. A truce was thus enforced; and Sir Ulick learned with indignation, that the hot-blooded Geraldine had struck his father. The news soon spread into the streets, where a strife began that was not so easily to be appeased. The followers of the Geraldine, whose hearts were never with the treaty of submission, seemed glad of the occasion given to break it off. They fell upon the citizens, who were not slow in flying to their weapons, and a scene of tumult ensued which made the streets re-echo from the river side to the hills. The Geraldines were driven from the city, not without loss, and their chieftain found himself on horseback without the walls, and farther from the royal countenance than ever. He was with difficulty able to rescue his daughter, who, on the first sound of strife, had immediately placed herself by his side.

The war now re-commenced with redoubled fury. The Lord-Deputy received orders from London to have the Geraldine taken, dead or alive, and set his head, according to the fashion of those times, upon the castle gate. In obedience to these instructions, which needed not the concurrence of his own hearty good will, Kildare marched an army to the south, and after several engagements, laid siege to the Geraldine in one of his strongest castles. The ruins still occupy a solitary crag, surrounded by a rushy marsh, at a little distance from New Auburn. The place was naturally strong; and the desperation of the besieged made it altogether impregnable. After several fruitless efforts, attended by severe loss to the assailants, to possess themselves of the castle by storm, it was placed in a state of blockade, and the Lord-Deputy, encamping in the neighbourhood, left famine to complete the work which his arms had failed to accomplish.

With different feelings, Sir Ulick, who held a subordinate command in the army of his father, beheld the days run by, which were to end in the surrender, or (as was more probable from the well known character of the Geraldine), in the destruction and death of the besieged. Two months rolled on, and there appeared no symptom on the part of the latter that indicated a desire to come to terms. Such, likewise, was the fidelity with which those feudal chiefs were served by their followers, that not a single deserter escaped from the castle to reveal the real state of its defenders. They appeared upon the battlement as hearty and as well accoutred as on the first day of the blockade.

Meantime there was no lack of spirit in the castle. The storehouse was well supplied for a blockade of many months; and the Geraldine depended much on a letter he had sent beneath the wings of a carrier-pigeon to a distant part of Desmond. The days passed merrily between watching and amusement, and the frequent sounds of mirth and dancing from within, shewed that the besieged were thinking of something else beside giving up the fortress.

One evening, Margaret, retiring to her chamber, gave orders to her woman to attend her. The latter obeyed, and was employed in assisting her lady to undress, when the following conversation passed between them.

"You have not since discovered by whom the letter was left in the eastern bolt-hole?"

The woman answered in the negative.

"Take this," said Margaret, handing the maid a small wooden tablet, as white as snow, except where it was marked by her own neat characters. "Take this, and lay it exactly where the former was deposited. Yet stay! Let me compare the notes again, to be sure that I have worded mine answer aright."—"Sweet Margaret.—Be persuaded by one who loves thy welfare. Let thy sweet voice urge the Geraldine to give up the fortress which he must yield perforce ere long, and with sorer loss perchance than that of life and property. Thy friendly enemy unknown." Well said, my friendly enemy, not quite perhaps so unknown as thou esteemest—now for mine answer.—"Kind friendly enemy. Thine eloquence will be much better spent on Kildare, in urging him to raise the siege, than my poor accents on the stubborn Geraldine. Wherefore I commend thee to thy task, and warn thee to beware of my kinsmen's bills, which, how shrewdly they can bite, none ought to know better than the Lord Deputy and his followers. Thy thankful foe."

The tablet was laid on the window, and disappeared in the course of the night. On that which followed, while Margaret and her maid were occupied, as before, in preparing for rest, a noise at the window aroused the attention of the mistress, and struck the woman mute with terror. Dismissing the latter into the sleeping chamber, which lay adjacent, and carefully shutting the door, the daughter of the Geraldine advanced to the window, and unbarred the curtained lattice. A brilliant moon revealed the lake, in the midst of which the castle rose upon the summit of a rock, the guarded causeway by which it was connected with the shore, the distant camp of Kildare and the tranquil woods and hills extending far around. Beneath her, on the rock, appeared a figure, the identity of which she could not for an instant mistake; but how it came thither, to what intent, and wherefore undetected, was more than she had skill to penetrate. Perhaps, like a second Leander, he had braved the waves with no other oar than his own vigorous limbs! But the stern of a little currach, peeping from beneath the overhanging rock, gave intimation that Sir Ulick (for he indeed it was) knew a trick worth two of Leander's. Waving his hand to Margaret, he ascended the formidable crag which still separated him from the window of her apartment, and came even within whispering distance. He did but come to be sure that she at least was not in want of food. It so happened that this side of the rock alone was unguarded, being supposed impregnable from the steepness of its ascent, as well as of that of the opposing shore. Sir Ulick, however, gliding under the shadow of the distant cliff, and only venturing to dart for the isle when the sky was darkest, had already visited it for three successive nights, and seemed, at every new venture, more secure of his secret. The alarm of Margaret, however, was excessive. The discovery of an intercourse would be certain death to one or both—for the Geraldine, in a case of treason, whether real or apparent, would not spare his nearest blood. The same, as Sir Ulick was himself aware, was true of the Lord Deputy. Made bold, however, by impunity, he quieted the lady's fears, and without much difficulty, communicated to her mind the security of his own. His visits were continued for a week without interruption; after which period, the fair Geraldine observed, with perplexity and uneasiness, that they terminated abruptly, nor did she, for an equal space of time, see or hear anything that could account for this sudden disappearance of her accomplished friend.

One night as she sat in her window, looking out with the keenest anxiety for the little wicker skiff, she observed, with a thrill of eagerness and delight, some dark object gliding close beneath the cliffs upon the opposite shore. The unclouded brightness of the moon, however, prevented the approach of the boat; and her suspense had reached a painful height, before the sky grew dark. At length a friendly cloud extended its veil beneath the face of the unwelcome satellite; and in a few minutes the plash of oars, scarce louder than the ripple of the wavelets against the rock, gave token to the watchful ear of Margaret, of the arrival of the long-expected knight. A figure ascends the rock; the lattice is unbarred; there is sufficient light to peruse the form and features of the stranger. It is not Sir Ulick; but Thomas Butler, the *fidus Achates*, and only confidant of the youthful knight.

"What, Thomas, is it thou? Where is thy lord?"

"Ah, lady, it is all over with Sir Ulick!"

"How sayest thou?"

"He is taken, lady, by the Lord Deputy's servants, and stands condemned in the article of treason."

These dreadful tidings, acting on spirits already depressed by a sudden disappointment, proved too much for Margaret's strength, and she fainted away in the window. On reviving, she obtained from Thomas a full detail of the circumstances which had occurred to Sir Ulick since his last appearance at the island, and the cause in which they had their origin.

About a week before, the Lord Deputy was sitting at evening in his tent, when a scout arrived to solicit a private audience. It was granted; and the man averred that he had discovered the existence of a treasonable communication between the inhabitants of the island and the shore. In his indignation at this announcement, Kildare made a vow, that the wretch, whoever he was, should be cast alive into the Raven's Nest; and appointed a party to watch on the following night on the shore beside the cliffs for the return of the traitor from the rock. Having given the men strict injunctions to bring the villain bound before him, the instant he should be apprehended, he ordered a torch to be lighted in his tent and remained up to await the issue.

Towards morning, footsteps were heard approaching the entrance of the tent. The sentinel challenged, and admitted the party. The astonishment of Kildare may be conceived, when, in the fettered and detected traitor, against whom he had been fostering his liveliest wrath, he beheld his gallant son, the gay and heroic Ulick! The latter did not deny that he had made several nightly visits to the island; but denied, with scorn, the imputation of treasonable designs, although he refused to give any account of what his real motives were. After long endeavouring, no less by menace than entreaty, to induce him to reveal the truth, the Lord Deputy addressed him, with a kindness which affected him more than his severity.

"I believe thee, Ulick," he said; "I am sure thou art no traitor. Nevertheless, thy father must not be thy judge. Go, plead thy cause before the Lords of Council, and see if they will yield thee as ready a credit. I fear thou wilt find it otherwise; but thou hast thyself to blame."

A court was formed in the course of a few days, consisting of Kildare himself, as President, and a few of the Council, who were summoned for the purpose. The facts proved before them were those already stated; and Sir Ulick persisted in maintaining the same silence with respect to his designs or motives, as he had done before his father. It seemed impossible, under such circumstances, to acquit him; and having received the verdict of the court, the Lord Deputy gave orders for the fulfilment of his dreadful vow.

On the night after his sentence, his attendant, Thomas Butler, obtained permission to visit him in his dungeon; and received a hint from Kildare, as he granted it, that he would not fare the worse, for drawing his master's secret from him. Ulick, however, was inflexible. Fearing the danger to Margaret's life, no less than to her reputation, he maintained his resolution of suffering the sentence to be executed, without further question. "The Lords of Council," he said, "were as well aware of his services to the king's government, as he could make them; and if those services were not sufficient to procure him credit in so slight a matter, he would take no further pains to earn it."

Disappointed and alarmed, on the eve of the morning appointed for the execution, Thomas Butler, at the hazard of his life, determined to seek the lady Margaret herself, and acquaint her with what had occurred. The daughter of Geraldine did not hesitate long about the course she should pursue. Wrapping a man's cloak around her figure, with the hood (for in those days, fair reader, the gentlemen wore hoods), over her head, she descended from the window, and succeeded in reaching the boat. A few minutes' rapid rowing brought them to the shore. It was already within an hour of dawn, and the sentence was to be completed before sun-rise. Having made fast the currach in a secret place, they proceeded amongst crag and copse in the direction of the Raven's Nest. The dismal chasm was screened by a group of alder and brushwood, which concealed it from the view, until the passenger approached its very brink. As they came within view of the place, the sight of gleaming spears and yellow uniforms amongst the trees, made the heart of Margaret sink with apprehension.

"Run on before, good Thomas," she exclaimed; "delay their horrid purpose but a moment. Say one approaches who can give information of the whole."

The fetters, designed no more to be unbound, were already fastened on the wrists and ancles of the young soldier, when his servant arrived, scarce able to speak for weariness, to stay the execution. He had discovered, he said, the whole conspiracy, and there was a witness coming on who could reveal the object and the motive of the traitors, for there were more than one. At the same instant Margaret appeared, close wrapt in her cloak, to confirm the statement of Butler. At the request of the latter the execution was delayed, while a courier was despatched to the Lord Deputy, with intelligence of the interruption that had taken place. In a few minutes he returned, bringing a summons to the whole party to appear before the Lords of Council. They complied without delay, none being more perplexed than Sir Ulick himself at the meaning of this strange announcement.

On arriving in the camp, the unknown informant entreated to be heard in private by the council. The request was granted; and Margaret, still closely veiled, was conducted to the hall in which the judges sat. On being commanded to uncover her head, she replied:—

"My lords, I trust the tale I have to tell may not require that I should make known the person of the teller. My Lord Deputy, to you the drift of my story must have the nearest concern. When you bade the Geraldine to your court of Dublin, he was accompanied by an only daughter, Margaret, whom your son Ulick saw and loved. He was not without confessing his affection, and I am well assured that it was not unanswered. On the very evening, my Lord Deputy, before that most unhappy affray, which led to your disunion, and to the dissolution of our—of Sir Ulick's hopes, a mutual avowal had been made, and a mutual pledge of faith, (modestly, my lords), exchanged, always under favour of our—of the noble parents of the twain. My lords, I have it under proof, that the visits of Sir Ulick were made to the Lady Margaret,—that to no other individual of the castle were they known,—and that no weightier converse ever passed between them, than such silly thoughts of youthful affection as may not be repeated before grave and reverend ears like those to which I speak."

"And what may be thy proof, stranger?" said the Lord Deputy, with a tenderness of voice which shewed the anxiety her tale excited in his mind.

"The word of Margaret Fitzgerald," replied the witness, as she dropped the mantle from her shoulders.

The apparition of the Geraldine's daughter in the council chamber, gave a wonderful turn to the proceedings. Kildare was the first to speak. He arose from his seat, and approaching the spot where the spirited young maiden stood, took her hand with kindness and affection.

"In truth, sweet kinswoman," he said, "thou hast staked a sufficient testimony. And to be sure that it be so with all as it is with Kildare, I promise thee to back it with my sword; and it shall go hard but thy honest-hearted speech shall save the Geraldine his lands and towers to boot. My lords, I think I see by your countenances that you deem the lady's tale a truth. Then summon Ulick hither, and let a flag of truce be sent to the Geraldine, to let him know that his child is in safe keeping. The Raven's Nest has taught me what he feels."

The chroniclers of New Auburn conclude their story by relating that the promise of the Lord Deputy was fulfilled,—that the affection of the heroic pair received the sanction of their parents,—and that whenever, afterwards in their wedded life, a cloud seemed gathering at their castle hearth, the recollection of the Raven's Nest was certain to bring sunshine to the hearts of both.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

WRITTEN AFTER MEETING A SISTER OF CHARITY IN THE HOTEL DIEU.

From "Lyrics of the Heart, and other Poems."

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE beautiful order of the Sœurs de la Charité, was founded by that truly christian priest, Vincent St. Paul, in the year 1629, to whom France is indebted for so many of its noblest charities.

For nearly two centuries this admirable Institution continued to dispense its household blessings undisturbed; but in the year 1793, even these benefactors of mankind were called upon to furnish their portion of victims to the unsatiable guillotine. The Society in Paris was destroyed, its houses seized upon and confiscated; and such of the sisterhood as escaped death were compelled to seek refuge in the provinces; where, to the honour of the inhabitants be it spoken, their safety was universally respected.

The vows of the Sisters of Charity are four—Poverty, Chastity, Obedience, and Service to the Poor. They can possess no property, nor enjoy any inheritance: they are supported and lodged, but their services are strictly gratuitous. They pass through a noviciate of a few months, and the period of their vows is limited to a year; although their services usually extend to a much longer period, and not unfrequently to that of a whole life.

The most striking part of their present costume had its origin in the gallantry of Louis XIV., who, encountering a "fair sister," observed, "that her beauty needed a veil to conceal her charms from the vulgar eye;" and as he spoke, threw a white handkerchief over her head; the form it took at that moment supplied the model for the cap adopted by the order.

Life of Vincent St. Paul.

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land
Where fever never burns, nor hearts are riven?—
That soothing smile, those accents ever bland,
Say were they born of earth, or caught from heaven?

Art thou some seraph-minister of grace
Whose glorious mission in the skies had birth?
An angel, sure, in bearing, form, and face;
All but thy tears,—and they belong to earth!

Oh! ne'er did Beauty in her loftiest pride
A splendour boast that may compare with thine;
Thus bending low yon sufferer's bed beside,
Thy graces mortal, but thy cares divine!

A woman, filled with all a woman's fears,
Yet strong to wrestle with despair and woe;
A thing of softest smiles, and tenderest tears,
That once would tremble did a breeze but blow.

Leaving, perchance, some gay and happy home,
  Music's rich tones, the rose's odorous breath,
Throughout the crowded lazar-house to roam,
  And pierce the haunts of Pestilence and Death.

For ever flitting, with a noiseless tread,
  As loth to break the pain-worn slumberer's rest;
To smooth the pillow, raise the drooping head,
  And pour thy balsam on the bleeding breast.

Or, mid each calmer interval of pain,
  The christian's hope, and promised boon to show;
And, when all human anodynes are vain,
  To nerve the bosom for its final throe.

To lead the thoughts from harrowing scenes like this,
  To that blessed shore where sin and sorrow cease;
To imp the flagging soul for realms of bliss,
  And bid the world-worn wanderer part in peace.

A creature vowed to serve both God and man,
  No narrow aims thy cherished cares control;
Thou dost all faith, love, pity, watching can,
  To heal the body and to save the soul.

No matter who, so he thy service need;
  No matter what the suppliant's claim may be;—
Thou dost not ask his country or his creed;
  To know he suffers, is enough for thee!

Not even from guilt dost thou thine aid withhold,
  Whose Master bled a sinful world to save;
Fearless in faith, in conscious virtue bold,
  'T is thine the sick blasphemer's couch to brave:

To note the anguish of despairing crime
  Lash the wild scorpions of the soul within;—
Those writhings fierce, those agonies sublime,
  That seem from conscience half their force to win:

Then glide before that dark demoniac's sight,
  The cup of healing in thy gentle hand,—
A woman, strengthened with an angel's might,
  The storm of pain and passion to command!

To calm the throbbings of his fevered brow;
  Cool his parched lips, his bursting wounds to bind;—
Then, with deep faith before the Cross to bow
  For power to still the tumult of his mind.

And it *is* given: thy softliest whispered word
  Now falls like oil on that tempestuous sea;—
Hard as his heart may seem, there 's still a chord
  Once touched, his ravings all are stilled by thee!

I see thee stand and mark that wondrous change
  With more than mortal triumph in thine eye;
Then blessed and blessing, turn with tears to range
  Where other claimants on thy kindness lie.

By many a faint and feeble murmur led,
A willing slave, where'er the wretched call;
I see thee softly flit from bed to bed,
Each wish forestalling, bearing balm to all.

Performing humblest offices of love
For such as know no human love beside,—
Still on thy healing way in mercy move,
Daughter of Pity, thus for ever glide!

Not thine the hollow zeal that loves to climb
Where spurious Faith her ensign rears on high;
That seeks the heathen of some far-off clime,
But leaves the wretched of its own to die.

Mercy—"twice blessed," in him who gives and takes—
Is thine, with all its attributes refined;
Thy nobler love no nice distinction makes,
But heals the flesh, and then informs the mind!

All peace to thee, and thy devoted band,
Vowed to earth's gloomy "family of pain;"
Whose worth could even the unwilling awe command
Of blood-stained men who owned no other chain;—

Long may ye live, the cherished badge to wear
Whose snow-white folds might dignify a queen;
To fainting souls your cup of life to bear,
And be the angels ye have ever been!

PARRHASIUS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.—*Burton's Anat of Mel.*

Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift,
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colours of such divinity to-day.

Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here—
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! grey-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"Pity" thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I 'd rack thee though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"Hereafter!" Ay—*hereafter!*
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the sceptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story,
And I may take some softer path to glory.

No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers, and shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they.—
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

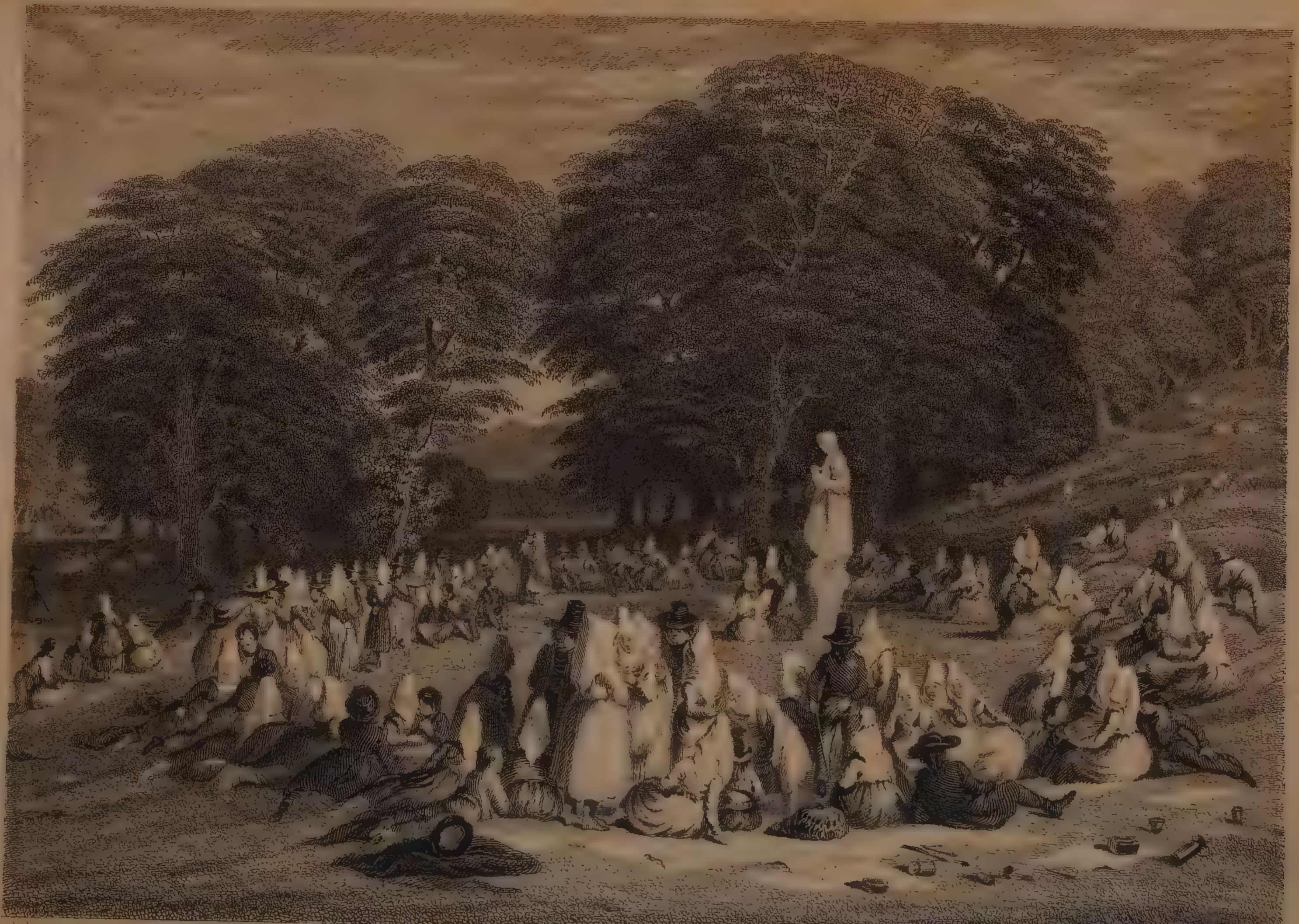
Yet there 's a deathless *name!*
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me—
By all the fiery stars! I 'd pluck it on me!

Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild;—

All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot—
Oh Heavens—but I appal
Your heart, old man! forgive——ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

Vain—vain—give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
—Stand back! I 'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Ah! lift then up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—he's dead.



THE HALT OF THE PILGRIMS.

The annexed engraving is copied from one of a series of drawings by Mr. Lewis, illustrative of the various ceremonies of Catholic countries. It represents the Halt of a Procession of Pilgrims; and is a faithful transcript of a group suddenly encountered by Mr. Lewis during his Tour in Austria in the autumn of 1828. " The procession," says he, " consisted of upwards of a hundred individuals, many of whom had walked nearly an equal number of miles. It was bound to the Benedictine monastery of Göttwig, and its immediate object was to return thanks in the church of that convent for the blessing of an abundant harvest. Sympathising as I did (he adds) in the sentiment of their mission, and being about to visit the same spot, I should have been glad, had time permitted, to have left the carriage and the dusty road, and joined the devotees in their progress through the pastoral scenery which led to the place of our mutual destination. But this could not be; and after finishing the accompanying sketch, I joined my companion, repeating the lines of the poet:—

Oh! gather wheresoe'er ye safely may
  The help which slackening piety requires;
Nor deem that they perforce must go astray,
  Who tread upon the footsteps of their sires."

THE NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Fair flower, whose coy and diffident revealings
  Bloom to the gaze of pensive Night alone;
Thou seem'st a record of my wayward feelings,—
  For when life's glittering sunbeams round me shone,
Closed was my heart, nor gave one bud of love
To glorify its bounteous Lord above.

But sorrow came, and summer friends departed;
  Then at the throne of grace I learned to kneel,
And now, aroused from sloth, and fervent-hearted,
  The holy glow of gratitude I feel,
And those sweet leaves in darkness have unfurled,
That shunned the gaudy splendour of the world.

MARY HAMILTON.

Speed.—But shall she marry him?
Launce.—No.
Speed.—How then? shall he marry her?
Launce.—No, neither.
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"NEARLY sixteen years have passed since I was banished from Knightswood for making love to my cousin Julia, and now I have returned to become its possessor!"

So thought I, when, having extricated myself from the *homme d' affaires* of the family, and granted audiences to the bailiff, the keeper, the gardener, etc. etc., I crossed the park, and strolled leisurely up the winding foot-path of an adjacent hill. It had been formerly a favourite walk with Julia and me, for it wound along the sunny side of a hedge-row, where the first sweet violets of the year were to be found, and the earliest tufts of primroses displayed their delicate blossoms. On gaining the eminence, I rested a few moments on a stile, to look down on the well remembered scene,—a scene, which though it approached not the grand, or even the highly picturesque, was pleasing in itself, and rendered interesting to me by a thousand associations. The park of Knightswood lay stretched beneath me, sufficiently varied in its surface to redeem it from the charge of insipidity, adorned with thriving young plantations, and a fair proportion of forest trees of respectable age and growth. From amidst a group of the latter, some portion of the mansion, in itself a heavy square building, appeared to advantage.

I rambled on, from field to field, following the same well-known track, till on descending the opposite brow, close beneath me stood, amid its richly timbered meadows, its gable-end looking out from a screen of ancient sycamores, the old manor-house of Beauchamps. I paused;—this place had also received new inmates since my departure from England. I had heard of the change long before I left India: how that old Mrs. Gifford had died; how that her nephew, and my friend and playmate, Mark Gifford, had succeeded to the inheritance; and then, in my next dispatch, came the more surprising tidings, that the said Mark had married, not Julia Tracey, but Julia's elder sister.

I understood that the family were absent, yet I wandered on, somewhat shocked on turning the corner which brought me before the principal front of the mansion, to see that its appropriate iron-studded oaken door had given place to, or was concealed by a glittering conservatory; a fact with which I should not so speedily have become acquainted, but for the removal of some of my respected old friends the sycamores.

I ventured within a light iron fence, and approached the window of what had been the usual family sitting room. I took the liberty, the window being open, of looking in, and beheld my old acquaintance the oak parlour in a modern, and, to speak the truth, not unbecoming dress; yet I could not suppress a smile, as I perceived my cousin Harriet's harp in possession of the very corner which was wont to be occupied by Mrs. Gifford's distaff. Scarcely had I retreated from the window, when I was encountered by two fine-looking girls, apparently from ten to twelve years of age, returning as it should seem from their walk, under the charge of a gay-looking little governess. Judging the two former to be the daughters of my friend Mark, I introduced myself to their acquaintance as a relation and near neighbour.

They were merry good-humoured looking girls, but more lavish of their blushes than of words; not so their duenna, who informed me, with great volubility, in French, that Monsieur and Madame were at Leamington for the health of the latter, and that she and her *eleves gardaient la maison,* which was *triste à mourir;* that was to Mademoiselle herself I concluded, for certes there was no appearance of *tristesse* about her pupils. A harp and a French governess at Beauchamps, and I, Harry Tracey, master of Knightswood! These were changes indeed! and what, I wondered, had become of poor Mary Hamilton?

That my reader may partake in some measure of my concern, and better comprehend the feelings with which I took possession of Knightswood, it is fitting that I should introduce more particularly to his or her acquaintance, myself and my earliest associates in life. Of myself, I have but little to relate: I became an orphan at an early age, with a very slender patrimony; but my paternal uncle, Sir William Tracey, took charge of, and caused me to be educated with his own two sons, and being designed for the church, I was in due time entered at the same college with my cousins. One unlucky conversation, however, which took place in the green-house, between my cousin Julia, a beautiful girl of sixteen, and myself, and of which my uncle, from the adjoining pinery, overheard every syllable, produced a sudden and complete change in my plans and prospects. My uncle was too wise to say much on the subject of our childish attachment, as he was pleased to term it; he did not lock Julia up, but he sent her to visit some relations at Brighton, and not long afterwards informed me that a cadetship in the East India Company's Service was at my disposal, if I still entertained my predilection for a military life. He well knew that such had been my boyish inclination, and that I had acquiesced in the wishes of my friends rather than consulted my own, in making choice of the church for my profession. I did not long hesitate; — early predilections revived; and then, as of course I was to do great deeds and distinguish myself betimes, there appeared no better chance of my eventually obtaining the hand of Julia.

With these cheering hopes, and a little gauze handkerchief, which Julia had dropped in her precipitate retreat from the green-house at the first sound of her father's voice, I shortly afterwards embarked for India. If it be asked whether, during my long absence, I had no desire to see Julia Tracey again,—I reply in the affirmative; but I had not attained either the circumstances or rank which would have induced her father to consent to our union; nor, to speak the honest truth, was I nearly so much in love with her as when I left England. My passion had not been kept alive by a continuation of affectionate messages from Julia: these, after *her* first campaign in the London world, had entirely ceased. I continued then in India, meeting with no very extraordinary occurrences of good or ill fortune: I got on in my profession, and saw some service.

Much happened at home; much of a melancholy nature.— My cousin Frederick was, through his own pertinacity and want of skill, drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the Thames. His elder brother married, but imprudently and unhappily: he fell into an ill state of health, was ordered to Italy, and there died. On his death I became by entail the next heir to Knightswood, but my uncle could not bring himself to recall me to England, though I believe his wife and daughter urged his doing so; and it was not till several years afterwards that a letter from my early friend Mark Gifford, apprising me of the death of my uncle, determined my departure from India. My aunt, with her two unmarried daughters, had removed from Knightswood to Bath, before I could reach England: the eldest had married, as I before mentioned, my friend Gifford; a circumstance which at the time occasioned me some surprise; and this brings me back to Beauchamps, and its former inmates.

There is the lady of the mansion—I see her still!—advanced in years, but of a fresh complexion, and erect carriage. She was fair, and must have been eminently handsome in her youth. Her dress, so ancient in its fashion, and arranged with such precision—and her manners, though stiff and antiquated as her apparel, so distinctly marking the gentlewoman! The want of a liberal education, and long retirement from the world, had contracted her ideas, and infused into her mind many absurd prejudices.

As for her great-niece, Mary Hamilton, the prettiest girl, always excepting Julia Tracey, I had seen before I left England,—Mark Gifford, indeed, admired Mary the most of the two; but I *then* preferred a blonde beauty, with light brown ringlets. Mary was the only child of a niece of Mrs. Gifford, who had married in some way or other to disoblige her family; and the little girl, being at a very early age deprived of both her parents, had been received at Beauchamps; and brought up, I will not say petted, still less educated, by her great-aunt. This lady never appeared to me encumbered with any prejudices in favour of her own sex; for she bestowed infinitely more attention and indulgence on Mark, who was her husband's nephew, and destined to be her successor at Beauchamps.

There was at Beauchamps no governess, no maps, or globes, grammars, or Mangnall's Questions. Mary, I believe, duly read the Psalms and chapters of the day to her aunt, or her aunt's favourite maid; and at certain periods an old village schoolmaster attended, to instruct her in writing and arithmetic. For the rest, I have always understood that her cousin Mark's first set of shirts with collars were her own entire performance, and that for recreation, she examined the hens' nests, had chickens of her own to rear, feed, and attend; collected herbs for Mark's rabbits, or rose leaves, and lavender for drying in the summer; made snow-balls in the winter, and often ran through the dirt into the village with her aunt's newspaper; which was daily lent to an elderly gentlewoman who resided there in obscure circumstances.

A yearly call was the only intercourse which had ever subsisted between Lady Tracey, and Mrs. Gifford; the latter considered my aunt a modern fine lady, and from the time she understood that Knightswood contained both a harp, and grand pianoforte, prophesied evil to its mistress and her daughters: beside, to do her justice, my aunt was not only an educationist in her own family, but patronised both a sunday and day school in the adjoining parish; and these were great abominations to Mrs. Gifford, who argued that their only effect would be to produce for the succeeding generation a race of shirtless, idle servants. In fact, in no shape whatever could the old lady be considered friendly to literature: the small, morocco-backed volumes, with which Mark strewed the house during the holidays, were a vexation to her as litter; but in the hands of Mary, they assumed a yet more reprehensible aspect; for even she, in spite of her active habits and adroitness at her needle, did not totally escape the charge of being a bookworm.

Among us boys there subsisted a much greater intimacy, than between the heads of the two families: cricket was, indeed, the chief bond of union between us; but Mark and I were friends independently of that noble and social game, and as partial to each other's society at Christmas as at Midsummer.

My friend was always kindly welcomed to Knightswood by my uncle and aunt; and in process of time, one Midsummer vacation, a polite note was dispatched from my aunt to Mrs. Gifford, requesting her to permit

Miss Hamilton to spend a day with her daughters. I remember being rather surprised at the invitation, and still more so when I heard of its acceptance.

An awful day it was for Mary; and well she remembers it, I dare say, to this very hour. The morning came, and the hour came, when, under the care of her cousin, Mary was to set forth for Knightswood; but no Mary appeared,—and after some delay, and much seeking, she was discovered by Mark, seated most disconsolately, and with tearful eyes, on the top of an old hen coop in the poultry yard. It required all Mark's kindness and encouragement, in their walk to Knightswood, to revive Mary's spirits and allay her fears; for she had never seen Lady Tracey above once or twice in her life, and the Miss Traceys were such accomplished young ladies, and learned so many things, whilst she knew nothing, and was sure they would ask her if she could play, and sing, and draw. "And then, French, Mark!—only think of that! If the governess should speak to me in French, what will become of me?"

"You will return, I hope, to Beauchamps to night, alive and well, if she does," said Mark, "and laugh about it to-morrow. Never mind, dear Mary, if they bother you about their music and nonsense, you may tell them that you make all my shirts, and keep my gloves nicely mended! It will be long enough before William or Fred. get as much good out of their sisters, as I do from my dear little cousin."

This is all very well, thought I, by way of encouraging your dear little cousin, when Mark repeated to me the conversation, and the difficulty he had had to get Mary within the doors of Knightswood in any thing like a state of composure, "but after all, there is no comparison to be made between an uninstructed girl like Mary Hamilton, and Julia Tracey."

The dreaded visit was not, I believe, after the first half hour, nearly so bad as Mary had expected. To be sure, my cousin Harriet, who was a grown-up, and "come-out" young lady, who studied geology, and had, for aught I know, some theory of her own respecting the Deluge, put Mary into a flutter once, by talking to her of new works, and *superior works*, and *talented authors;* and as she spoke, she turned over the leaves of such a very large book—excepting the church Bible, I question if Mary had ever beheld any thing before so prodigious in the shape of a book before.

Her visit to Knightswood was, however, repeated more than once before I left England, and according to Mark's observation, not entirely without profit; nature had fully performed her part, and Mary was well disposed to do hers; from the time of her acquaintance with my cousins, she very frequently wore gloves within doors, and absolutely rejected the use of a knife in eating fish.

Mary, at the period of my leaving England, was, I think, about fifteen, her cousin Mark four years older;

their mutual affection, which had grown with their growth, appeared to me so sincere, and so likely to ripen into a full and lasting attachment, that the intelligence of Mark's union with Harriet Tracey took me quite by surprise; she, of my three cousins, being the one he was used the least to prefer, and who was, moreover, two or three years his senior.

I resolved on visiting Bath, so soon as I could arrange my affairs at Knightswood. Julia Tracey was still unmarried; and if I had ceased to be in love with, I had never forgotten her; and, in short, there was no saying what might happen; but hearing that an old and favourite servant of Mrs. Gifford was still residing in the adjacent village, I resolved on calling upon her, to gain, if possible, some intelligence respecting Miss Hamilton, who in the occasional letters I had received from Gifford had never been more than slightly mentioned, and had not, for several years past, been referred to at all. I knew only that she had gone to reside with some of her paternal relations at the death of Mrs. Gifford, and I feared, from a passage in an early letter of Mark's, that she had been ill provided for. Probably he had taken upon himself to supply any deficiency of that sort; but I suspected that Mary had had claims on him of a different nature, which some weakness of vanity, caprice, or inconstancy, had tempted him to disregard. To old Hannah's cottage I accordingly bent my steps; and on entering her neat kitchen, found it necessary to introduce myself to my old acquaintance. After a time, however, Hannah recovered from the surprise my entrance had occasioned; and reflections of the past, of her poor old mistress, and of Beauchamps and its former inmates, naturally followed. A strange place it was now, she said, by all accounts; for her own part, she did not like seeing even the tops of the high chimneys between the sycamores, and therefore it was not to be thought she should ever cross the threshold. Great changes, she heard, had taken place after the new lady came; the laundry was turned into a servant's hall, and her mistresses little breakfast parlour into a housekeeper's room, and the greater part of the old pictures were, she was told, stowed away in the lumber-room;—seemingly she recollected my connexion with the present family, for she suddenly checked herself, and casting on me a suspicious glance, she added,—

"But then, it don't signify what such as I think about it." And, assuming a more cheerful tone, she added, interrogatively, "And you be not married, sir, yet?"

"No, Hannah," I replied, "and am now almost an old bachelor; but Miss Hamilton, what became of her? Is *she* married?"

"No, poor dear—more 's the pity."

"Then among all the young people, Hannah, whom you remember at Beauchamps and Knightswood, only two have married."

"And those two," she exclaimed with some acrimony, "wer'nt paired right."

"They were not, indeed, paired as I had myself expected, Hannah, for I had always fancied Mr. Gifford more likely to fall in love with his own cousin, than with one of mine."

"There was no fancy in the case," she replied, "but no one could be off of loving her! And I shall always think, sir, asking your pardon, that Miss Tracey as was, wheedled Master Mark away from her."

"I hope not, Hannah."

"I should be sorry to misjudge any one, sir, but I will tell you, if you please, all I know of the matter; and may be you may think pretty much the same yourself when I have done." Then approaching her chair a little nearer to the fire, and placing on it with the tongs the burnt ends of the sticks scattered on the hearth, she began in a more confidential tone.

"The last time Master Mark left us for the university, he seemed as fond of his cousin as ever. The morning of the day before he left Beauchamps, he came up stairs to the little room that you may remember (or may be you never might have seen it), where Miss Hamilton used mostly to sit, when not in the parlour with my mistress. There was a sight of old books in this room, which had been stowed away there time out of mind. Master Mark went rummaging amongst them once when he was at home for the holidays, and got leave from my mistress to have a few shelves put up in the room, and then he and Miss Mary set the books up in order, and some of them they read together, by snatches, as they could find opportunities, and some he marked out for her to read to herself when he was gone; and many a time have I known her sit there, perishing in the cold, because she would not anger my mistress by taking books into the parlour.

"Miss Hamilton got leave to keep her canaries there, and she had her geraniums up in the south window, and she used to keep the books dusted, and take great delight in this room. Well, up Master Mark came to this room as I was saying: it happened I was in the next to it, which was used for a china closet, dusting, and setting to rights some of the china; he did not shut the door close after him, and presently I heard him say, 'I am going to-morrow, you know, Mary, and the worst of it is, that I shall not see you again for a very long time.' 'Will it be longer than usual?' says she. 'Yes,' I heard him say, 'it will, for I shall not come home at the next vacation. I believe, Mary, I must stay and read for my degree,' (I think he called it),—as if there had not been books enough for him to read in without stirring out of that room. I knew by her voice she was very sorry; as she said, 'Well, Mark, you know what is best—you would not stay away if you could help it, I know; but tell me when you will return; what is the time I may look forward to, for seeing you again.' 'As soon as I have taken my degree, and that will not be till after Christmas; but you may be sure, dear Mary, that I shall not lose a day in returning to Beauchamps when that is over; and so, whilst I am gone, you will read what I mentioned to you. I shall leave some of my books for your amusement, and you will take care of Carlo for me, Mary, and pet him for my sake, I know:' and then he spoke so low that I heard no more of it; but presently he ran down stairs, and out to the stables: and when Miss Hamilton came out of the room, I could see, as she passed, that she was in tears.

"Well, sir, Christmas came, and passed over—and in course of time we expected to see Master Mark at Beauchamps;—and my mistress had the window curtains, and bed-furniture of his room dyed, and made up quite handsome, because she said he would soon have done with the University, and live at home: and Miss Hamilton was as happy and busy as may be, setting the books, and other things he had left at home in order for him, when there came a letter, to say that he was going for a week or two with Mr. Tracey to London, and should come down to Beauchamps from thence.

"We heard no more of him for three weeks, and then he wrote to excuse his biding in London a little longer. He said he was amongst his old friends, all the family from Knightswood being in Town,—and that we knew; and how Lady Tracey was very kind to him, and invited him to all her grand parties.

"Well, Miss Hamilton was sorely disappointed, as I could see, at hearing this letter, and my mistress was a little out of sorts about it at first; however, that did not last long. It was nigh upon two months before ever Master Mark came down to us. Miss Hamilton did not run out in the court, nor even to the door, to meet him as she used to do; she was up stairs when he arrived. Master Mark went into the back parlour to my mistress; but after, it may be ten minutes, came out again, and making towards the offices, I met him. 'Miss Hamilton, Master Mark,' says I, 'is up in the little book room I dare say, if it is her you are looking for.' He thanked me, and said he should see his cousin presently, but that he wanted particularly to know if a new fishing rod which he had sent down from London had arrived safely. I did not see the meeting between him and Miss Hamilton, but the next day she shewed me a beautiful work-box, full of smelling bottles and all manner of things, that Master Mark had brought her for a present, and pleased I was to see it.

"But however, sir, notwithstanding the work-box, and though he used sometimes to walk with his cousin, or read to her, I could see there was a great alteration in Master Mark, and that neither Miss Mary, nor any thing else at Beauchamps pleased him as it used to do. I don't know that I ever knew my mistress so much offended with him in my life, as she was one day at dinner about the cooking of some dish; his biding so long in London was nothing to it, and reason good;—for every thing that went to table at Beauchamps, then, was cooked by the best and choicest of receipts. He sat a good deal in the dining parlour by himself reading, or what not. By and by, Sir William and Lady Tracey, and all the family came down from London, and then there was scarcely a day that Master Mark was not at Knightswood some part of it. Your eldest cousin Mr. Tracey, married to displease his father, which they said was the occasion of their all coming down into the country sooner than usual that year, and he, I believe, made a sort of go-between of our Master Mark, to obtain his father's forgiveness; and this might be one cause of his being so much at Knightswood, and then the fishing season came on, and so by one reason or other, Miss Hamilton saw but little of her cousin. About the end of May, my poor old mistress had a paralytic stroke, from which she never perfectly recovered. She continued very feeble, and her memory greatly failed her. From that time she was never left alone, either Miss Hamilton or I were continually with her; and I must do Master Mark the justice to say that he was very attentive and dutiful in his behaviour to her, and more mindful as it seemed to me of his cousin: he would frequently come into the back parlour, and say 'Come Mary, let me beg of you to take a walk this fine day, while I remain with my aunt; and you, Hannah, go out likewise and look after your chickens,—I will ring if you are wanted. I remember one afternoon in particular, he had persuaded Miss Hamilton to go out for a little air. My mistress was asleep on the couch, or dozing, with a large screen before her to shade her from the light, and I was sitting at my needle-work at one of the windows—Master Mark having desired me to sit still, and not mind him, unless I wished to go out. Presently, my mistress roused herself, and said, 'Where's Mary? who is in the room? Mary, what are you about?' 'Mary is not here,' said Master Mark. 'I have prevailed on her to go and take a turn on the Terrace.' 'Oh,' said my mistress, as if she had almost forgotten what she had before said. Just then, Miss Hamilton returned to the room; she came in so quietly that my mistress was not aware of it, and not thinking she was present, after a short silence, she said, 'Mary's a good girl, Mark; a very dutiful girl, and may be not so well provided for as she deserves. I am too poorly to make any addition to my will; and if I die, as is most likely, without doing so, you must do something more for Mary. Whatever you think right, Mark; I leave it all to you.' I thought poor Miss Hamilton would have dropt to the ground as she heard these words of her aunt's. Master Mark looked rather confused too; but he assured his aunt that he would never be unmindful of his cousin's interest, as long as he lived.

My mistress dozed off again, and Master Mark hastily shaking his cousin's hand, left the room. My poor mistress after a time seemed to recover a little; as the summer came on she would manage, with Miss Hamilton's support, to take a turn round the pleasure ground.

"Master Mark thought there could be no immediate danger now, though I told him, as I thought it my duty, that my mistress was liable to another attack at any hour; for so indeed the doctor had told me. No doubt it was a great confinement to a young gentleman of his age, and as the family of Knightswood were going to take a tour as they called it into Wales, he was persuaded to join their party. He desired Miss Hamilton to write to him, and especially if my Mistress should get worse,—telling her as well as he could at what post-offices to direct her letters. Well, sir, this was too soon to be done, for he had not been gone above ten days when I had the great affliction, on going to my mistress's bed-side, one morning, to find her speechless, and in fact, before our doctor could reach the home, she had breathed her last." Here the faithful servant (though so many years had passed since the circumstances she was recording, had occurred) was obliged for some moments to suspend her narration; then recovering in some degree the command of her voice, she proceeded. "So soon as I perceived the state my poor mistress was in, not choosing to leave her, I rang for the house maid, and desired her to send off for the doctor; and in a few minutes after, Miss

Hamilton having heard the bell ring so sharp, ran into the room half dressed; we two supported my mistress in her last agony,—but as I said, it was shortly over. When Mr. Meadows our doctor came, I begged of him, seeing Miss Hamilton, poor dear, was in no state to do it, to write to Master Mark. So that was done; but we were obliged, with the help of Mr. Meadows, and our good clergyman, (who came up to the house as soon as he heard of our loss), to make preparations for the funeral, hoping of course, to have Master Mark (Mr. Gifford I should say) with us, before that could take place.

" It was a dreary day for all of us, and a still more dreary night, for, though summer time, the weather was stormy, and the wind shook the windows, and sounded as dismally through the old home as if it had been Christmas. Sorely, too, we wanted Master Mark, for it was likely enough my mistress might have left some directions about her funeral in her will; but, though Miss Hamilton knew where that was, nothing could be done till her cousin came. She had written to her relation, Mrs. Hamilton, who was her great-aunt by the father's side; there was no one else to write to as she knew of; and a kind answer she had by return of post, inviting her to reside with this old lady and her daughter at Kensington, which I believe my poor mistress had expected she would do; and desiring her to set off as soon as she could make it convenient to leave Beauchamps.

"The last day was come before that fixed for the funeral, which we had made as late as could well be, and no Mr. Gifford had arrived. The evening came, and Mr. Penrose, the clergyman, who had taken his tea with Miss Hamilton, had been gone, it may be half an hour, when a chaise drove furiously into the court-yard behind the house. 'Thank God, you be come Sir!' said old Andrew ('you *mind* Andrew, Mr. Harry?) as he lighted his young master into the back hall. 'I wish to Heaven I had never gone, Andrew,' says Master Mark, 'where's my poor cousin, where's Miss Hamilton?' She came out of the little breakfast parlour on hearing the noise, and met him in the front hall. Master Mark embraced her kindly, and led her back to the breakfast parlour, as I heard from Andrew afterwards; and then he told her how he had been delayed on the road, but Miss Tracey's name came over too often to please me. Mr. Gifford had had no dinner, and Miss Hamilton had made but a shew of eating for a week past, so I had a trifle of supper sent into the little parlour, and being obliged to leave the oak-room for something or other that was wanted, poor Andrew, who had been waiting at supper, said to me, 'If it was not almost a sin to think of such a thing at a time like this, I would say, Hannah, how I think we shan't be long without a mistress at Beauchamps, and a good one, and a kind one too.' I bid him hold his tongue and not talk in that way, for my mind misgave me that no such wedding as Andrew was thinking of would ever come to pass. The next day, early, as soon as the lawyer could be got from S., the will was read;—after that, the funeral. Mr. Gifford followed as chief mourner, and all the servants attended except myself, who remained with Miss Hamilton. She told me she had written again to her aunt, and fixed on the next day but one for her journey. I asked her what need to be in such haste to leave us, and how she intended to travel. She said that she could not stay on at Beauchamp's now that it was Mr. Gifford's house, and that was true enough; and as for the journey, she should not be in the least afraid of going in the stage coach by herself, or, may be her cousin would spare Andrew to go up, on the outside, and see her safe to Mrs. Hamilton's home. She spoke very steadily, till taking the liberty to say that I hoped we might see her amongst us again some time or other, she burst into tears, and said, 'Never!' When I begged of Andrew that evening, as Miss Hamilton had desired me, to make some inquiry respecting the coaches; the old man seemed struck all of a heap; 'but then,' says he, presently, 'it won't be for long, we shall soon have her back again, it is not worth while for her at no rate to take Carlo, or the canaries.'

"That same evening Miss Hamilton and Mr. Gifford had a long conversation together. I went into her room afterwards, when she was going to bed as I thought. She was upon her knees, packing a trunk, and her back was turned towards me, as I entered the room. I told her I had given her message to Andrew; she thanked me, but said it did not signify, her cousin would not hear of her going by the coach, he would take her himself to Kensington, and they should travel post. She did not turn her head as she said this,—I spoke in a low voice. I told her I hoped every thing had been settled between her and her cousin to her satisfaction, I meant as to her fortune, for I knew that my mistress (not wishing at the time to leave more away from Master Mark than she could possibly help) had only bequeathed her five hundred pounds; but I remembered also what my poor old lady had said on that subject to Master Mark afterwards. 'There is nothing to settle, Hannah,' says she, turning half round, 'my aunt's kind remembrance of me, with the interest of my own little fortune, which you know has been suffered to accumulate ever since my poor aunt first took charge of me, will be sufficient for my maintenance; it is all I am entitled to, or can think of accepting; but, she added, 'it is not Mark's fault, he *has* offered, he has said every thing,' but she could not finish, and, leaning her face against the trunk, she sobbed ready to break her heart. I made free to tell her that her fortune was but scanty for a young lady like her, and as it was clearly my mistress's wish that Master Mark should add something to it, out of his large inheritance (for my mistress, sir, had always been a saving person), I could not see why she should not let him fulfil his aunt's wishes. 'No, no, she could not,'—that was all I could get from her but tears and sobs. I begged of her to leave off packing for that night; that I would help her the next day, and indeed do it all for her, if she would let me. I then went and fetched her a glass of camphor julap, which I made her drink, and then I begged her to compose herself, and undress, and that I would not leave her till I saw her in bed, and so she would be keeping me up if she did not do what I wished her. 'I will not keep you long, Hannah,' says she; 'but sit down for a few minutes with me.' I shut the lid of the trunk, and sat down on it, and she seating herself on the ground where she had been kneeling, laid her head on my lap, as she used often to do when a little child, when she wanted me to tell her a story or sing her a song. 'I know,' says she, presently, 'that it is wrong to give way to my feelings in this manner, and I will try to exert myself; it is ungrateful to the Almighty for all his past mercies, and distrustful of His good Providence for the future; I know,' said she, earnestly, 'that if I do place my whole confidence in Him, *He* will never leave or forsake me. I am an orphan, and may be, as good Mr. Penrose said, peculiarly the care of Him who defendeth the fatherless.' I mind her words well, sir, though it is so long since I heard them; for though it had not pleased my good mistress to have Miss Hamilton instructed in music and painting, and such like things, she had read her Bible as much as most, and may be laid it to heart more.

"The next day was, as you may think, a busy one, and a sad enough one too, for my poor young lady; but she bore up far better than could have been expected. I persuaded her in the afternoon to leave the packing to me, and she then went round the village to visit the poor folks for the last time, leaving with most of them some little token of remembrance; and though it is now nigh upon fourteen years ago, I will be bold to say she is not forgotten to this day. Mr. Gifford went up to Knightswood, the family having reached home the night before, and was there all the afternoon. When he returned, he came to me, and asked me for Miss Hamilton; I told him she had gone down to the village, and was not come in. 'I wish to speak to her,' says he, 'respecting her journey to-morrow. I had fully intended accompanying her myself, and seeing her safe under the protection of Mrs. Hamilton; but I am obliged to give up this plan. You know, Hannah,' says he, 'that Sir William Tracey has been displeased with his eldest son, Mr. Tracey, on account of his marriage, and indeed refused at first to see him. I have the satisfaction of thinking that I have been partly the means of bringing about a reconciliation, and in prevailing with Sir William to receive Mr.

Tracey and his bride at Knightswood. I now find that they are expected to arrive there to-morrow, and Lady Tracey, and indeed all the family, are extremely anxious that I should meet them. I ought not to refuse, indeed I cannot; I propose, therefore, Hannah, that you should accompany my cousin to Kensington, where you can remain a day or two, and see her comfortably settled. I am sure this plan will be very agreeable to Mary; and I shall, in this case, run up to Kensington myself in the course of a week or two, and see how she goes on; so that, in fact, I think this scheme far preferable to the first, and Lady Tracey is of the same opinion.' He then set out to meet his cousin, but had not been gone above ten minutes when she returned by herself, having come in by the door at the end of the terrace walk. I found she had not met Master Mark, so I told her what he had been saying to me, thinking may be it would be better for her to hear it from me than from him. She changed colour, and made me no answer just at first, but presently said with one of her pretty smiles, 'Well, I shall not have to part with you quite so soon, at all events, dear Hannah, and that is a reprieve.'

"I am afraid, sir, you must be weary of my talk; I have made a long story of it, but have little more to add. How Miss Hamilton and her cousin parted, I cannot say, for I neither saw or heard any thing of it; but part they did that night, for she had settled it with him, that we should set off early in the morning. She was up by six o'clock, and her last half hour at Beauchamps was spent in the little book-room. About seven o'clock we set off, taking Carlo with us in the chaise. The ladies at Kensington, both mother and daughter, received Miss Hamilton very kindly; they both seemed to me sickly, and the old lady's eye-sight was very bad; nor did they appear to be in very good circumstances, but they were friendly, and kind; said they would do their best to make Miss Mary (as they called her) comfortable, and invited me to stay with her a little while. I spent a day or two there, and then came home in the coach. It was with a heavy heart that I left my dear young lady in such an inferior situation. The house was very small; and the garden, as they called it, not so large as the herb bed at Beauchamps; Miss Mary's bed-room, too, was in the attics, and there was only one maid-servant. However it could not be helped." "And is Miss Hamilton still residing at Kensington?" I inquired. "Oh dear no, sir; they all removed to Bath, about two or three years after. Miss Hamilton, who does me the honour of writing to me once or twice in a year or so, wrote me word that the Bath waters were recommended for her cousin, and so her aunt intended leaving Kensington entirely. The poor lady did not live, however, I think, above a year after they went to Bath."

I suppose, Hannah, you did not remain at Beauchamps after Mr. Gifford married?

"Me! no Sir, God forbid! I did not stay longer than Mr. Gifford could suit himself with a housekeeper, about two months or there away; and Andrew left at the same time. I was grieved to leave the old home, where I had lived above five and twenty years; but I could not abide the new fashions—wasteful extravagant ways that were brought in after my poor mistress was gone: no dinner in the parlour till six o'clock, at the soonest; Andrew could not abide *that.* I remember one day the poor old man entirely forgot that the dinner was not over, and never laid the cloth, or thought a word about the matter, till he went into the kitchen to boil the kettle for tea, and saw the meat roasting at the fire. By good luck, Mr. Gifford was not come in from riding. Andrew, poor man, was growing very forgetful, that is the truth, which did not suit Mr. Gifford; and serving up dinner in a new fangled way, as little suited Andrew. Before I left Beauchamps, Mr. Gifford told me, that he was going to be married to Miss Tracey; and soon afterwards, he went up to Town; it was not till then, that he called upon Miss Hamilton. It might be four or five years after Mr. Gifford's marriage, that I heard from Miss Hamilton, how she had been invited to visit her cousins at Beauchamps; but that, as her aunt was now left alone in the world, and becoming very blind, she could not think of leaving her: but I doubt, poor dear, she will never have the heart to come to Beauchamps, even if the old lady could spare her, and if—but I shall never see her again in this world."

Thus concluded old Hannah's narrative, which to me had been neither tedious nor void of interest, though my readers may, it is too probable, have considered it both the one and the other.

To Bath I went, and at the close of a dull drizzly November day, found myself installed in a comfortable apartment in the York Hotel. The following morning I presented myself to my aunt and cousins, who received me (as the present possessor of Knightswood) with a little embarrassment, yet on the whole with kindness; and my reception from Julia was so delightfully cordial, that it went far to atone for the loss of that splendid beauty, which had first captivated my youthful fancy. Julia, at one-and-thirty, was indeed a wreck of the Julia I had left fifteen years before. She was become much thinner; both face and figure had lost the roundness of youth, and the former looked considerably worn. All brilliancy of complexion had vanished, and Julia was what is commonly termed completely gone off. But what of all this? Had fifteen years spent in a foreign climate failed to produce their usual effect on my appearance? Julia was still unmarried, received me kindly, even affectionately; and if any portion of her former predilection in my favour remained, what better could I do than endeavour to convince her that though the days of romance were over, there might be many of rational and domestic happiness in reserve for us, not the less secure for being decked in soberer tints than the *couleur de rose* of early youth. Such were the reflections I made after my first interview with Julia, as I was returning to the Hotel to dress, preparatory to dining with my aunt and cousins. I thought them at the time fraught with wisdom, nor do I now intend to recant.

The wisest and most rational schemes are not, however, always crowned with success. One quarter of an hour's conversation with my cousin Marianne, whom I found alone in the drawing-room on my return to the Crescent, proved the utter destruction of mine. From her I learned that Julia was actually engaged; engaged to be married to a clergyman, who Marianne assured me was a very gentlemanlike, agreeable person, though unfortunately, he had no preferment; and, therefore, with dear Julia's pretensions it could not be considered an advantageous match for *her;* she was, however, *now* certainly of an age to judge for herself, and Julia felt assured that if any opportunity should occur in which I could render her any service, she might entirely rely on my friendship.

My soul fell from the skies as the Persians say. The service expected of me, I very well understood, was to present Mr. Morgan to a family living of some value when it should become vacant. This expectation was more clearly expressed by my aunt in our first *tete-a-tete.* Julia's engagement appeared to me rather endured than approved, either by her or Marianne, and to be considered by both a *pis aller.* My aunt was, however, now in years, and neither felt the same keen anxiety respecting her daughters that she had formerly done, nor were they so much under her control. For myself, although I have already confessed that my youthful attachment to Julia had been nearly dissipated by absence, distance, and the varieties and objects which had since occupied my thoughts; I will not deny that something more of sentiment accompanied the renewal of our acquaintance than would have been the case had no such predilection ever existed, and that the announcement of Julia's engagement gave me a momentary feeling of disappointment; so instantaneously does the reaction of the human mind give force and definitiveness to an object (however languidly pursued) the moment it becomes unattainable. How Mr. Morgan came to think Miss Julia Tracey well calculated to preside over his parsonage in a retired village in Herefordshire, I know not. She was indeed still an elegant woman, both in appearance and manner; had six or seven thousand pounds in present possession, and there was hope of the family living of North Stoke.

Having previously obtained from Hannah, Miss Hamilton's address, I determined to call on her the following day. I had no difficulty in finding her residence; but was told on reaching it, that Miss Hamilton had attended her aunt to the South Parade; and thither I immediately repaired, though doubtful of recognising one whom I had lost sight of for so many years.

"Yes," thought I, "there they are, sure enough—an infirm old lady in a Bath chair, and a younger one walking by her side;" yet it was just possible they might *not* be the individuals I sought. We met—we nearly passed each other; when Miss Hamilton, for she it was, chancing to turn her head towards me, I caught her eye, and the glance sufficiently confirmed me in my conjecture to sanction my addressing her, and making myself known. It was no mistake; it was Mary Hamilton herself, who, though she evidently did not recognise me at the commencement of my address, was no sooner satisfied of my identity than she introduced me to her aged relative. I continued their attendant during the remainder of the old lady's airing, and afterwards accompanied them to their lodgings. I talked to Miss Hamilton of old Hannah; indeed I was the bearer of an epistle from her, and Mary listened with an interest which filled her fine dark eyes with tears. Yet her manner was perfectly composed; and she speedily left the neighbourhood of Beauchamps, to dwell on the kindness with which she had been received by her present protectress, and the various advantages she had enjoyed under her roof. These expressions of gratitude were returned with interest by Mrs. Hamilton, who assured me that she considered it a signal instance of the goodness of that Providence which had watched over her during a long life, that her dear Mary had been consigned to her care. "She is in truth," observed Mrs. Hamilton, "eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and a child—a dutiful, affectionate child—to the childless." God will bless her for it in his own good time.

A few friends of Mrs. Hamilton, in better circumstances than herself, had, as I afterwards found, taken some occasional notice of Mary; but these interruptions to the monotony of her life, were by no means of frequent occurrence. She must have partaken very sparingly of what are commonly termed the pleasures of life; the warm affections of an affectionate heart had been early blighted, and the last years of her life devoted to the patient unwearied attendance on the aged and infirm; yet, apparently, a life of obscurity, poverty, and self-denial, is more favourable to the preservation of beauty than one of vanity and worldly amusement; for although Mary had lost her youthful bloom, and appeared to me (except during the first minutes of our interview) decidedly pale, she had not the worn look of Julia Tracey, nor had her figure lost any thing of its symmetry.

On mentioning my visit to Miss Hamilton, sundry excuses were made by Lady Tracey and Marianne for having hitherto done so little towards renewing their acquaintance with her; they alleged in excuse the distance at which she resided from the Crescent, and which was in fact, considerable. Julia, moreover, did more than apologize; she hoped I should very shortly repeat my visit, and allow her to accompany me. After this second visit had taken place, Mary was prevailed on to spend one or two evenings at the Crescent.

In the mean time, preparations were making for Julia's marriage. I found in Mr. Morgan a gentlemanlike, sensible person, and by every inquiry I had the power of making, that my cousin was likely to be respectably, if not splendidly married. I was happy in thinking I might have the means hereafter of improving their worldly circumstances, and in the meantime of providing for Julia's future residence, those internal decorations which habit, I was sensible, must have rendered essential to her comfort. All things went smoothly, all at least save one. My cousin Harriet assuming the privilege of an elder and a married sister, expressed great disapprobation of Julia's engagement; and evinced so much surprise at its having obtained the sanction of her mother, as to imply something very like censure of her in not having withheld her consent.

Mrs. Gifford had never been guilty herself, so far as I ever heard, of losing sight of worldly advantage in favour of any one's feeling; and this connexion, she observed, which would have been in itself undesirable, was the climax of folly when Sir Henry Tracey's return to England, still unmarried, was taken into consideration. No sooner, however, had the Giffords returned to Beauchamps, than Mark again left it to join me at Bath. We met with mutual pleasure; and congratulated ourselves on the prospect of being once again near neighbours, and on the intimacy which would in future subsist between Beauchamps and Knightswood. Having been introduced to his expected brother-in-law, with whom he shook hands far more cordially than would have met his wife's approbation, his next concern was to call on his cousin Mary. In this visit he asked me to accompany him: not knowing however if my so doing might be agreeable to Miss Hamilton, I endeavoured to excuse myself; but Gifford would not be refused, and accordingly we set forth together. The blush which suffused Mary's cheek, on our entrance, and as she greeted her cousin, was the only token of emotion which she displayed; and the perfect complacency of her manner, convinced me that however cruelly her heart might once have suffered, it retained nothing but kindly and benevolent feelings towards him.

How soon it was after I had attended my cousin Julia to the altar, and bestowed her hand on Mr. Morgan (at which ceremony Gifford could not assist without risking a breach of the peace at Beauchamps), that it became an object of interest to me to ascertain how the feelings of Mary Hamilton's heart stood affected towards myself, I do not think it necessary to state. It was not a heart to be very lightly won—of that my readers may be assured; nor did I fail to back my suit by offering to poor old Mrs. Hamilton a home at Knightswood. Suffice it to say that I finally succeeded in winning both ladies, and that after sundry journeyings between Knightswood and Bath, I had the pleasure of calling one morning on old Hannah, and imparting to her the joyful tidings that the day—yes, the very day—was fixed for my marriage with her dear Miss Hamilton, on which day I requested her to be at Knightswood, to receive the bride on her arrival.

The happiness my communication afforded the old servant, was far beyond what I can attempt to describe; I believe nothing but my own could exceed it.

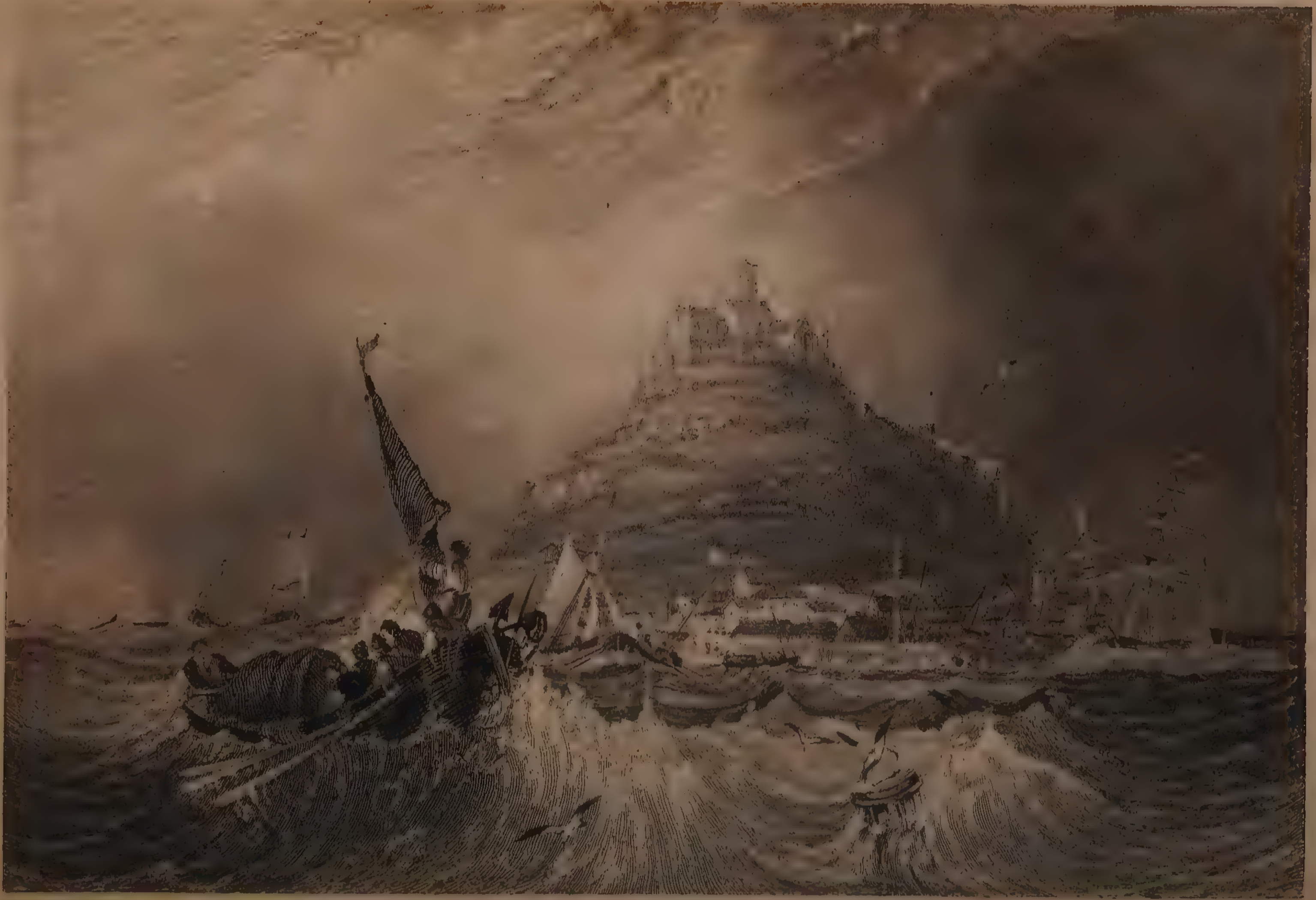
No disappointment awaited either Hannah or myself,—the wedding took place on the day appointed, but the ceremony was performed in a simple and unostentatious manner, and with little of the usual paraphernalia.—Beside, the bride and bridegroom were both so old! My dear young lady, it is perfectly true; I would not impose upon you for the world: Mary was, I am sorry to say it, thirty; and I, a good five years her senior. I wish we had married sooner, both for your sake and our own; what can I say more?

Neither Mary nor I had many relations to grieve or rejoice at our union: few evinced more sincere satisfaction than Mark Gifford, and none but his lady displayed any visible signs of displeasure. Harriet was never really cordial in her behaviour to either of us.—She could not forgive me, in the first place, for being Sir Henry Tracey, of Knightswood; nor, in the second, for not having married her sister Julia, although Julia herself wanted none of me. And for Mary, she was, in herself, nobody, and had once been loved by her own husband. I was constrained to admit that prejudice and intolerance had not departed from Beauchamps with its late mistress; but that a modern and refined education, in which christianity had never been decisively and unequivocally called in to form the character, might indeed soften and fashion the manners, but would leave the heart unsubdued, an easy prey to its own natural evil propensities; and ignorance could do no more, and no worse!

Harriet, however, spent much of her time from Beauchamps: in the spring she was in London; and after the first invitation occasioned by Julia's marriage had subsided, she found so much amusement for herself at Bath, and so many advantages to her children from its masters, that she continued to spend a large portion of the winter there every year; whilst Mark, who could never be induced to leave Beauchamps during the hunting season, passed many of his winter evenings at Knightswood. Julia and her husband are, also, not unfrequently our visitors; and from the best observation I can make of their conduct towards each other, she has, I believe, little reason to regret having been once crossed in love, and is as far from admitting that the union of first affections can alone be productive of happiness in married life, as, thanks to the excellence of my dear Mary, I am myself.

TO MIDNIGHT.

Welcome, O Midnight! to my solitude;—
At my still, sober hearth, thou need'st not fear
A sound profane to shock thy matron ear:
Passion and Folly, and their boist'rous brood,
Within this portal chaste shall not intrude.
Which Silence guards; but, suitable compeer,
We'll have the patient Meditation here
To muse on subjects serious, deep, and good.
Thine hour she loves, when hushed are earthly cares,
And the false glitter of the gaudy day
Poor tinseled Vanity no longer wears,
To lead the judgment of mankind astray;—
Grave goddess of the dark star-spangled vest,
'T is Truth alone can stand thy solemn test.



ST MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I.

Saint Michael's Mount ne'er met my sight;
  I never breathed its wild sea air!
But what of that? wild Fancy's flight,
  Can with a thought transport me there:

II.

Reversing time's mysterious urn,
  Can give me back the days of yore,
When old Bellerus, dark and stern,
  Was seated on this mountain hoar:

III.

Can shew me then the vision bright,
  Which streamed like day-break o'er the deep,
When strong St. Michael came by night
  And chose for his this sacred steep:

IV.

Can shew me now the mountain bold,
  Upon the wild sea looking down;
And let me talk with seamen old,
  Who dwell within that Cornish town:

V.

Can place me in that tossing boat,
  And give the business and the stir
That set my spirit all afloat,
  And make of me a mariner:

VI.

Can bring to me the sea-gull's scream,
  That lonely cry, so wild and free!
Till in my gladdened soul I seem
  A very creature of the sea.

VII.

My home was in an in-land place,
  Girt round with pastoral fields and trees;
And in my youth I saw no face
  Of wild sea-dwellers, such as these;

VIII.

And yet my childish fancy dwelt
  On ocean-scenes, with dangers rife;
And nought my infant heart could melt
  Like stories of a sailor's life.

IX.

It was a natural passion then
  Born with me, and is with me still;
And hence the perils of such men
  So oft my wandering fancy fill.

X.

And yet too sadly do I know,
  Oh pleasant and seducing sea!
How much of deep and household woe
  Is mixed with memories of thee!

XI.

For never from my soul will part
  The long, long sorrow that it proved;
The bleeding of the wounded heart,
  Because of him, our well-beloved!

XII.

My brother! thou who hadst so fed,
  Like me, thy fancy—'t was not well!
With visions from sea-stories bred,
  Till they were on thee, like a spell!

XIII.

Ah me! thou wast, and thou art not!
  That farthest voyage was made by thee;
And, mariner! thy happy lot
  Is now where there is no more sea!

GRACE KEVIN.

In the early part of the last summer, the sickness of a friend called me to the populous town of Carrick-on-Suir. My way home lay through a wild and mountainous district, and the most direct road to my own house was over a small ferry close to the village of Loughmaree. The assizes were just concluded in the adjoining county, and I found many persons preparing like myself to pass the ferry; but a succession of heavy rains had so swollen the rapid mountain stream, that it was deemed unsafe to risk a passage over it that evening, and I was compelled to return to the village inn.

"There is but one room for the likes of you, your honour," said the Irish Boniface, as he ushered me into an apartment where several gentlemen were already assembled. They were almost all barristers belonging to the Irish bar, detained like myself, and by whom I was received with great cordiality and politeness. As the wine circulated, we heard with indifference the torrents of rain that beat against the windows, every alternate pane of which was filled with hay instead of glass. The channel into which the conversation fell, was natural, considering that, excepting another gentleman and myself, the party was composed entirely of members of the legal profession. Our companions discussed the recent cases in which they had been engaged; and related, with triumphant vivacity, the hidden niceties of the law which they had brought to bear upon such difficult questions as presented themselves. One in particular, of more general interest, was dwelt upon, after they had put us in possession of the facts. Compassion and justice had come into mournful collision; and the man had wept, while the judge condemned. The elder stranger in black, who was evidently a clergyman, and who had hitherto sat in thoughtful silence as he listened to these details, remarked that they reminded him of some of the most trying moments of his life, in connexion with an event which had happened in his own parish a few years before; adding, that if we pleased, he would describe it to us. An eager assent was given to this proposition; and after a moment's pause, he spoke as follows:

I had been five years curate of the small parish of Burdielaw, when as I was going out early one morning my usual round, I met several men, accompanied by two or three peelers, who bore between them the body of a man laid on a shutter.

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"Farmer Ryan, sir, whom we found in the field by St. Mary's well."

"What has happened to him?"

The peeler drew aside the great coat that was thrown over him, and shewed me the face of the dead. He had met with the fate of Sisera—a nail was fixed in his temple. I shrunk back with sudden disgust; a sick, miserable feeling came over me. It was the first time I had looked upon such a spectacle: and the composure with which every other eye was fixed upon it, even at that painful moment struck me forcibly.

"How did you discover him?" was my first question, when I spoke again.

"Our attention, sir, was excited by the peculiar barking, and unusual movements of a little dog, which I believe belonged to the deceased: we followed it, and in a dry ditch we discovered the body."

"Have you any traces, any suspicion?"

The peelers looked down, and were silent: I took the hint, and asked no more questions.

I went away sorrowful and desponding. None but those who have experienced them, can tell the painful feelings with which a clergyman beholds these terrible proofs that he preaches in vain. It was but yesterday morning that I had seen Farmer Ryan in health and strength, and had urged upon him, for he was a Protestant though a dissenter, the absolute necessity of changing the dissolute life he led. Of all my parishioners, he was the least fit for the awful eternity into which he had entered so suddenly. I recalled the evil tenor of his past life, and his faint assurances of amendment for the future, in reply to my earnest expostulations,—and now, no time had been given him; he was gone, and his great account with him! At that moment I felt as if I had not spoken with sufficient warmth; as if the forms of human society, and the respect for individual feeling, had made that voice weak and those words cold, to which I would now have given a tremendous energy. At the time, I thought that my zeal had almost verged on imprudence; but under the immediate impression of his sudden death, it appeared as if my remonstrance had been languid and feeble.

The next day I was required to be present at the inquest held on the body of Farmer Ryan. On one point my testimony was important. I was believed to have been the last person who had seen him alive; but the evidence obtained, proved that this was not the case: from my house he had gone to that of a woman who sold whiskey, and there his drunken habits had so far prevailed over his good resolutions, that he staid drink-ing till nearly intoxicated, and then left the "public," to go home. A man, however, proved that he did not reach his own house, but was seen to enter the cabin of Grace Kevin, from whence no evidence was adduced in proof of his departure. It is wonderful how often the most trifling circumstances lead to the detection of murder. The man who gave his evidence, declared that he should not have known it was Farmer Ryan, but that as he went in at the little gate, his coat caught in a nail, and he heard him continually say "damn it;" otherwise the evening was so far advanced, and the deceased's hat so slouched over his face, that he should not have been able to have sworn positively to his identity. The police now came forward, and stated that steps which had been traced from the field in which the farmer was found to the cabin of Grace Kevin and her mother, answered to the feet of both those persons. The coroner went himself to examine the foot marks; but rain had since fallen heavily, and most of them were effaced;—one or two were however found by the hedge, and under the shelter of its bushes had remained entire: they were those of a naked foot, and had this singularity, that they were the steps of persons who came from the field to the house; there was no trace of any, from the house to the field. Both the women were in custody; and the police further deposed that they had asked them if Farmer Ryan had been at their house the day before, and that they had each positively denied the fact. They were brought in and closely examined, but not publicly. What transpired to affix guilt upon them, was not generally known; but they were fully committed for trial at the approaching assizes, and removed immediately to the county gaol. The countenance of Grace was so hid by the hood she wore, that I did not see it; on that of her mother, every evil passion was impressed, mixed with a troubled and bewildered expression of countenance. She did not appear to have expected her committal, and it had destroyed her previous equanimity. The crowd without, received them in profound silence; neither blessings nor execrations attended their removal. Ryan was a protestant;—the girl and her mother were catholics. The beauty of Grace had been to her a fatal dower. Three years before, Farmer Ryan had fallen in love with her, and she had lived some time with him as his mistress, in the enjoyment of vulgar splendour, and wasted wealth. Her brothers had been maintained by Ryan in idleness; and while these advantages lasted, all had gone well; but on the loss of her child, Grace seemed to lose her hold on the affections of Ryan;—they had frequently differed, and at length quarrelled more seriously. From being less lavish to her brothers, he grew in time less friendly, and at last positively refused to support them, or bestow on them some ground he had before promised to let them cultivate, rent free. Frequent and bitter dissensions ensued; till on some act of deliberate unkindness and insult to her mother, she left him, and took shelter with her in a miserable cabin, where they had often, in the bitterness of their hearts, been heard to curse Ryan, and menace him with vengeance. Ryan, who had missed Grace more than he had anticipated, would willingly have received her again; but as her family were not included in his renewed advances, they were scornfully rejected: they ceased to see each other,—and her brothers left the country. It was supposed that in his drunken fit, Ryan sought the cottage, and had there met with a death fearfully sudden. These were all the circumstances yet known; but the assizes were near, and every one looked with intense interest to the trial.

* * * * * *

The assizes came at last; and after some minor cases had been dismissed, that of Grace Kevin stood next on the list. I was obliged to be in court to give evidence; and being once there, I was compelled to remain; there was no possibility of release until the trial was over. The grand jury had found a true bill against her mother and herself, for the wilful murder of Farmer Ryan. When Grace was asked, "guilty or not guilty," by the court, her lips moved, but no audible sound issued from them; her counsel said she pleaded not guilty, and that plea was recorded,—I thought, with a feeling of impatience on the part of the accused.

The counsel for the crown proceeded to state the case; and described the guilty affection that had existed between the prisoner and the deceased, the benefits she had enjoyed under his protection, and the bounty he had lavished on her family. When, he said, this perpetual support of all belonging to her, became burthensome to him, he dismissed them with a gentleness they had ill deserved; but bitter was the curse and the menace with which they bound themselves to be revenged upon him. The brothers, however, soon left the country; the females alone resided near him, in a humble cottage, and still bore in mind their unnatural vow;—how that fearful oath had been fulfilled, the jury would this day see! And what, he continued, had she ever offered to Ryan, to repay him for all she had made him suffer? Low in rank, adverse to him in creed, what had been the mighty temptation? Her beauty, gentlemen! that exquisite form and face, which neither poverty nor crime has yet marred.

At these words every eye was turned upon the culprit; and she, whose heart was steeled to commit so dreadful a deed, "shrunk from the fierce freedom of the public gaze." Her eyes drooped beneath the dark lashes that rested on a cheek, whose fitful colour took nothing from its beauty; and as she shook back the clustering curls that shaded her brow, her beautiful mouth quivered with strong emotion. Her figure was even lovelier than her face,—the crimson handkerchief, which marked its delicate outline, contrasted well with the full dark petticoat, and exhibited its grace and simplicity to the greatest advantage. The strings of her simple cap were untied to enable her to breathe more freely; and exhibited a throat faultless in shape and colour. It was nature's loveliness! there was no art, no attempt at ornament; but seldom, very seldom have I seen any thing so perfect as her beauty. There was a moment's pause of profound silence. The long gathering tears dropped from the full lid, and one by one stole down her cheek. Was it feeling? Was it art? How many advocates those tears, and those downcast eyes secured? Beside her stood her mother, old and dark, and bent rather by sorrow than age; a wild unsettled expression was on her faded features, and she sometimes gazed on her daughter as though she doubted her identity: but her thoughts were soon fixed on herself; for as the trial proceeded, the facts elicited became every moment more unfavourable to the prisoners. The first witnesses were the servants of the deceased, who proved his perfect health on the morning he left his house for the purpose of paying an arrear of tithe to me. I was next summoned; and I stated the same facts I had stated at the coroner's inquest. I was cross-examined by the prisoner's counsel, as to whether I had any particular motive for warning the deceased not to have any further intercourse with Grace Kevin.—I replied that I considered the connexion disgraceful to both parties, and as a clergyman had pointed out its sinfulness. I knew that Grace had refused to return to him, and that he was urging her to do so. I spoke to him of the propriety of allowing her a small stipend, to preserve her from absolute want. She could get into no respectable service, although I knew she had tried; and during the late scarcity, but for the relief I sent her, she and her mother must have died.

I was next asked if I were aware that a promise of marriage had been given by the deceased; and answered that I was. I mentioned it to Ryan, as giving Grace a stronger claim upon his humanity. He said, that had the child lived, he should have had no objection: he certainly, by implication, confessed it. Before I took leave of him, he promised to follow my advice.

The next witness was the woman who sold the whiskey to the deceased. She briefly deposed to the quantity consumed, and the hour at which he quitted the house. The man who afterwards saw him enter the cabin of the accused was now called upon to appear, but he made no reply. Three times was his name proclaimed, but he was not forthcoming; and it was clear he was determined to withhold his evidence, which was of vital importance to the prisoner. The police deposed to the foot-marks, and their agreement in size with those of the accused; they further stated they had picked up a leather thong caught apparently in a nail, which corresponded exactly with a recent failure in the shoe of the deceased. The shoe and the leather thong were here produced; and as their exact agreement was made obvious to all, a change appeared for the first time on the face of the younger prisoner.

She turned and fixed her eyes sadly upon her mother—something like reproach was in them,—while the old woman, on receiving that wild glance, smote her breast and groaned audibly.

The counsel for the prisoner now rose: he was a young man, well skilled in that species of eloquence most congenial to young minds,—at once vehement and ingenuous. The counsel for the crown, he said, has stated, that the accused who now stands at your bar, pleading for life in the flower of her age, has returned the benefits conferred on her by the deceased with ingratitude, and betrayed him to death, in defiance of all the ties that had formerly bound them to each other. Gentlemen of the jury, you who are fathers and brothers, what estimate do you form of the benefits bestowed? Do they wear in your eyes the glowing and benevolent colouring in which they appear to my learned friend? A blighted home, a polluted youth, and an unhonoured future age, if life be spared,—these are the precious boons she has to acknowledge: the precarious enjoyment of vulgar splendour, exchanged for the lowest, the most literal, pining, pinching poverty; these are the unappreciated gifts she has received at the hands of Ryan. Your attention has been called to my unfortunate client: yes, gentlemen, gaze, say if she can be fairly reproached with insensibility to past blessings, — that averted eye, the blush of shame, and the consciousness of unworthiness,—these, gentlemen, are the gifts she received from the deceased; and to the value of these, you perceive she is tremblingly alive. He was her father's friend; and Kevin, in his dying hour, committed his widow and orphan girl to his kind offices. She was not then sixteen; an age when the heart, a stranger to experience, and the wisdom it teaches, judges of the conduct of others by its own pure impulses. Gentlemen, judge what the blossom must have been, which ripened into such a flower. There are some here who remember her in her hours of innocence: they will tell you, if they could now speak through their gushing tears, that she then excited universal enthusiasm,—that she found brothers in the old, and lovers in the young. But the attentions of Farmer Ryan silenced every competitor. Her father had taught her to trust him; afterwards, he created an interest for himself. He offered marriage and was accepted: under that delusive engagement she fell; hope, however, was not extinct in her young breast, time was requisite to develop all the wrongs she had suffered,—the pledge he had given he still promised to redeem, and day by day she was beguiled. Nor let her family be too harshly judged. They were poor; to break with Ryan was to destroy the one single, slender hope of their sister; they had looked forward to him as their future brother-in-law, and in the first flow of his affection her family partook largely of his bounty. Grace became a mother, and she then felt all the aggravations of her situation; she urged, wept, implored him for the sake of her child, to remove the mark of shame from her; was again promised,—and again deceived; at length her boy, her only consolation died. Over that hour I draw a veil: its unavailing bitterness withered her young heart: yet no touch of pity moved the callous father. It was while her grief was yet young that he withdrew his protection from her brothers, and threw them on the world to abide its bitter scorn, as abettors of their sister's shame. This, too, she bore! but his cruelty knew no pause; he dismissed her mother, and the heart of the daughter was lost to him for ever. She quitted his lavish home, and withdrew with her aged parent to a miserable hovel. Vainly entreated to return, she rejected every proposal, and preferred the lowest poverty rather than be again consoled by him. You have heard how they were relieved,—you have heard, gentlemen, the testimony of an impartial and unexpected witness in her favour. They intruded on no one; and the anguish of the aged, and the shame of the young, was alike borne in unmurmuring silence. My learned friend has bid you look at her: yes, gentlemen, look with respectful sympathy on the ruins of innocence.

She shrinks from your gaze, she dares not meet your eye; those slender hands that now wildly cover that exquisite countenance, were they ever imbued in blood! The wisest researches have brought no guilt home to the prisoner,—no resistless vestige of the deed,—no bloody print of the convulsive hand,—no spot to fix the crime on her. Gentlemen, you have daughters of your own, let this day's verdict manifest your sense of my client's wrongs: quench not the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed: remember, she has but just entered upon life, and has already tasted deeply of this world's contumely.

The speech of the young advocate made a visible impression on the jury. The judge summed up the evidence, and gave full weight to every extenuating circumstance,—hope beat high in many an anxious heart in that crowded court, and an expression of renewed confidence sat on every face.

Grace, in the meantime, stood with downcast eyes, and a countenance of intense thought! While her advocate had dwelt so eloquently on her wrongs, a thousand rapid emotions had passed over her countenance, and the mention of her child seemed to excite a thrill of agony; but these fluctuations of feeling had now passed away, and she stood as if the strife of her thoughts had annihilated all feeling within her. This could not last long,—she became sensible of her situation as the jury were about to withdraw, and in a tone which, low, almost sepulchral as it was, was yet heard by every one in the remotest corner of the court house, she called upon the jury to stop. A new and wilder light had returned to her eye,—she flung back the mass of dark waving hair that shaded her face; her breath came hurriedly, and as she turned her face towards the judge, there was something in her eye that made the spectators tremble.

"I am guilty!" she exclaimed; "why should I fear your verdict, when I have looked on the face of the dead, and shed no tears." She sank back exhausted, and a silence more eloquent than words, ensued. Her counsel was the first to speak, and to direct the attention of the judge to the wildness of her manner, and the incoherency of her words;—but she rejected the plea. "True for ye," she said, "the words are wild, but the deed was wilder still. We had been separated long; I sought him not, for my soul loathed him entirely; he came into our cabin in the dark hour, when human passions stir wildly in the unhappy; his words were few, yet degrading; when already intoxicated, he fell asleep on the rush pallet which was our only bed. He slept;—all my wrongs rushed into my mind as I gazed upon him; my blighted youth,—the hopeless future; and the poverty, and the famine against which we struggled in vain: but my father's last words were his knell, and he died almost without a sigh. Shrink from me if you will," she continued; the passionate emotions of her mind, now fast heightening into feverish excitement—"I killed him;—brief, though keen, was the pang he suffered. Your creed knows no purgatory for the sinful! but what is his reward who brought me here?"

While she spoke, every breath had been held. The jury remained where her words had first arrested their steps: she alone indifferent, perhaps unconscious of their gaze, stood before them; her slender figure dilated to its full height: yet true to woman's nature, when she turned and met her mother's eyes fixed in mute agony upon her, the strong nerves gave way, she fell upon her neck and burst into a passion of salutary tears. Her counsel made one effort more to save her, which, like his preceding one, was made in vain. Ryan, he said, had sought her house unexpectedly; the deed was done in sudden passion, exasperated probably by the language of the deceased. But the prisoner rejected the slender plea thus held out. The temptation, she said, was sudden, but deliberately yielded to. My mother did not return till all was over: you will not condemn her that she did not denounce her child,—she added with trembling eagerness. The old woman moved forward a few steps, and strove to plead for her daughter. She looked wildly on the faces of fixed and speechless interest around her; but age and sorrow had paralysed her nerves, as want had long undermined her health, and she dropped her head upon her breast with an air of mental imbecility. The judge, though greatly moved, proceeded to pass sentence; and when he put on the fatal black cap, the old woman's countenance suddenly became of a livid crimson, and then fading again to unearthly paleness she sank over the bar. They raised her; but the glazed eyes were fixed, the clenched hand relaxed, and life irrecoverably gone. She was borne away without the fatal intelligence having been communicated to her daughter. The awful sentence was concluded amidst the bursting sighs of some, and the audible sobs of others. It was doubtful if Grace heard it throughout; her eyes were fixed on the door through which her mother had been carried, and the long and exciting emotion she had gone through, was now producing its natural results; her strength was fast failing her, she was led gently from the bar, and every one turned to catch a last glimpse of one whose hours were numbered.

I left the court immediately, and it was some time before the strong emotions excited by this scene had at all subsided. Never had the blighting effects of sin been so vividly brought before me.

Grace Kevin had occupied my thoughts long after her condemnation; but knowing her to have been brought up in the Roman Catholic persuasion, contrary to the opinion of some zealous ladies, I refused to bewilder her last hours. While the subject was yet fresh in my mind, I received a visit from Mr. Morton, the Catholic priest. He had been educated in France, and escaped to Ireland on the first revolution of 1793; he was an old man of a truly venerable aspect, and a heart too replete with kind and excellent feelings to be happy as a parish priest in Ireland. "I am come to you," he said, "on an unusual errand; Grace Kevin, who now lies under sentence of death, lived long enough with Ryan to imbibe a prejudice for his creed. Strange power of novelty over the human mind which can attach us to doctrines that admit of such practices. Her predilection for the reformed religion has survived every other feeling: she listens to me as though she heard me not; and God forbid that at this awful hour I should suffer individual or personal feelings to influence me. You see, Mr. Talbot (he added with a faint smile), I depend upon your believing me." I do, I said, implicitly; and I spoke with warmth. "You will then, sir, see this poor girl? Make her neither yours nor mine; but bring her if you can, a penitent to her God. She has some excellent qualities,—she was early led astray. A young and affectionate heart has many enemies to struggle with,—hers deceived her. She is still ignorant of her mother's death, and they purpose to keep her so. I cannot resign my interest in her; and I was unwilling that she should become the prey of the enthusiasts of your party. Farewell, sir, she is prepared to see you, and this order will admit you to the prison."

We parted with mingled respect, and compunction on my part; for I felt I had not done him justice.

There is something peculiarly awful in the first visit we pay to a fellow creature under sentence of death. All nature wears the same fair aspect, yet the mind is overwhelmed by the conviction that for the condemned there is no hope; that life, and all its countless sources of enjoyment, are denied to them; and that ere the final punishment, they die daily. I remember having some flowers in my hand as I entered the prison, and giving them involuntarily to the gaoler's child, who was on the steps with his satchel on his shoulder, taking his way gaily to school. Without reasoning the point with myself, I felt they were unfitted for the scene I was about to visit. I had a magistrate's order, and was conducted at once to the prisoner. She was alone, sitting on a low stool; her head leaning on her hand, her figure rocking slowly to and fro, in the vain effort to lull the anguish of the mind by the monotonous movement of the body. The cell, compared with the bright day I had left, was partially gloomy; but the slanting rays of the sun were striking on the opposite wall of the court below, and its splendour was faintly reflected through the iron gate, and threw a glow of light around her. She was in the same dress that she wore on the trial, with this only difference, that her cap was removed, and her hair hung in large dishevelled ringlets down her shoulders. Their raven blackness was strongly contrasted with the brightly-reflected lights that played in the folds of her crimson handkerchief. She started at my entrance, and rose with the bewildered look of one who collects their ideas with pain and difficulty; her eyes were eagerly fixed on the door long after it had closed, and then wandered timidly to me, as if to ask the occasion of my entrance.

"I was informed you wished to see me, Grace," I said, gently: "in what can I serve you?"

Her ideas gradually cleared; then, clasping her hands, she said,

"Let me see my mother; what have they done with her? Intercede for her, I implore you;—she is innocent."

It was not immediately that I could reply, my emotion was too powerful; and when, evading her question, I said that all fear of punishment was over, she burst into a passion of grateful tears. My chief object was to relieve her mind of this engrossing error, and so induce her to turn her thoughts to her own fearful position; but, pacified by my assurances of her mother's safety, she again sunk upon the low stool she had previously occupied, her thoughts became abstracted from the objects around her, and every effort on my part to rouse her, was vain. For several successive days I visited her, and found it equally impossible to awaken her attention to her awful situation. Whether her mind (as I sometimes suspected) had been overwrought, and was now incapable of exertion, was difficult to ascertain; there were moments when her emotions—brief, but overwhelming—shook her frame almost to dissolution; after which she would again sink into the same species of stupor which had marked her manner more or less ever since her condemnation. I at length resolved to communicate her mother's death; but tenderly as it was done, I trembled for the result. The blow which I thought would have destroyed her half paralysed faculties, had a directly contrary effect. This fresh calamity roused her completely; the loss which in a more healthy state of her mind would have overcome it, now only stimulated it to salutary reflection. She wept long, and bitterly, and was rational. I saw her daily; and without attempting to offer an excuse for a crime like hers, it was impossible not to feel the deepest compassion for a creature, so richly endowed by nature, and so marred by vices not originally her own. Notwithstanding that her education had been in general superior to her station, her ignorance of her religious duties was deplorable, —the few prayers she knew, were in a language of which she was ignorant; and the rest of her religious knowledge was of a similar description. I attempted not to teach her any particular form; it was sufficient to awaken her to the general principles of religion, to teach her to feel her own unworthiness, and to lead her to her Saviour as her sole mediator. As her mind gradually opened—as what she might have been, and what she was, became more fully unfolded to her, the horror of her crime seemed to overwhelm her, and her despair admitted no consolation. Vain were all my efforts for some time to mitigate this bitterness of grief, which in her new sense of other conduct seemed to preclude the hope of forgiveness. It was in this state of mind that the mercy of government was extended to her. She was reprieved for six weeks, to give her time to learn to die. She expressed—I believe felt, no wish to live; but she dreaded the awful eternity—now first contemplated as a reality, upon which she was almost immediately to enter! She was sincerely penitent; and at length better, though humble hopes dawned on her mind. It was impossible to see the workings of this young creature's heart, without the most vehement compassion; and as her last hour drew near, I felt a degree of anguish she did not herself experience. I would have given much, not to have bid her a final adieu—but she was alone, without a friend; others viewed her justly as a murderer, and she besought me not to desert her, with an earnestness I could not refuse. The last fatal day arrived. It was one of the most splendid I remember to have seen in autumn, yet as I set forward to the prison all nature looked sad to me. In spite of myself, I went late to her that day: I found her standing at the iron grating of her cell, and catching even there something of the breath of summer.

"It is the last time," she said, and her tears flowed. Gradually her young heart opened; she spoke of her mother, of her absent brothers, and besought me to bear to them her dying remembrance. For the first time she named her child; it was tremulously done. I regretted him, she said, but God is wiser than we are. There was a long pause, and then with blanched lips and downcast yes, she spoke of its father; and, by slow degrees, the whole train of her excited feelings were revealed to me. "He had taught me," she said, "to love the Bible, and I had no other book; as he entered the cabin, I was reading the story of Jael and Sisera. She deceived him by her kindness, and she killed him, but no one blamed her: I had been injured, and my thoughts grew wild: I knew I was wrong, that my own passions deceived me; but then, sir, I cannot tell you how deep the iron had entered into my soul."

There was an artlessness in her character that gave a simplicity inexpressibly touching to her language; but I suffered her not to dwell on these recollections. I led her thoughts from the past to the future; and though human feeling would not always be repressed, yet when I rose to go, I felt a conviction that her hopes were anchored on the Rock of ages. I would have taken my last leave of her then, but she urged me with such intense earnestness to return on the morrow that I could not refuse.

I was with her by six o'clock in the morning, and found her in a state of extreme agitation. The hours of darkness and of solitude had destroyed her calmness, and as she contemplated her approaching death, the terrors of imagination were added to the positive and terrific features of her situation; all the past occurrences of her life seemed to rise in judgment against her; and when she learned that she was to die in front of the cabin where the fatal deed had been consummated, the little fortitude she still possessed entirely forsook her.

"Not there, not there!" she said, and her trembling limbs could hardly support her.

By slow degrees her mind was led at last to feel that all these things were indifferent, compared with the awful change she was about to experience; and to acknowledge, that it was fitting she should make every expiation to the offended laws of her country. She resumed her devotions in a spirit of deeper humility, and when they were over-exhausted by many hours of intense suffering, she fell into a deep and deathlike slumber. She slept till the prison bell tolled, and then she started convulsively. Her mind did not immediately grasp all her situation, but perfect consciousness soon returned. Mr. Morton, who had never forsaken her, now entered; and she knew that life was wearing fast away. I rose to go. Never shall I forget the deep soul-felt gratitude of her breaking heart. We shook hands. Her words were interrupted by that parched, gasping emotion which accompanies the farewell of despair; my eyes were wet with irrepressible tears, but hers were dry; she continued to detain me with delusive eagerness, as if, while I remained, the awful summons was delayed. I endeavoured to direct her attention to the cheering promise of our Saviour, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Say that again, she said; and when I had done so, and pointed it out to her in the Testament she held in her hand, I made a faltering movement to depart.

"You are eager to go," she exclaimed; "cannot you bear with the few dreary moments I have left me?"

Then seeing that it was the excess of my emotion that made me silent, she besought my forgiveness, and prayed, in her own wild language, that God might bless me entirely; and then, with a generous consideration of what I was suffering, bade me farewell.

I cannot at this moment tell how I left her. I remember the entrance of the gaoler, and that I was the next moment in the passage, urging my way amongst many persons, whose faces were marked with a sort of mechanical gravity.

Time and habit had mercifully worn the edge of their sensibility to these sights; and while I was eager to escape, and hurry beyond the town, I met many hundreds crowding to that scene I was so anxious to avoid. I turned up the mountain path, nor ceased my precipitous flight till well assured that I was far beyond the sounds of the multitude assembled to witness the death of Grace Kevin. There, far from every human eye, I allowed my feelings to exhaust themselves unrestrained. Surely, to see the young, flushed with health and strength, clinging to life with intense eagerness, and seeking, in their awakened mind, for strength to bear the fatal blow, is a sight that may well overcome the stoutest heart. The evil of sin is bitterly manifest in the misery it entails.

The first person I accosted the next day, was Mr. Morton; he had staid with her to the last. "Others will tell you," he said, "of her calmness and composure; my conviction is, that terror had completely benumbed her faculties. She gazed without seeing, and listened without hearing: all her movements were mechanical; and she might be said to have died before the fatal knot was tied. There would undoubtedly," he continued, as he saw me greatly moved, "have been a more decided feeling in her favour, if there were not implanted in every breast, the conviction that blood demands blood: and yet, in the case of this wretched girl, though it was impossible but that she should be condemned, her provocations, her wrongs, render her less repulsive even to the virtuous. Had Ryan never sought her, she had never been guilty of his death." A discussion followed on the moral difference in crime; in which he displayed a mind acute and intelligent in no common degree: and when we parted, it was with regret I heard that he was about to leave Ireland. He had been educated in France, and was now going to return there. Father Finn, whose place he had supplied, was sufficiently recovered to resume his duties in the village; and the remaining years of Mr. Morton's life, he intended to devote to learned leisure and religious seclusion.

THE SISTERS.

FROM A PICTURE BY WRIGHT.

Though like in heart—in sympathy—in love—
In outward form how different! One with mild
And timid beauty as the gentle dove,
The other as the swan through waters wild
Winning in stately dignity her way:
Yet so doth sportive nature still unite
Contrasting graces, and in many a light
Her power diverse and changeful will display.
Thus in still groves the echoing waters rise;
Thus loftiest woods adorn the humblest lea;
Thus with the dazzling morn dun twilight vies;
Thus the slight flower entwines the kingly tree;
And thus the fixed and steadfast mountain lies
Beside the wavering and inconstant sea.

H.

THE BIRTH OF AN HEIR.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I.

Hark! pealing bells salute the morn;
They speak of joy—an Heir is born!
Kinsman and friend now smile elate,
Glad tenants throng the castle-gate,
While the proud Father, in his joy,
Reads the sweet aspect of his boy;
And strives in every look to trace
The features of his noble race.

II.

Babe of a high and honoured line,
A bright and blessed lot is thine;
Not for thy lands and forests wide,
Not for thy gilded halls of pride;—
These may be phantoms to betray
Thy wandering feet from wisdom's way;
No—on a simpler scene I rest,
And viewing it, I deem thee blest.

III.

Within yon still and tranquil room,
Shaded to soft and twilight gloom,
Thy youthful mother, fair and good,
Breathes forth her holy gratitude;
And while the thoughtless sons of earth
Thy coming greet with festal mirth,
She, in low tones of heartfelt prayer,
Commends thee to thy Maker's care.

IV.

Her looks, her words, with gentle power,
Shall guide thy steps in childhood's hour;
And when a flattering servile train
Extol to thee thy fair domain,
And to thy titles bend the knee—
Hers shall that best ambition be,
To fit thee for a sphere more bright—
The heirship of a realm of light!

THE POLISH CHILDREN.

BY MISS PARDOE.

> The last diabolical stroke of Russian policy has been to intoxicate the children of the condemned Poles, in order that they may sing while on their way to the mines!
>
> *Extract of a Letter.*

I.

Forth went they from their father-land,
A fall'n and fettered race;
To find upon a distant strand,
Their dark abiding-place.
Forth went they—not as freemen go,
With firm and fearless eye;
But with the bowed-down mien of woe,
As men go forth to die.

II.

The aged in their silver hair,—
The young in manhood's might;—
The mother with her infant care,
The child in wild affright;
Forth went they all—a pallid band,
With many an anguished start:
The chain lay heavy on their hand,
But heavier on their heart!

III.

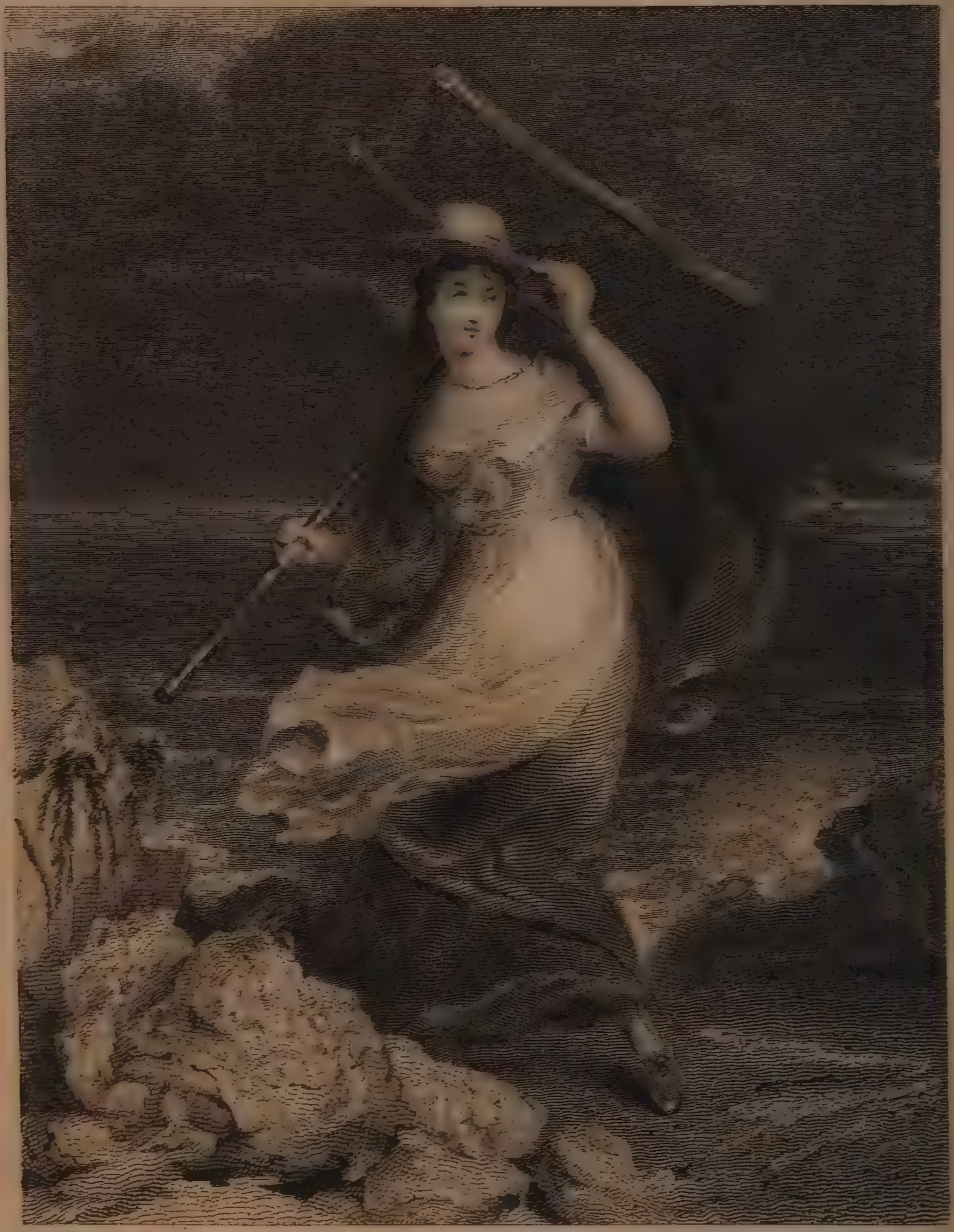
No sounds disturbed the desart air
  But those of bitter woe;
Save when at times re-echoed there
  The curses of the foe—
When, hark! another cry pealed out,
  A cry of idiot glee;
Answered and heightened by the shout
  Of the fierce soldiery:

IV.

'T was childhood's voice—but ah! how wild,
  How demon-like its swell—
The mother shrieked to hear her child
  Give forth that soul-less yell!
And fathers wrung their fettered hands,
  Beneath this maddening woe;
While shouted out those infant bands
  The chorus of the foe!

V.

And curses deep and low were said,
  Whose murmur reached to heaven;
And sighs were heaved, and tears were shed,
  And woman-hearts were riven;
While, all forgetful of their woes,
  The children onward trod,
And sang—and their young voices rose
  A vengeance-cry to God!



THE PEASANT [illegible]

[illegible]

ALLAN M'TAVISH'S FISHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE NIGHTS IN A LIFETIME."

Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?

* * * * * * * *

The blackening wave is edged with white,
  To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-sprite,
  Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

In a secluded nook of one of the wildest and most solitary parts of the Argyllshire coast, where it is washed by the Atlantic waters, there stood some thirty years ago, the cottage of a Highland fisherman. The traveller who should now look for its site, would probably be unrewarded for his pains;—it has long since mouldered from the face of the earth. A few stones, half buried among sand, are all that remain to indicate where the humble dwelling of human hearts once sanctified the bosom of solitude;—yet were its walls the mute witnesses of love as deep—of agony as intense—as ever lived and burned within the soul beneath the roofs of palaces. Nature is no respecter of places. The passions, which obey her call, belong alike to all her children; the decay which follows her footsteps, is the appointed lot of all things wherein these children have a part here below.

At the period of which I speak, the cottage stood at the very base of a range of lofty and precipitous cliffs, which, retiring in a semicircle from the shore at that particular spot, left a recess at their feet, whose only opening was to the sea. This little nook, not more than half an acre in extent, was during high water entirely separated from communication with the world beyond it, as the sea flowed up to the base of the rocky walls which, girdling it on either side, extended themselves along the coast. The only mode by which it was at such times possible to obtain egress from it, was one accessible only to the foot of a daring and fearless craigsman, that of scrambling on hands and knees across the face of the rocks, which, beetling over a sea so high and tempestuous, looked as though they defied the pigmy efforts of man to surmount their mighty rampart. Yet this feat, frightful as it would have appeared to one unaccustomed to it, had more than once been accomplished by the bold and sure-footed inhabitants of the coast, by means of strong wooden poles, ropes to aid their descent, and a judicious method of availing themselves of every projecting bush, or tuft of heather, to assist their toilsome progress. At ebb tide, a narrow strip of sand, turning the projecting headlands, afforded a path whereby to gain the wider extent of shore beyond them, some three quarters of a mile along which was situated a row of fishermen's cottages, lying on the right hand, after leaving the solitary cabin above mentioned; which stood aloof and secluded from all, yet wearing a character very superior to that of the others. Its appearance, in fact, was nearer that of the neat and carefully-kept abodes of the peasantry on a Lowland gentleman's estate, than the slovenly hut of a Northern fisherman. Some pains had been taken to form a little garden beside it, at the sheltering foot of the cliff; and these pains—screened as it was from all high winds, even from those blowing off the sea, at least in ordinary weather—had been attended with considerable success. Every thing around the door was kept in extreme order; and the narrow strip of grass on which the sand had not encroached, served as a little bleaching-green to the fisherman's young and lovely Lowland wife, on which she was often to be seen spreading out her clothes, with her baby laid upon the grass beside her, while awaiting the return of her husband from his fishing; at which time it was her usual custom to repair to the beach, in order to assist him in carrying up his nets to the house.

Allan Mac Tavish, her husband, was a tall and handsome young Highlander, who had, about two years previous to the time of which I write, arrived in that part of the country to settle, with his newly-married wife. He was a native of the coast, and had been bred a fisherman from childhood; but some time before his marriage he had left the country, to accompany his foster-brother, a young Highland gentleman, to the Bridge of Allan, a watering-place in Stirlingshire, whither he had been ordered for his health. The young laird's affection for his foster-brother was such that he could not endure to be separated from him, and Allan left his fishing to go with him. The laird returned no more; he died in the Lowlands: but Allan Mac Tavish came back, enriched by a small legacy from him, and accompanied by one of the prettiest girls in all Stirlingshire as his wife. From that time they had continued to reside in the Cove of Craignavarroch, as the spot where their cottage stood was named, to all appearance the happiest of couples. They were doatingly attached to each other; and when, on returning from his fishing, Allan Mac Tavish sat down beside his clean and cheerful hearth, with his infant on his knee, while his wife spun, or mended his nets beside him, he at least felt that the world did not contain for him a spot so blessed as his own little home.

But there was one heart in the group that felt as though it dared not be happy. Margaret Weir, the young wife of Allan, loved her husband with a depth and intensity of affection which had led her to do as she had done—to violate filial duty for his sake; but which could not teach her to forget the fault she had committed, or the parent whom she had deserted; and the consciousness of her disobedience was with her in her happiest hour, to sink her heart as with a weight of lead. She was the only child of a wealthy farmer, originally from Ayrshire, who had come during his daughter's childhood, immediately after the death of his wife, to settle in Stirlingshire, not far from the Bridge of Allan. Andrew Weir was one of those who still retain, almost in all their original strictness, the peculiar tenets and ideas of the Cameronians; of whom there are many to be found at the present day in the wild and lonely districts of the south-western part of Scotland. His notions of family discipline, and of strict seclusion from those who held a different doctrine from his own, were extremely rigid;—yet, notwithstanding these, the affection which he had borne his daughter was very great,—nor had the harmony subsisting between them ever experienced any interruption, until the arrival of Allan Mac Tavish near their place of residence; and his subsequent acquaintance with Margaret, first broke in upon the calm tenor of her life, by introducing sensations to which her heart had never before been awakened.

The intimacy of his daughter with the young Highlander had continued for a considerable time ere Andrew Weir became aware of it; for Margaret knew her father's prejudices too well to dare make him acquainted with her lover. It came to his knowledge by accident, and his anger was proportionably great. In common with many of his countrymen, Andrew entertained an extreme dislike to Highlanders, which dislike, in the present instance, received tenfold confirmation from the circumstance of Mac Tavish being a Catholic. He would have considered himself as signing the warrant for his daughter's eternal perdition, had he not instantly forbidden all intercourse between them.

At this juncture, Allan's foster-brother died, and left him the legacy already mentioned; but with his death, at the same time, ceased all the reasons for Allan's remaining absent from his own country. He contrived an interview with Margaret ere he should depart. It is needless to linger on an oft-told tale. The struggle between filial affection, and all-powerful love in the heart of the unsophisticated girl, was severe and long continued; while the religious feelings in which she had been educated, contributed to swell the amount of reluctance and of terror with which she contemplated the step to which she was urged. But love at last prevailed. Margaret fled from her father's house with her lover. They instantly proceeded to

Edinburgh, where they were married by a Catholic priest; and then sought the lonely solitudes of Allan's old Argyllshire mountains. But Margaret,—so strict had been the filial obedience in which she was brought up, so severe the religious faith of her youth,—could not find happiness the portion of her married life, notwithstanding all the kindness of her husband, the loveliness of her infant, and the peacefulness of her home. The image of her grey-haired father going down in his sorrow to a lonely grave, mourning, in bitterness of heart the sin and the falling-away of his only child, was ever before her eyes. She concealed from her husband the remorse which embittered her happiness; but often, when his boat was on the sea, and she was alone in her little dwelling with her infant,—not a sight or a sound of a human being near,—nothing but the sea birds screaming from the cliffs, and the sea making wild music to their song, as it plashed and roared against the rocks that shut out the cave from the world—often at such an hour, would Margaret look back to the image of the cheerful farm-house in the green sunny holm by Allan water;—to the blazing ingle, by whose side stood her old father's chair,—to the venerable form of that now forsaken father, as he opened "the big Ha' Bible," to begin the evening worship; while she sat by his side, and the farm servants formed a circle around. Alas! her accustomed seat was empty now. The name of the undutiful daughter was heard no more in the dwelling of her childhood. Had she indeed still a father? or had her guilty desertion not broken his heart, and sent him to a death-bed which no filial hand had smoothed?—Then would she press her baby to her heart, while the tears of bitter and fruitless penitence fell on its innocent face, and pray to God that her sin might not be visited on it; nor be punished in her own person by a like instance of ingratitude in her own child. The return of her beloved husband might for a time dispel these miserable thoughts; but still they came again when he left her—sometimes even when he was by her side. And when, as often happened, his boat was out in rough and tempestuous weather, the anxiety and the terror of poor Margaret were indeed terrible. She seemed ever haunted by some mysterious dread of punishment through the means of her warmest affections—her husband or her child.

There came a bright sunny day in April, when the sun set calmly and cloudlessly, leaving a long train of light over the sea. Allan Mac Tavish went to his bed at sun-set, bidding his wife awake him at eleven at night. It would be high tide in about an hour after that time, when his boat would be most easily floated off; and he, in company with the fishermen who lived in the huts already mentioned, farther along the coast, were then to depart upon their expedition. Margaret determined accordingly to sit up until that hour, in order to obviate any danger of not waking in proper time, had she laid down to sleep. But as the night darkened in, and all became stillness and silence in the cottage, an unwonted drowsiness crept over her: in spite of all her efforts, her eyes closed — thoughts wavered before her mind in confused and shapeless forms, till they gradually melted away into dreams; and leaning her head upon a chair beside the low stool on which she had seated herself, she sank into a profound sleep.

When at last she opened her eyes, which was with a sudden start, she perceived her husband standing on the floor, and nearly dressed. Casting her eyes towards a silver watch (the gift of Allan's foster-brother), which hung upon the wall, she perceived by the firelight that it was after eleven; and hastily rose from her seat, in that confusion of ideas which attends a hurried awakening from sleep.

"Margaret, dear," said her husband kindly, "what for did ye stay out of bed? I never knew it till I wakened, and saw ye sleeping there."

"Have I no' been i' my bed?" exclaimed Margaret, as she looked around her. "Ou, ay, I mind it a' noo. I just fell asleep sittin' aside the fire. An', Allan, whar are ye gaun e'en noo?"

"Where am I gaun?" returned Allan. "Where would I be gaun? Ye 're no awake yet, Margaret, dear. I 'm for the boat, lass."

"The boat!" almost shrieked Margaret, as the recollection seemed to rush upon her; "the boat!—Oh no, Allan, ye maunna' gang the nicht! No the nicht, Allan. Ye maunna' gang!"

"Not gang to night!" exclaimed he in astonishment. "And what for no?—I must gang in half an hour's time. And gang ye to your bed, hinny, and tak a sleep."

"Oh, Allan," said Margaret, bursting into tears, "be guided by me, and tak na the boat the nicht, or we 'se a' rue it."

"What's the matter, Margaret?" anxiously inquired he. "What's pitten that in yer head?"

"I had a dream e'en now, Allan," sobbed Margaret, "that warned me no to let ye gang. I fell asleep, and I dreamed that I was sittin' here, i' the ingle-neuk, an' waitin' till it was time to wauken ye for the fishin', an' on a sudden the door opened, and my auld faither cam ben, and stood afore me; there whar you 're stannin', Allan. An' I thocht he leukit gay an' stern-ways at me; an' says he, 'Margaret,' says he, 'tell your husband to bide at hame the nicht, and no gang to the fishin', or ye 'll may be rue it when ye canna' mend it.' And wi' that he turned roun', and gaed awa' again, or ever I had pooer to speak till him; an' I startit up, and waukenet wi' the fricht. But do, Allan!" and Margaret again burst into a flood of weeping: "it 's na for nocht that I 've seen the auld man this nicht. Be ruled by the warnin' he gied me, and dinna gang to the fishin'."

"Hoots, bairn," exclaimed her husband, "your father liked na' me. It was mair like he wad warn ye no' to let me gang, to hinder me from some good than from ill. No, no, Margaret dear, gang I must, this night."

Margaret again wept, wrung her hands, and implored her husband not to go. But superstitious as every Highlander is, on this night it appeared that his wife's mysterious dream made no impression upon Allan Mac Tavish. His spirits, on the contrary, had seldom seemed so high or so excited. He led Margaret to the door;—shewed her the calm, clear sky, brilliant with stars, and the full spring-tide coming so tranquilly into the little bay;—asked her with a kiss, if this were a night to let a dream frighten him from his fishing; and without awaiting farther remonstrance, strode to the place where his boat was moored; and as he pushed it from the shore, turned his head, once more to utter a light and laughing farewell. "Gang to your bed, my bonny Peggy," he said, "and be up belyve the morn, to see the grand boat load o' fish that I'll bring ye back."

Margaret stood upon the shore and watched his boat as it doubled the headland, until, through the darkness, her straining eye could no longer discern it; heedless the while of the still advancing tide, that now laved her feet. She dried her tears, and looked up to the calm heaven, where not a cloud obscured the dark-blue bosom of night; till at last, half re-assured by her husband's cheerful anticipations, half cheered by the serene aspect of the weather, she returned to the cottage, and after commending him in a fervent prayer to the protection of heaven, she replenished the fire with peats, and lay down beside her child, where, in a short time, she fell into a tranquil sleep.

How long Margaret had slept she knew not; but it could not have been very long, for, except the fitful flashes of the fire-light, all was darkness in the cottage, when she was suddenly awakened by a loud and prolonged sound. She started up in bed, and listened, in an agony of apprehension that almost froze the blood in her veins. It was no dream,—no delusion,—she distinctly heard the loud wild howling of the awakened blast, raging overhead as though it would tear off the very roof of the cottage, and scatter it in its fury. She had sunk to sleep when all was stillness on earth and in heaven. She awoke to a tumult as awful, as though all the winds had at once been set free from their cave, and dispatched to waste their wrath upon the vexed bosom of the sea. But, deeper and more awful than the winds, there came another sound —the raging of the waters, as they rose in their might, and dashed themselves with a loud booming roar upon the cliffs. Margaret sprang from her bed, and undressed as she was, rushed to the cottage door. The instant she raised the latch, the force of the tempest dashed it open against the wall. She looked out into the night. A pitchy darkness now brooded over all things; every star seemed blotted from the face of heaven; but dimly through the gloom she could descry the white crests of the waves, as they surged and lashed the beach within a few yards of the cottage door. The tide had risen to a height almost unexampled on that coast beneath the influence of a vernal storm; it had far overpassed its usual limits within the Cove of Craignavarroch; and on the rocks, beyond which it could not go, it was breaking high,—high over head,—with a noise like thunder. Never was change in the weather more sudden and more complete. Margaret stood for a minute in speechless horror and dismay; then, rushing back into the cottage, she fell upon her knees, and held up her hands to heaven: "Lord God!" she exclaimed—"have mercy! have mercy!" She could not utter another word. She hid her face in her hands, and sobbed in agony.

Still the tempest raged, and the waves roared on. Margaret dressed herself, and carefully covered her infant, whose sweet sleep was unbroken by the fearful tumult. Again she went to the door, and stood, looking into the night, regardless of the wind, which drove a heavy rain against her face. She strained her ears to distinguish some sound,—some cry,—amid the pauses of the hurricane. As well might she have striven to distinguish the low music of the woodland bird, as the wildest shriek that ever broke from the lips of despair and anguish, in the midst of an uproar of the elements like that through which she had dreamt of hearing it. But those from whom that sound must have come, were far—far beyond where her ear could catch their voices.

She closed the door, returned into the room, and knelt down again on the floor, burying her face and closing her ears, as if to shut out the noise of the tempest; while her whole frame shook with the gasping sobs which brought no tears to relieve her: and at every fresh howl of the blast, she shuddered and her limbs shrank closer together. She tried to pray,—but the words died upon her lips. She could not speak;—she could not even think;—she only felt as though she were all one nerve—one thrilling nerve—quivering beneath repeated and torturing pangs.

On a sudden the wind sunk,—completely sunk. For the space of three minutes there was not a breath heard to blow. Margaret raised her head, and listened. All was still. She was about to spring from the ground, when back—back it came again,—the hideous burst—the roaring bellow of the augmented hurricane, as though it had gained strength and fierceness from its brief repose! Back it came—shaking the very cottage walls, and rattling the door and little window as though it would burst them open,—and Margaret flung herself forward again with a wild shriek, and clasped her hands over her ears again, to deaden the sound.

Then she started from the ground, as a thought struck her, which seemed to bring some faint gleam of hope. "I kenna whan the storm began," said she to herself. "He may never hae won farrer nor the houses ayont the craigs yonder;—or they may hae pitten back in time to get ashore there; and he'll be bidin' the mornin's licht, and the fa' in' o' the wind, or he come back here again. Oh ay, that'll just be it! Surely—surely that'll be it," she repeated, as if to assure herself of the truth of what she said. She took down the watch from the nail on which it hung, and looked at it by the fire-light. The hand pointed to half-past two. "Oh! will it never be day?—will it never be licht again?" she exclaimed as she replaced it, "that I may win yont the craigs, and see gin he be there." She went again to the door. All was darkness still, and wild uproar without. No gleam of light to announce the far distant dawn. A fresh burst of wind drove her back. "Oh!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "Oh! gin he had been advised by me! But the dochter that left her faither's grey hairs to mourn her, deserves na' a better lot. It was e'en owre muckle guidness to gie me a warnin' o' it."

The long dark hours of that terrible night dragged on—on—in all the torments, the unutterable torments of suspense. And if any thing can aggravate these torments, it is enduring them amid darkness. There is something awfully indefinite at all times in the thick impenetrable gloom of night;—but when that gloom is armed with terrors, and big with dangers, to which the very impossibility of ascertaining their extent adds tenfold in the imagination, then it is that we truly feel the full amount of its awfulness. At last a faint dim glimmer of grey light began to break over the tumbling waves. Again Margaret was at her cottage door. It was barely light enough to shew her how mountainous were the billows that dashed and raved upon the shore,—how thick and heavy were the clouds that darkened the sky. The wind howled with unabated fury, and the rain drove against her by fits. She could just discern, by the faint day-break, the white foam that marked the top of the waves, which were now ebbing from the bay; while a thick rib of sand and sea-weed upon the grass not far from the door, marked how fearfully high they had flowed through the night. She cast an eager glance towards the cliffs.—Surely by this time it would be practicable to scramble along their base, and to reach the path on the shore to the fishermen's huts? She felt as though it were impossible to remain another instant in that state of terrible uncertainty. But then, her infant! She durst not carry it out by so hazardous a path, in the wet, cold, dark dawn; and should she leave it behind, it might wake and miss her! She turned distractedly into the room, and approached its bed. It was still in a sound and tranquil sleep; and with a desperate effort of resolution, she determined to make the attempt. She approached the door, and fastened her plaid firmly around her, ere she stepped forth upon her scarce distinguishable way.

At that moment, ere Margaret could cross the threshold, a strange sensation came across her. A cold air rushed past her, like that occasioned by the rapid approach and still more rapid passing of some indiscernible object. A dimness came over her sight; she could not be said to *see*—but she *felt* as if something cold and wet had glided swiftly by her, with a scarce perceptible contact, into the house. A damp dew overspread her forehead; her limbs trembled and bent beneath her, as she instinctively turned round, and looked into the room which she had quitted. The light was so faint, that within the house it scarce vanquished the darkness; but a bright gleam flashing up from the fire, shewed every thing in the room distinctly for an instant's space; and by that gleam, Margaret beheld the figure of her husband standing within the door, pale, as it seemed to her, and dim, and shadowy, with the water dripping from his clothes and hair. The fire-flash sunk as instantaneously as it had shone, and all again was obscurity, as she dropped upon the floor in a swoon.

When the unhappy wife again opened her eyes, and recovered her perceptions of what was passing around her, she found herself laid in her own bed. The bright glorious sunshine was beaming in at the cottage window, as though to mock her desolation. Several women, from the neighbouring fishing village, were in the room; one of whom held in her arms the infant of Margaret, whom she was endeavouring to soothe and quiet: and at the moment she raised her head, the door opened, and upon the self-same spot where she had that morning beheld his likeness stand, she saw the lifeless corpse of her drowned husband, borne in the arms of some of his comrades, who had with difficulty rescued it from the devouring waves; yet rescued it too late to save.

Some weeks afterwards, as the household of Andrew Weir were rising from their evening devotions, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the kitchen in which they were all assembled. The old farmer himself went to open it. A female figure, pale, thin, and wasted, clad in deep mourning, and holding an infant in her arms, stood trembling before him. He gazed on her for a moment in silent uncertainty, then desired her to "come in bye."

"Faither," said she, clasping her attentuated hands together, "do ye no ken me?" An electric shock of recognition seemed to run through the old man's frame. He sank into a chair that stood by the door, and with averted face waved his hand, as though to bid the intruder be gone.

"Faither!" she exclaimed, flinging herself on the ground before him, and clasping his knees, "the hand of the Lord has been upon me, for my fau't. I cam' back to crave your pardon, or I dee. Oh! dinna cast me aff! I hae been sair chasteesed; sair, sair chasteesed."

A murmur of sympathy and compassion arose from the assembled group of old and attached domestics. The farmer remained silent yet a little space, with his grey head bowed upon his hands, and his whole frame shaking with strong convulsive shudderings. He raised his face at last; and while, every feature working with emotion, he stretched forth his hand to the weeping culprit at his knee—

"Rise, Margaret," he said, in a broken voice, "rise, my bairn. The Lord grant ye peace and pardon, as freely as your faither dees the nicht." And the penitent and mourning daughter was clasped once more to her parent's heart.

Margaret died not long after in her father's arms, rejoicing with humble faith in her release. The infant son remained with his grandfather; and the cottage which had been the scene of his parents' brief time of wedded love,—of his mother's widowed anguish, was left uninhabited, and speedily fell to decay, which was accelerated by the encroachments of the sea upon the Cove. Some broken expressions which escaped from Margaret, regarding the apparition seen by her on the morning of her husband's death, being speedily circulated among the inhabitants of the coast, deterred any one from ever attempting again to fix a habitation in the Cove of Craignavarroch. The place acquired the reputation of being "uncanny;" and at present, there are few fishermen who would willingly put in there after nightfall, however rough the sea, and however distant their destined haven. It stands in the solitude and the desolation befitting the theatre of such a tale.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

Written in a cell at La Grande Chartreuse, on hearing that a Father and Son had lived several years in the convent together, without the latter being aware of it.

I cannot sleep!—that midnight bell
Comes o'er mine ear like a funeral knell:
I cannot breathe!—its stifled tone
Speaks other thraldrom than its own.
I hear in its sepulchral strain,
The clank of that remorseless chain
Whose leaden weight has crushed and riven
All holier bonds imposed by heaven.

'T is not this dungeon's irksome bound,
'T is not these vigils' toilsome round,
'T is not the sleep that murdered lies,
'T is not the hope that daily dies,—
These, these are light to what must be
Ere man, the dauntless and the free,
The warm, the fond, the bold, the brave,
Leaps headlong in this yawning grave—

Forgets to suffer, or be blest;
Hugs living death, and calls it—rest!
Abjures the faith that bade him see
In suffering's self, heaven's mild decree;
Abjures the hope, whose beacon light
Was kindled but for sorrow's night;—
And, direr still, can bid depart
The love that nestled in his heart;
That bound (with all its fibres twined)
That heart to hearts of human-kind!

Here, monks have bound, with ruthless vow,
Despair upon their victim's brow;
Have shut him up with guilt to dwell,
For years, within a lonely cell;
Have linked him, long as life may last,
With the dread memories of the past;—
With joys that withered in their prime,
And loathsome forms of perished crime.

Within these walls, whose every stone
Hath echoed misery's deepest groan;
Beneath these arches, dimly spread,
Like Hades—o'er the guilty head,—
Within these gates, that need no scroll,
To bid ev'n hope desert the soul,—
What fearful thoughts, like levin blast,
Through hopeless hearts have wildly past!

What crimes, from eye of man concealed,
Have been to ear of man revealed!
What tortures, self-inflicted, borne,
Have laughed man's penances to scorn!
Dark, round my couch, the phantoms crowd,
I see them, each in grisly shroud;—
The fratricide, who here in vain
Fled, to shake off the curse of Cain;
The parricide (for such have been,
And such these walls have meetly seen),
The wretch, whose poniard sought the breast,
Where he had slumbered—and been blest!

And shall I grieve that such are driven
From out the cheerful face of heaven;
From off that earth their blood had curst,
Beyond that pale their crimes had burst;—
To gaze, for years of speechless pain,
On brother-fiends—who gaze again?
Oh, no!—for such, this human hell
Vengeance devised—and it was well—
By conscience doomed, they seek the gate
Where smiling sits relentless Fate.

But there are spirits in the throng
Of those whom misery goads to wrong,—
Whose finer mould, whose softer frame,
Found sin and suffering still the same:

Sought murdered peace the world around,
And deemed that *here* she might be found.
Alas! how vain the thought, to lure
Her halcyon wing, to all obscure,
From that blest tree, whose topmost bough,
In Eden's bower, she sits on now!

For such I grieve—for thoughts represt,
For ever pent within the breast,
Which, found in sympathising ear,
Had drawn, perchance, that hallowed tear,
Twice blest, which drips its healing oil
On wounded hearts—and on the soil
That gave it birth—refreshing lies,
As living dew of Paradise!

Tell not of dungeons, where the day
And night are marked by sickly ray,—
Where man, immured from human kind,
Forgets the world he left behind,—
Grows callous, as the stone that bore
Record of griefs he feels no more;
Grows abject—as the things that crawl
(His comrades) on the humid wall:
Tell not of these—though these can teach
The fluent tongue disuse of speech!
Can bid the eye reluctant gaze
On the blest sun's forgotten rays.

Yes! rest unconscious on the eye,
Whose beam it drank with ecstasy!
'T is piteous—but compare it not
With the doomed monks' tremendous lot:
Doomed for long years to weep and pray,
With other things of suffering clay;
Daily their sullen board to share,
Their kindred robe in mockery wear;
To walk beside them in the crowd,
To gaze upon them in their shroud,
And not in long, long years to trace
Emotion in one kindred face,—
And not till death has dulled the ear,
One word of sympathy to hear!

Methinks I see them—where so long
They mingled in the silent throng,
A son and sire—by guilt estranged:
The sire by guilt so sadly changed,
That not a filial eye could trace
Resemblance on his furrowed face;
While, save a father's—none had seen
In Giulio—what his boy had been!
He saw; yet checked the human thought,
Which to his heart that boy had caught.—

He shed, yet hid the human tear
Which proved that erring son was dear!—

Yes! as the Indian at the pile
Can on his torturers calmly smile,
Deriding all their savage art,
Till the last arrow reach his heart;—
The father ne'er in look betrayed
The awful vow which childless made;
And never o'er the unconscious child
At nature's bidding, wept or smiled!

It ne'er was his, to soothe and bind
The wounds of Giulio's noble mind:
It ne'er was his to point the way
Of heaven to him he led astray:—
It ne'er was his a son to own
Before a Mightier Parent's throne,
Himself an alien—there to fall,
With his returning prodigal!

They trod together in the gloom—
The same dark aisle, their future tomb;
They fed together at the board,
Ne'er sweetened by one social word;
They bent together o'er the earth,
The lowly bed that gave them birth;—
When he who drew, and he who gave
Existence—dug their mutual grave!
Till heaven in mercy bade expire
The penance of the suffering sire;

And "dust to dust" was on him thrown
By him, who ne'er that sire had known.
'T was then—when prostrate on the ground
The living lay the dead around;
When—if a secret tear was shed,
'T was for the living—not the dead;
When, if arose one human sigh,
'T was his who mourned, he knew not why;—
Then—amid tapers burning dim,
While faintly rose the funeral hymn;
While on the ear scarce ceased to swell
The parting spirit's deep-toned knell—
A monk arose—whose cold blue eye
Had been for half a century dry;
Whose human thoughts had perished slow,
With all their forms of weal or woe:
The patriarch of the band, he stood
Like blasted tree in Alpine wood;
With limbs, and trunk, and branches spread,
Erect, unnatural,—and dead!

He rose—and pointing to the clay,
That scarce less animated lay—
With brow as still, and lip as cold,
The dreadful truth to Giulio told!—
Told that the sire of whom he dreamed,
Ev'n while an outlawed murderer deemed,—
The sire, whose phantom filled his mind,
And made him to the substance blind,—

For seven long years had dwelt beside
The creature once his joy and pride;
Nor burst the cerements duty wove,
Nature to shroud—and stifle love!

They held not Giulio!—as the weed
By Samson shivered in his need;
Ay, or the brazen gates, that flew
Before him as the filmy dew;
Or the vast pile, whose overthrow
O'erwhelmed him reckless with the foe,—
Like these—before wild nature's burst,
Fell savage rules, and bonds accurst!

With one dread cry, whose fearful sound
Woke the dead echoes slumbering round;
With one wild laugh, whose maniac tone
They slow returned—a lengthened groan,
He dashed the prostrate throng aside,
He raised the pall that strove to hide,
And threw him on his father's breast,
In one brief trance of speechless rest!

Why tell his waking!—how he pined,
By fruitless sorrow daily mined—
How, ere another spring had bloomed
For all—save those like him entombed—
He lay upon that marble floor
Where his lost sire had laid before:

Mid pealing mass, with closing ear,
Seemed one dear voice alone to hear—
Seemed to behold, with closing eye,
A parent, beckoning from the sky—
Breathed with expiring lip his name,
And left their dread, dark tale to fame!

SONNET.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

She whom this heart must ever hold most dear—
This heart, in happy bondage held so long—
Began to sing: at first, a gentle fear
Rosied her countenance; for she is young,
And he who loved her most of all, was near.
But when at last her voice grew clear and strong,
Oh what a fountain of delicious song
Went bubbling from her lips into the air!
Her little hands were sometimes flung apart,
And sometimes palm to palm together prest;
While rapid blushes, rising from her breast,
Kept time with that entrancing melody;
A music to the sight! I, standing by,
Received the falling fountain in my heart.

"WE PARTED ON THE SEA."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE NIGHTS IN A LIFETIME."

I.

We parted! Where?—'Neath green boughs bending,
Amid the dim, sweet woodland gloom?
Or by the dancing streamlet, wending
Down through the vale of yellow broom?
On heathy hill?—In glen of green,
Where heaven's blest breezes wander free?
Oh, no! Not such our parting scene,—
We parted on the sea.

II.

The sea!—on whose unmeasured space
Man's mightiest track is quenched and lost?
Whose wide wild waves retain no trace,
To point where myriad keels have tossed,—
Where sink the spoils of countless years;
And in an instant cease to be:
Say—was it meet our parting tears
Should mingle on the sea?

III.

That parting!—When, its last words spoken,
Dropped slowly from each faltering tongue,
There were the links of silver broken
That round our hearts since childhood clung.
Yet not with living touch or sound,
Expire the dreams of memory;
Ah! wherefore must those dreams be bound
Unto the faithless sea?

IV.

Could we some earthly spot retrace—
The witness of our last farewell,
That spot would be a holy place
Where their undying power should dwell.
There should they live, in every leaf,
For Love's sad musings food to be;
But human trace—of joy or grief
Remains not on the sea!

V.

That eve! the waves were rippling bright,—
The holy moon was clear above;—
On the white shrouds her silvery light
Lay like a spirit's smile of love;—
That dreamy eve—so still, so fair!
That last embrace, which haunteth me!
And have they no memorial there—
Not one—upon the sea?

VI.

Go ask the winds that lash the deep!
  Go ask the billows in their power!
Demand if *they* the record keep
  Of mortal passion's mightiest hour!
Demand if *they* respect the spot
  Of struggling Nature's agony!—
Behold, its very place forgot,
    In the unresting sea!

VII.

Yet ah! too meet such partings, when
  Our lives' commingling stream was o'er:
Our destinies divided then,—
    They shall unite—no—never more!
Love liveth on,—but time's dark tide,
  And change and distance,—mighty three!
The gulf they dig is deep and wide,
    As the unfathomed sea.

VIII.

I knew it!—On the vessel's brink,
  When turning for a last adieu,—
That deep wide gulf! I felt it sink
  That instant down 'twixt me and you.
Our bark returned to seek the shore;
  There was *our* onward path to be:
Yours lay the world of waters o'er—
    The wild, untrodden sea.

IX.

How vain!—how vain, the tears we weep!
The lonely heart is lonely still;—
But prayer hath wings to cross the Deep,
Where fails the strength of human will.
We meet in prayer, at morn and even—
If ne'er on earth our meeting be;—
Oh! there are no more tears in heaven,
No partings on the sea!

THE CONFESSION OF LOVE.

A MADRIGAL.

I sat down by her side, and told my love,
Pressing one arm around her slender waist;
When she, with sudden start, and blushful haste,
And mild averted face,
Seeking my trembling fingers to remove,
Half rose from my embrace;
Yet, somehow, seemed reluctant to reprove.
A timid hope, commingling with vague fears,
Came shivering o'er mine eyelids, wet with tears:
The sweet emotion linked her soul with mine—
She fell upon my neck, and murmured "Thine!"

A. de Vere.

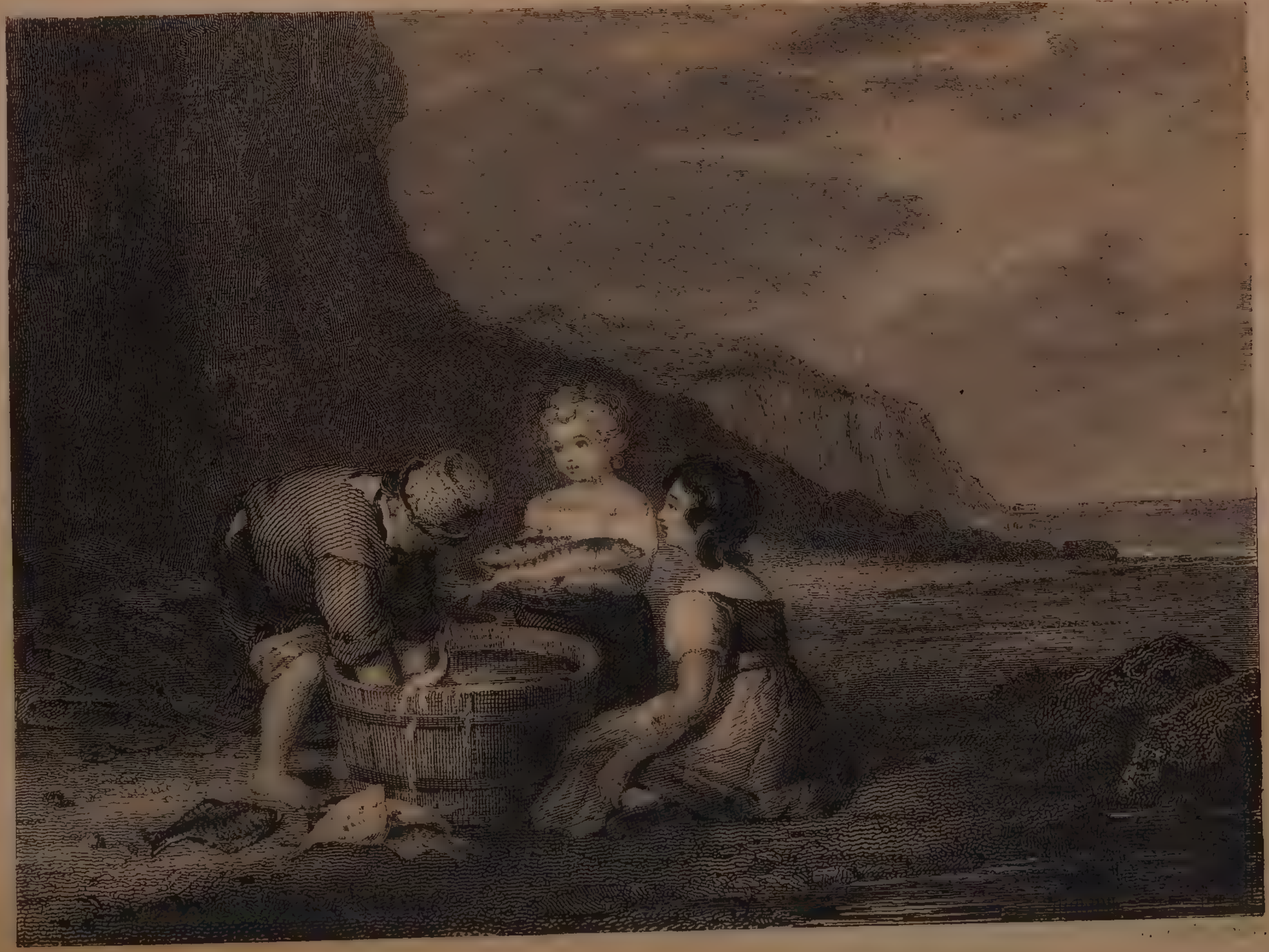
ON A VISIT TO WORDSWORTH,

AFTER A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

WHAT we beheld I scarce can now recall
In one connected series;—images,
Crowding in such redundant loveliness
O'er the mind's mirror, that the several
Seems lost, and blended in the mighty all!
Lone lakes; rills, gushing through rock-rooted trees—
Peaked mountains, shadowing vales of peacefulness—
Glens echoing to the flashing waterfall!—
Then that sweet twilight lake—by friends delayed
Within a ferny nook, 'neath oaks and yews:
The moon between two mountain peaks embayed;
Heaven and the waters stained with sunset hues;
And he, the Poet of the age and land,
In frank communion wandering, hand in hand.

Ambleside, July 30th, 1833.



FISHER CHILDREN.

ON A PICTURE BY COLLINS.

[THE CHILDREN OF THE LATE LORD DOVER.]

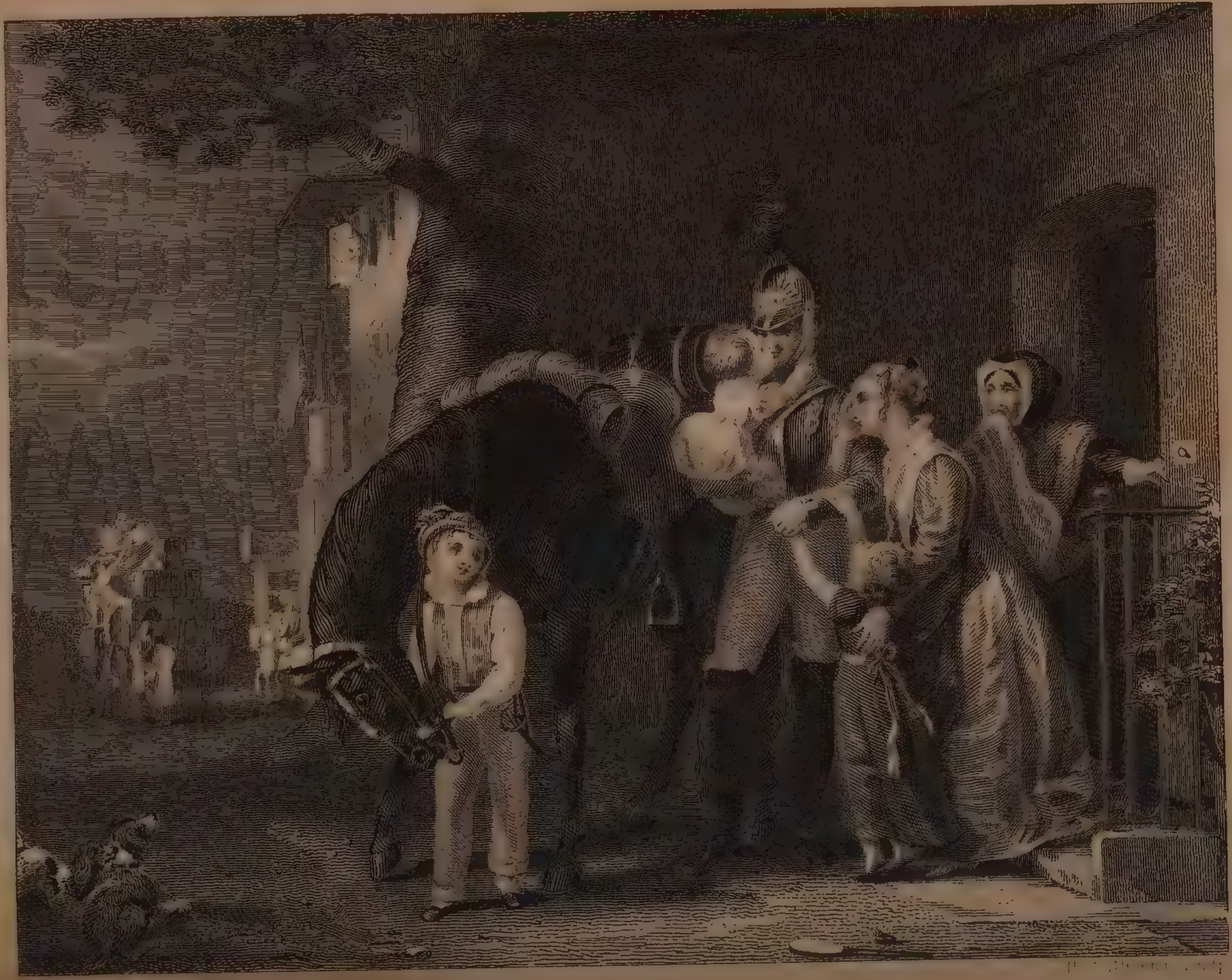
Oh, children, beautiful and boon
As summer fairies 'neath the moon;
Glad as the mountain-winds, and bright
As dewy flowers of morning light!
Oh, children, born to wealth and ease,
And all life's stately luxuries;
Born not to toil, nor yet to wear
Youth's bloom away in pining care;
But 'mid the gifted and the free
To share your birth's benignity,
Are ye upon the confines straying
   Of that rude land hight poverty;
Two blithsome, masking mates essaying
   Into that doleful realm to pry?

Away! away! for if ye knew
The knowledge that must thence ensue,
'T would turn the red rose pale, and blight
Your trusting spirits' fresh delight!
But ye, so richly made to grace
In human life a lofty place,
To keep your joy undimmed, and stand
Among the noble of the land:

Ye are but in its garb arrayed
For one bright morning's masquerade;
Or else in some benign intent
Of kindly human sentiment!

Oh, raised above the toiling crowd,
Creatures whom God hath so endowed,
Ye do but wear this outward guise
Unknowing its realities!
Ye cannot guess its weary lot;
Hunger and cold ye feel them not;
Ye do not toil the long day thorough,
Nor watch and wait in patient sorrow:
Ye do not waste your strength and ease,
The thankless and the stern to please;
Ye have not learned to mourn the cost
Of weary hours and labours lost:
To get; to spend; and with hard measure
To dole forth life's penurious pleasure;
Oh no, thank God! this masking mirth
Has not revoked your chartered birth,
Nor passed your souls, with spells of fear,
Through its dark baptism severe!
Still shall ye laugh and dance, and wear
The same unfettered, joyous air,
As if ye had not wandered nigh
The doleful land of Poverty!

MARY HOWITT.



[illegible] FOR WATERLOO.

THE DEPARTURE FOR WATERLOO.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"I can only weep, not wonder, my fair girl," was the tearful remark of Mrs. De Tabley, as she glanced from her lovely daughter to the gallant young soldier upon whom she leant, on the day when they confided to her the secret of their attachment: "I might have foreseen this—I might have known that my gentle Blanche could not do otherwise than give away her young heart to one so highly gifted as Frederic Percival; nevertheless, I could have wished that it had been otherwise. Poor girl! she little divines the miseries she will have to encounter as a soldier's wife!"

"Miseries! dearest mother." Blanche murmured almost reproachfully; "this from you, who are the widow of a hero."

Mrs. De Tabley turned hastily aside—"Blanche, have you forgotten?"

"Oh! pardon me," sobbed out the fair young creature, as she cast herself at the feet of her mother—

for the memory came upon her like a dark cloud, that the gallant General De Tabley had fallen in battle before she had herself existed many months: "my own dear mother!"

"Can you wonder, my child," resumed the widow, struggling to subdue her emotion: "that I deprecate for you the anguish which I can so well appreciate? The sleepless nights, the weary days, the heart-sickness, and the spirit-pangs that I have myself borne? But dry your tears, Blanche. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will watch over my child.—He who is merciful, will not bereave me utterly in my old age."

And Blanche De Tabley became the wife of Frederic Percival. What happy years succeeded to their union! Years of peace, and love, and tenderness. Percival beheld a miniature likeness of himself in the bright boy who sported at his knee, while his fair young wife appeared to live again in their fair, dove-eyed girl; and their last little one, the loving Rose, who looked like her father when she smiled, and like her mother when she sighed, she was the pet and plaything of the whole family; and Blanche moved calmly and blessedly among her dear ones, and wondered that sin or sorrow could exist.

But this could not last for ever; and one day as in fond playfulness she was jesting with her "holiday soldier," as she was wont to call Percival, on the pardonable vanity with which he was donning his gay garb for some military pageant, the spell was rudely broken; — the natural joy of a brave heart sparkled in the eyes of the young husband as he hastily perused a document which was put into his hands by an orderly dragoon, who rode off like one on a mission of life and death.

"You have received pleasant news it would seem, love," said Blanche, as she looked up from her sleeping babe, to the excited countenance of her husband; "may I hear it?"

A sudden shadow fell on the brow of Percival;— his thoughts, which had wandered far into the future, were recalled at once to home, by the sweet voice of his young wife; and the look which he turned upon her was so sad, that Blanche hastily deposited her sleeping child in its little couch, and approached her husband.

"My poor Blanche," said Percival, fondly, as he bent down, and pressed his lips to her forehead; "truly, love, I forgot that the news which gladdened me, would cost you some bitter tears; and yet, we should have remembered, that one day of parting must come."

"Of parting, Frederic?" gasped out his wife, as she instinctively glanced from one of her children to the other; "talk not to me of parting, I can hear any thing but that."

"Nay, nay, my own Blanche, remember that you are not only the wife, but the daughter of a soldier—you must not unman me by this ungoverned emotion."

"What an awful remark, Percival," murmured the young mother, with a slight shudder; "you should have said, the *orphan* of a soldier—soon perhaps to be the widow of another;—for I need not words to tell me that you would part from me only for scenes of bloodshed and death."

"Blanche," said Percival with gentle firmness, "my military career has hitherto been one of gaud and glitter, and I have ever been the foremost in every pageant; would you seek to see me a laggard now?"

"No, Frederic, I could better survive your death than your disgrace;—and yet—" and Blanche buried her face upon his breast, and he felt her warm tears fall like rain. "And yet, love, you are a woman; and would forego the glory to evade the danger. But this must not be; there is a watchful providence over us; in that we will confide, and look brightly to the future."

The young soldier had spoken manfully; yet when the period of embarkation arrived, he too found the pang of parting for the first time from a beloved wife more bitter than he had anticipated. A thousand bright dreams of honour and renown were in his fancy, but Blanche was in his heart; and it was finally determined that Mrs. Percival and his children should accompany him as far as their own safety would permit.

The destination of the British army was Brussels; and thither, after a tender and tearful parting from her agonized mother, Blanche bent her trembling steps. The children, excited and amused by the novelty which surrounded them, gave her no time for tears; and when she had settled herself in her temporary home, the high hopes and golden prophecies of her husband, communicated some portion of their brightness even to her.

Every one is aware of the temporary calm which preceded the memorable victory of Mont St. Jean, and which, like the treacherous lull that on the eve of a tempest cheats the mariner with a fallacious promise of safety, terminated in a foughten field, even more terrible than the strife of the elements. During that transient calm, Mrs. Percival was one of the fairest, if not the gayest of those groups of "fair women and brave men," who were wreathing the brows of war with the blossoms of festivity, and dancing upon the very threshold of the grave.

Justly proud alike of her grace and of her beauty, the young Life Guardsman led his spirit-saddened wife from one scene of festal to another, and every where he saw the glance of admiration follow her. Even the gaze of him who was the cynosure of all eyes—the immortal Wellington—the master-spirit of history—lingered on the loveliness of Mrs. Percival, and his lips breathed out the words of courtesy and kindness. At this moment the bolt fell—the booming of the distant cannon met the ear in the pauses of the festal music—and within an hour the flowers were withered in that place of revel, and the lamps extinguished. With the grey dawn the army was on its march. Blanche tore the roses from her brow, and the pearls from her bosom, as she entered her temporary residence on the outskirts of Brussels; the grey-headed nurse, who had sat awaiting her return, required no bidding when she looked upon the pale brow of her mistress, but quietly and quickly withdrew the children from their beds, that they might not be robbed of a last kiss and a last look from their father. Blanche, meanwhile, remained silent and powerless—the arrow was in her heart; she heard the hurried but affectionate soothings of her husband, but she could not articulate a syllable—every faculty was numbed, every energy prostrated.

The moment of parting came at length: Percival had lingered until the last; he had seen the tardiest of the troops defile from the city,—even the bat-man, who had led his horse to the door, resigned his charge to the young Frederic, who in half-awakened pride had girt his tiny sword to his side, and now uttered a thousand beseechings to dear papa to take him also to fight the French. And yet Percival paused, to win another look from his wife,—another kiss from the warm lips of his children;—a swifter gallop would redeem the time—and he *might* never look upon them more!

It was a bitter moment: his pale and silent wife leant her head upon his shoulder in speechless anguish; his eldest girl clung, weeping to his arm; the kiss of the little Rose was on his cheek, and the pitiful entreaties of his brave boy fell sadly on his ear. Percival had miscalculated his strength; he dared not attempt to prolong the parting further. With gentle violence he released his neck from the encircling arms of his youngest born,—with affected composure he strained his silent wife for the last time to his heart, as he murmured out a blessing on her head; and then, vaulting into the saddle, and waving a fond farewell to Blanche, who followed him with outstretched arms, he struck the spurs into his horse, and galloped off.

A long wild shriek burst from the overcharged heart of the desolate wife; but the young soldier heard it not, as, with his helmet pressed lower upon his brow, and the reins hanging loosely on the neck of his charger, he flew forward to overtake his comrades,—he did not trust himself even with a backward look; and when he drew bridle beside his men, his brow had resumed its serenity, and his lip its smile.

Sweet Blanche! I have not a gentler friend: I know not a happier wife. Her husband was worthy of her love; as brave as he was affectionate. Mrs. De Tabley had truly said, that "He who is merciful would not bereave her utterly in her old age;" for Percival, when he returned from Waterloo, met his wife with the proud joy of one who feels that he has but earned a new title to the tenderness of those who love him: and, if the fair Blanche did shed a few natural tears over the wounded arm of her husband as she arranged the sling which supported it, as it had never before been placed, so gently and so painlessly, she nevertheless poured out her full heart in thankfulness to Him who had indeed "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," and restored to her the father of her children.

LAMENT OF CINO DA PISTOIA,

AT THE GRAVE OF SELVAGGIA.

Cino da Pistoia enjoyed the double reputation of being the greatest doctor and teacher of civil law, and most famous poet of his time. He was remarkable also for his personal accomplishments. The beautiful Ricciarda dei Selvaggia (his mistress) was of a noble family of Pistoia, her father having been gonfaliere and leader of the faction of the Bianchi; she was also celebrated for her poetical talents. Several of her madrigals addressed to her lover are extant, which are of touching beauty and simplicity. Her parents having been exiled from Pistoia by the new faction, took refuge from their enemies in a little fortress among the Appenines, whither Cino followed them, and was received as a comforter amid their distresses. Probably the days spent in this dreary abode among the wild and solitary hills, when he assisted Ricciarda in her household affairs, and in aiding and consoling her parents, were among the happiest of his life. Their mountain retreat was ill calculated to defend them against the fury of the elements. Ricciarda drooped under the pressure of misery and want, and her parents and her lover watched the gradual extinction of life; and saw the rose-bud fade from her cheek, and the light from her eye, till she melted from their arms into death: then they buried her with tears in a nook among the mountains. Many years afterwards, when Cino had reached the height of his fame, and had been crowned with wealth and honours by his native city, he had occasion to cross the Appenines, and causing his suite to travel by another road, he made a pilgrimage to the grave of Selvaggia; an incident which gave rise to the most striking of all his compositions. "I arose," says he in this poem, " and went on my way, and passed the mountain summits crying aloud, Selvaggia, Selvaggia! in accents of despair." Her death took place in 1316. *Mrs. Jamieson's Loves of the Poets.*

LAMENT OF CINO DA PISTOIA.

I.

HE stands, the Alpine summit past,
By yonder unrecorded stone;
The world's vain pomp behind him cast—
He stands, with memory all alone;
With *her*—whose hand of buried years
The long and changeful record keeps;
That hand unlocks the fount of tears—
He stands alone, and weeps!

II.

Those tears—'t is but a lowly spot,
An unknown grave that bids them flow,—
By all, save him, the name forgot
Of her who sleeps in dust below.
Heaven's winds and dews have sought the sod,
And many a chequered year hath gone;
But pilgrim's foot hath never trod
Its lonely verge upon.

III.

Yet he—the poet-knight—whose crest
In battle-field hath proudly shone;—
The rallying mark where thousands prest—
Their guide that led to conquest on;
Whose voice is heard where senates meet;
Whose name is linked with hope and fear:
From paths like these *he* turns his feet,
To weep in silence here!

IV.

Ay! what to him that pomp and pride
Have crowned his name, and wreathed his brow?
The lonely dust he mourns beside,
Than thoughts of these is dearer now;
And he would cast that lofty wreath
Away to earth in proud disdain,
To win *her* from the arms of death,
Back to his heart again.

V.

He thinks on days of early bliss,
When worldly joys looked cold and dim;—
When earth contained no home but this,
Where shone the sun of life for him.
When, through the mists of gloom and care,
That sun but shed a purer ray;
Ah! what to morning-dreams so fair,
The sterner truths of day?

VI.

She was his own, his only love,
When life and hope were fair and new,
And sorrow's tempests came to prove
Her love how deep, her faith how true.
Her smile, that lit the mountain glen,
In loneliness, was dearer far
Than beaming mid the haunts of men,
A city's worshipped star.

VII.

She was his spirit's guiding light—
The beam that cheered his youthful day—
The source of all most pure and bright
That ever filled his fervid lay.
She died. Above her narrow bed
Wild tears he showered of burning pain—
Such tears but *once* in life are shed—
Then sought the world again.

VIII.

And now, long years of glory past,
His heart's first dreams once more have found him
Where he and they were parted last;
Once more their deathless spells are round him:
And tides on tides of love and grief,
Deep hid and slumbering in the soul,
Forth with that hour's desired relief,
In whelming torrents roll.

IX.

He calls her from her lonely sleep,
  To rouse her at her lover's cry;
Alas! the winds that round him sweep
  And echoes wild, alone reply.
No sound but theirs. That silent urn
  Even love's own voice can pierce no more;
Else when did e'er Ricciarda turn
    From Cino's call before?

X.

" Awake! arise! my love of youth!
  Yet once—once more—return—mine own!
To him who kept his faith and truth
  Through life—through death—for thee alone.
I 've shrined thy memory in my breast,
  My heart hath fed on dreams of thee;—
Oh, come! or bid me share thy rest,
    From life's dull warfare free.

XI.

" Cold, cold the world's approving smile,
  Now *thine*—Beloved! is quenched and dead;
And tasteless all Ambition's wile,
  When Hope the light of life is fled.
I turn me from the sickening strife—
  The gilded thorns—the glittering pain;—
I 'd live the loneliest mortal's life,
    To share thy love again."

XII.

Ne'er, ne'er on earth, oh, faithful one!
  Yet part in peace, thou fondly true!
The tranquil rest thy love hath won,
  Awaits thy mourning lover too.
And o'er the waste of life afar,
  His weary feet have yet to roam,
Be such a trust the guiding star
    To lead the wanderer home!

XIII.

Such strength is thine, immortal Love!
  Through life, through death, unchanged, the same;
The mighty floods may roll above,
  But never *quench* thy deathless flame.
Thine—thine the extremes of woe and bliss,
  The wild despair—the soothing balm;—
Yet who would change even grief like this
    For dull oblivion's calm?

Σ

THE INCENDIARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TO-DAY IN IRELAND."

It chanced that, after two days spent in the delightful country of the Vexin,—that region lying betwixt Normandy and the Isle of France so fiercely disputed of old by the dukes of the provinces and their sovereign, and still bearing marks of its frontier position in its castellated ruins, in the old oak 'twixt Irie and Gisas, under which the contending potentates used to meet to settle their differences (though I fear the present tree must be the grandson of that mentioned in history), and in the bold and beautiful line of heights skirting the Seine, and stretching from it northwards,—I found myself at Vernon in the evening, and resolved to take the diligence for Paris. Awaiting its arrival, the "eternal *picandeur,* and the never-failing *omelette*" were placed before me, with a decanter of marvellously sour cider as its accompanying beverage.

I had very soon a companion, if not at the same cloth, at least at the same table, in a very rude, farmer-like personage—fair, handsome, and red-cheeked—but with all the candour and honesty of such features, startlingly belied by a very sinister, cunning, timid, yet ferocious eye. It was grey; and might not have been the worse for that. Its bad expression consisted not in its colour, but in the spirit that gleamed through it from behind.

He eyed me with Norman scrutiny; and, as observation is my pastime, I returned him attention for attention. He had a slouch hat, a whip, one formidable spur, and a leathern belt, bearing a large and heavy pouch, filled with crown-pieces. The latter denoted a vender of oxen or horses, such as are seen to frequent the roads of Normandy and Picardy. His first glance had been furtive or timid; but, perceiving I was a stranger, he assumed boldness by degrees, and tried a variety of topics, to which I listened with some interest, and replied in monosyllables. The diligence arrived. We made for our places. The dealer put his foot on the step of the rotund, or hinder compartment of the coach, when the passengers within all protested against his entrance.

"Was there not room?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, but not for him: we would not go in the same vehicle, nor cross a ferry in the same boat with him."

There was a very noisy row; no blows, indeed, betwixt the Frenchmen, but a near approach to them.

I heard from some distance, and did not learn satisfactorily the cause of their objection to him. It ended, however, by the latter succumbing, and taking his place in the *coupé* where I had niched myself. We travelled to Paris without further let or adventure; the apparent disesteem in which my companion was held, not enticing on my part even a temporary intimacy. I set him down in my own mind as an executioner, and was horribly annoyed at the supposition of having such a fellow-traveller, not without being amused, during intervals, at my susceptibility.

The circumstance passed, and was forgotten; when, about a week afterwards, I received at my hotel a legal summons to appear before the *Juge d' Instruction.* This is certainly one of the greatest nuisances of civilized life. Nothing can be more annoying in reality, or more alarming, than to be thus summoned. However, there was no escape. Instant attendance was required. I obeyed, and found the *Juge d' Instruction,*—was ordered by him into a coach, and with him drove to a certain well-known *locale,* where the occasion of all this appeared in the dead body of the Norman dealer. I recognized it instantly. It had been taken from the river; but had evidently been precipitated into it, for the mark of a blow from some ponderous weapon appeared on the side of the head, near the ear. No fall could have occasioned this. Yet the pouch of the murdered man was found, filled with a more than ordinary weight of crowns, which shewed that vengeance, not spoil, had been the object of his murderer.

In England such an event as this would have fed certain columns of the newspapers for a month—absorbed the interests and attention of the public. The appearance of a poem of Lord Byron would scarcely have vied in attraction or popularity with it;—whilst I myself should have derived more celebrity from my casual contact with the victim, than any three volumes could possibly procure me. The French, however, have not yet, like a considerable portion of our countrymen, taken their Old Bailey for their Helicon; and although they are making progress in this branch of the arts, as their *Gazette des Tribunaux* (a most successful journal) evinces, still a man may commit a murder in that country without necessarily rivaling the poet or the historian, and earning the meed of immortality.

The slayers of my friend the ox-dealer, in this case, were, indubitably, some of the party which had protested against his travelling with them. However, the crime could be brought home to none of them. And as it appeared to the younger *conseillers,* or judges, who act the part of grand jury, that the murder was but a just punishment inflicted upon the deceased, they were so lax in their examination and pursuit, that very little ulterior pains were taken to discover the perpetrator of the deed.

For my trouble I reaped some knowledge of the spirit and conduct of the French legal folk in criminal matters—this for a graver page—and moreover, a knowledge of the circumstances which led to the assassination. They are as follow:—

The town of St. Lo is not the most lovely or interesting town in Normandy, neither is the region around it, nor the department, La Manche, of which it is the *chef-lieu*. Most other parts of that delightful province are English in aspect, with hedge-rows, careful culture, and snug farms; the country varies charmingly, both by its undulation and its culture. Towards the sea, however, plains and pasture prevail. Its farms are proportionably large, indeed enormous, and the population much thinner. It was here that the *fires*, which made so much noise, and have proved so unaccountable, in France and in England, to which they spread, raged chiefly. St. Lo might be considered the head-quarters of incendiarism. The inhabitants, who attributed them, from ignorance of their cause, to M. de Polignac, proposed to make an *auto-da-fe* of that minister, when he was captured and brought thither.

The agriculturists around suffered dreadfully. Not a farm escaped; and, as vigilance was the only guarantee, people watched and waked, and stood sentries night after night, wearied and fretted to such a degree, that they fired indiscriminately at every thing or being that came along the road after nightfall, and many innocent people fell victims to these cruel mistakes. The fellows most suspected of incendiarism were the woodmen. There are a race of men in La Manché peculiarly devoted to this life,—such is the extent of the forests. They encamp, like American settlers, on the brink of the wood to be felled; build themselves, not exactly log-houses, but comfortable huts, and fell and lop from spring to winter. They are a wild race, accustomed, whenever their demands are spurned and wages lowered, to take revenge by setting fire to the woods, when hot summers render this feasible; thus working enormous damage. But as culture has gained ground of late, whilst forestry has lost, numbers of these fellows have been obliged to become mere tillers, holding the plough and the spade, and consequently more under control. This progress of civilization is distasteful to them. Frequent quarrels take place betwixt them and their employers; and they first began to employ upon farm and haggard, the vengeance which they had hitherto confined to the woods. Such is one account, which I have heard, of the origin of the fires in Lower Normandy.

Donizek,—the name denotes a Breton origin,—was of this tribe, and had been a stout feller of the woods in which he was born, and to which he was attached. But he was also somewhat of a *mauvais sujet*, given to go by moonlight in search of game; so that the overseers took care to include him amongst those whom they refused longer to employ. He was, in consequence, reduced to embrace the only alternative left,—to till the soil, to sow and reap, or, as we say, hedge and ditch, instead of wood-cutting. He accordingly settled in a village not far from St. Lo, and began to work in the service of a respectable farmer of the vicinity.

Donizek, like all wild characters, was a gallant; and whilst an inhabitant and a rover of the woods, he had admired a village damsel, not without beauty, but of extreme devotedness and simplicity. These qualities appeared most manifest upon her trial, and interested many in her behalf. She was the daughter of a poverty-stricken family, had met with neither cultivation nor care, and was perhaps as unpromising a subject for creating interest or romance, as any rustic and ragged damsel of the region. Attached to Donizek, she was grieved at his forced abandonment of the forest for the plain; and fully did she sympathise with his regrets on quitting his wild freedom, and exchanging the axe by day, and the gun by night, for the plodding drudgery of a farm-servant's life.

Claude, such was the name of the girl, remained with her parents near the forest-skirts. Such a position is most favourable to the poor French, since the liberty of cutting fagots for their winter fire, or grass for the cow's evening meal, is never denied them. The absence of her lover she bore with patience, until after a lapse of time rumour informed Claude of his infidelity.

Donizek's wild character had, it seemed, charms for even the more sober maidens of the farm. And he wanted neither the ambition nor the boldness to aspire to the daughter of his employer. Although France is the land of equality, such an idea was as presumptuous there in a farm-servant, as it would be in England. Somehow or another, the proprietorship of land, indeed of any thing, inspires high and exclusive notions; and Donizek, might as well have hoped to espouse the *protegee* of a professed and advertising marriage monger, as to make himself the worthy farmer's son-in-law. The damsel indeed was not inexorable; but wedding without parents' consent, is impracticable and invalid in France. So that the refusal of them, forms an obstacle that nor love, nor reason, nor enthusiasm can surmount. *Il faut se resigner.* And unless indeed the swain chooses to go the length of suicide, which sometimes takes place, there is no lesser mode of being avenged of the cold prudence of parents.

But the ingenuity of my acquaintance, Donizek, surpassed that of the generality of either lovers or men. The farmer, it seems, had learned of his labourer's pretensions; had called Donizek before him, reprimanded his impertinence, and not deigning even to dismiss him, bade him simply mind his work, nor indulge in dreams and hopes unbefitting his station.

Donizek seemed to receive this frank reprimand with equal frankness; but he was not the less determined to be avenged.

"It is the fullness of his barn," quoth Donizek, "that swells the farmer's heart with pride, and makes him look down upon a reduced woodman. But I know a trick of my craft, that will humble his pride, and bring us nearer to equality."

He from the instant conceived the project of setting fire to his master's establishment, in order to punish him, and reduce him to such a state of poverty, as might allow of the revival of his own hopes. But the thing was hazardous, as suspicion would naturally be directed towards him; and to be far off at the time of the fire, or in other words to have an *alibi* ready, was a condition indispensable to his security. But whom could he trust, even if any were to be found, that would undertake the dangerous commission?

Donizek was occupied with these reflections and considerations, when his neglected sweet-heart, Claude, appeared before him with reproachful aspect. She came to upbraid; but the first hardy asseveration of his truth uttered by the gallant, was sufficient to set at rest the suspicions of the simple maiden. He vowed on the contrary, that he detested the farmer and his family, that he suffered from their arrogance, was determined to leave them at all hazards, but would not leave them without first punishing them for their severity.

Claude was delighted with these intentions, and asked what they meant.

"Oh, you know our old method of vexing the overseers."

"Setting fire to the underwood."

"Hush!" and Donizek pointed to the haggard, "but I dare not. Now if you, dear Claude, would manage to drop towards night-fall a little pellet, such as I give thee, I would be at the village, seen and unsuspected. You, a stranger, would hie home; and I would join you, once more, on the road side, after having brought low the pride of the farmer."

Claude was too much delighted to find Donizek faithful, to resist any of his suggestions: besides she was well pleased to humble the pride of a family that had given her pain. She consented; and on that night, barn, haggard, and the entire establishment of the farmer, were consumed in a bright blaze. The catastrophe struck a panic into the inhabitants of St. Lo,—for the fire, although the first in that region, was not the first in Normandy; and it was already known, that malevolence, not accident, began to occasion them. The plan of Donizek, though successful in its leading point, proved of no advantage to him. It threw him out of employ, and it rendered the object of his ambitious courtship not more accessible. Misfortune rendered the farmer neither less proud nor less peremptory with respect to him. But poor Claude had been seen in the vicinage on the night of the fire. And at length she was traced and taken.

Her trial is familiar to all readers of the French journals. The simple girl confessed at once, that she had dropped the incendiary pellet. But when questioned, as to who or what had induced her to so bootless an act, she hesitated. Her connexion with Donizek being known, she was interrogated and entrapped, and tried in every way, but would not utter a word approaching to an inculpation of her lover. Wearied with interrogatories, and feeling the necessity of diverting the suspicion, she at length accused the priest of the village of having enticed her to commit the deed. This was considered plausible, as the burnings were thought to proceed from secret Jesuit influence; and the poor priest would have fallen a victim to popular fury, had not the magistrates laid hold upon him. Every newspaper asserted that it was the priest, who had suborned the girl; and I well remember, that all the priesthood through the regions of incendiarism were long in jeopardy and peril.

On the trial, however, which took place at St. Lo, it became evident that the priest was not the instigator. Claude prevaricated long, and at length allowed that she had falsely inculpated the ecclesiastic;—nay, more, she allowed that it was in order to save the really culpable.

Not a doubt of course remained, that this was

Donizek, who was seized also, and put upon his trial. No proof, however, could be brought against him. Claude refused distinctly to utter a word inculpating him. She was condemned to death. But her execution was a long time delayed, in the hope that her confession would reveal her instigator. Her life was ordered to be spared, in case she confessed. But no;—no offers, no endeavours could make her betray her lover. She cared not what she uttered—truth or falsehood—whom she inculpated or whom not—provided blame fell not upon Donizek. The infidelity of this man was fully proved to her, as well as his motive in persuading her to the crime. This shook and affected her to despair, but moved her not to confession. And from that time she made but one request—to be executed.

This was at length complied with. Claude fell, a victim to her affections, on the scaffold of St. Lo. Her constancy merits being portrayed in a bolder and fuller sketch than this. For I merely transcribe facts.

Donizek perished as has been already described.

THE BRIDE OF LOVEL.

A BALLAD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE NIGHTS IN A LIFETIME."

THERE's light around Lord Lovel's towers,—there's
music on the breeze,
Loud festal sounds that float amid the old ancestral trees;
Within are mirth, and dance, and song; no trace of
care or sorrow
To mar her smiles who leaves these walls in bridal
pomp to-morrow.

Lord Lovel's only daughter she; amid his halls of pride
She moves the star of many a heart, a young and
envied bride.
Yet ah! her eyes, her wandering smiles that gleam
so wildly bright!
There dwells a light that's not of mirth, amid their
beams to night.

Her hand is in her proud bridegroom's; why starts
and trembles she?
Lord Osric is no gallant gay, but rich and great is he;

She'll sit, his bride, in courtly pride, all Cumbria's
dames above:
Ay! wealth and power are precious things, but can
they purchase love?

A sound is in her ears e'en now, a scene is floating dim
Before her eyes; but sound or scene recall no dream
of him;
They bring her back a woodland bower, a fountain's
silvery fall,
And *one* who breathed a troth-plight there, oh!
dearer far than all!

And Blanche hath fled, with winged tread, from out
that stately throng;
"They'll miss not me; my breaking heart cannot
endure it long.
"Would I were in my grave at rest, ere morning's
dawn should see
"These perjured lips profane the plight they gave,
beloved, to thee!"

She seeks her bower to weep alone; mid gauds all
rich and rare,
Full many a gorgeous gem to deck Lord Osric's lady fair;
But a withered rose lies next her heart; she flings
those gauds aside,
To kiss its leaves that bloomed so sweet ere she was
Osric's bride.

Hist, hist, a sound!—“ ’T was but the wind that shook
the ivy tree!”
Yet hark!—again!—“ Thy lattice ope! Blanche Lovel
ope to me!”
The lattice flies, the lady’s eyes pierce through the
pale star-light.
’Tis he! ’tis he! Sir Guy de Brooke! her young and
constant knight;

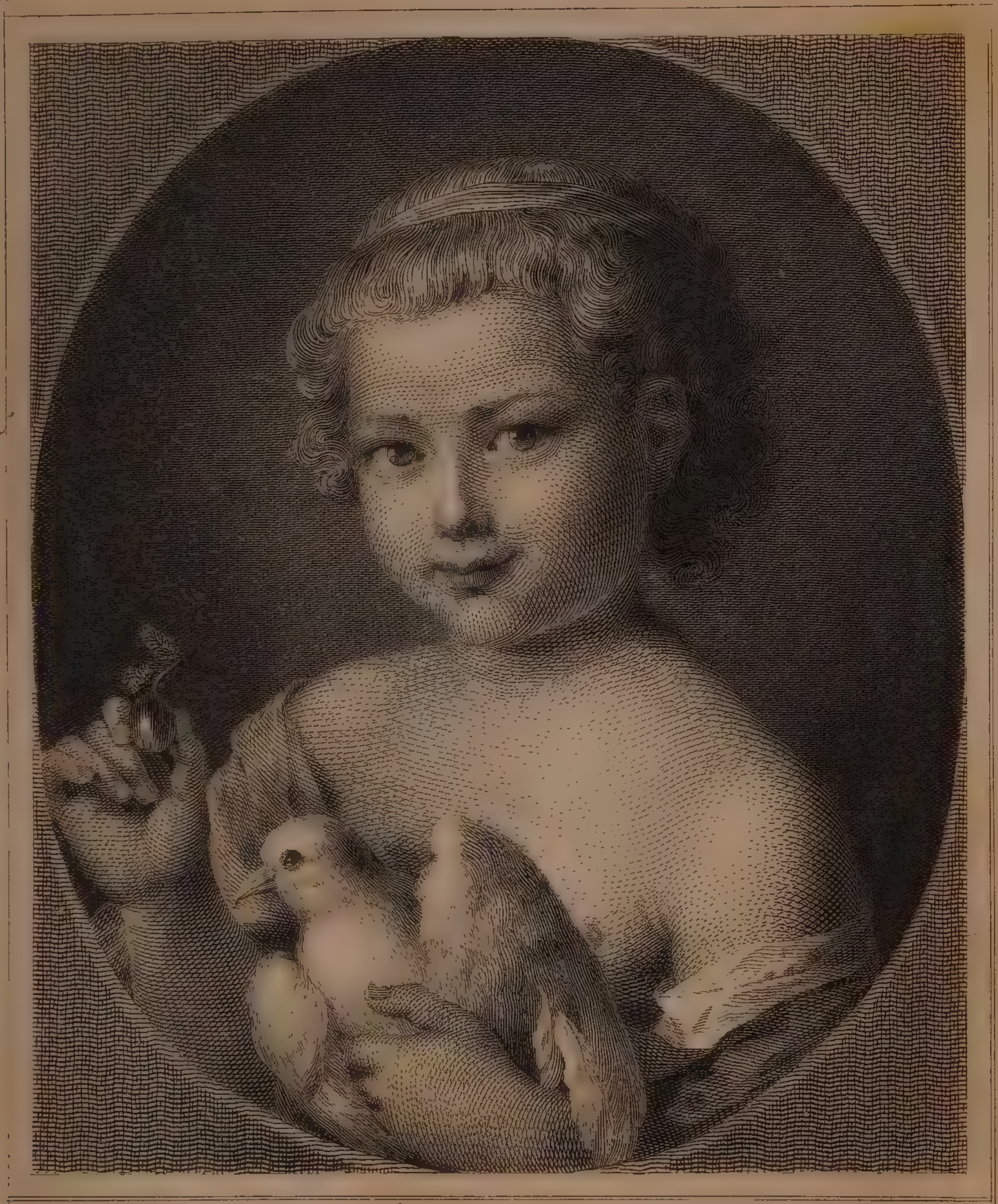
“ Full many an eve I’ve lingered, love! Now comes
the happy hour;
“ The wine hath flowed, the warders sleep; unwatched
are keep and tower.
“ Bold hearts, though few, my followers true, are here
to guard our flight;
“ Then speed thee! Gain the western gate! Thou
art mine own to night!”

The music sounds; the dancers wait for Blanche to
lead their train;
But long that bridal band shall look ere Blanche return
again.
An empty bower;—a lattice-door wide to the roving
wind;
A floor with pearls and gems bestrewn—no other trace
they find.

INNOCENCE.

FROM A PICTURE BY GREUZE.

Oh! perfect Innocence,
Clear and without offence
Of frailty or foul sin,—
Pure as a rose within;
And tender as that dove,
Companion of thy love,
Which flutters on thy breast
As in its native nest;—
Thou fair, unblotted soul,
White as a virgin-scroll
Ere Passion's hand hath writ
Thoughts which disfigure it,
To live in after years
A charter for new tears!
Oh! virtuous infanthood,
Which e'en the greatly good
Might sigh to see, and yearn
For childhood to return,



Greuse pinx^t. S. Sangster, sculp^t.

INNOCENCE.

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With all its careless days,
And world-unknowing ways;
Its guiltlessness of guile,—
Its sunny-hearted smile;
Its fearlessness of harm,—
Its trust which, like a charm,
Weak, but omnipotent,
Girds round the innocent;
So that a thousand fires
And lawless-born desires
Are powerless to assail,
Or come beyond the pale
Which nature's self has built
To ward off brutal guilt;
Round which no prowling sin
Dares more than glance within,
And, if it came to prey,
Slinks shamed and sad away!
Oh, weakness which the strong
Respect, and fear to wrong;
Oh, thou unworldly child,
Unstained and undefiled;
Whom angels must watch o'er,
If ever on this shore
They light and shut their wings,
In missioned wanderings,
From there where such pure worth
As thine is now, had birth,—

And at thy tender side
By night and day abide,
Fond-watching, with such love
As natures born above
Can only know and feel,
Bestow, and yet conceal ;—
Attending on thy bed,
And following thy tread,
Till mind and soul enlarge,
And they may leave their charge.
Thou happy happy thing
Beyond imagining,
May Error never come
Where thou mak'st smiling home,
To sadden o'er that face,—
Its Eden looks erase ;—
Grave channels there for tears,
Where laughing life appears ;—
Spread darkness over eyes
Where light luxuriant lies ;
And by some evil wile
Thy purity defile ;
But, from thy youth to age,
Upon this world's sad stage,
In innocence of heart,
Play still thy natural part ;—
Till heaven, that lent thee here,
To shew what mortals were,

After some pangs of pain,
Rejoicing take again
Thy soul, without a stain,
To its own proper sphere.

C. Webbe.

BURIED FRIENDSHIP.

BY N. MITCHELL.

The weary sun hath sunk in Ocean's breast;
Fast o'er the orient, clouds their shadows fling;
In the mute grove the cushat shuts her wing—
Yet lingering rays illuminate the west;
A trembling, beautiful, and chastened light,
That still reveals the rock and winding rill,
Paints every wood, and sleeps on every hill,
And softens down the frown of coming night.
Thus, in the sombre mansions of the dead
When those the heart loves best for ever lie,
Still with us dwells their lovely memory,
And sweetens e'en the bitter tears we shed,
Chases the pining soul's desponding gloom,
And weaves a halo round their dreary tomb.

PATIENTIA VICTRIX.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

Life hath a tedious strife to wage, where'er her path may be,
Through cities towered, or wilds remote, or by the rolling sea;
And countless are the foes that lurk her footsteps to ensnare,
In ills with mastery over earth, and viewless powers of air.

Conqueress of all! from hour to hour yet speeds she on her way,
Through toil, and gloom, and weariness, and peril's stormiest day;
But little deem our heedless thoughts, where sheltered from renown,
Her fairest victories are reaped, and gained her brightest crown.

It is a task well recompensed, in Valour's fiery zeal,
Before the sulph'rous battle's edge to dare the levelled steel;

Since Glory o'er the witnessed deed shall raise her shrill acclaim,
And Earth one mighty echo yield, to swell the warrior's fame!

It is a toil which Hope endears the desert's blasts to brave;
Or scale the untrodden mountain's crest, or stem the Arctic wave:
For, where his country's banner flies, the adventurer's deeds are heard,
And lips beloved shall make his name a prized and household word;

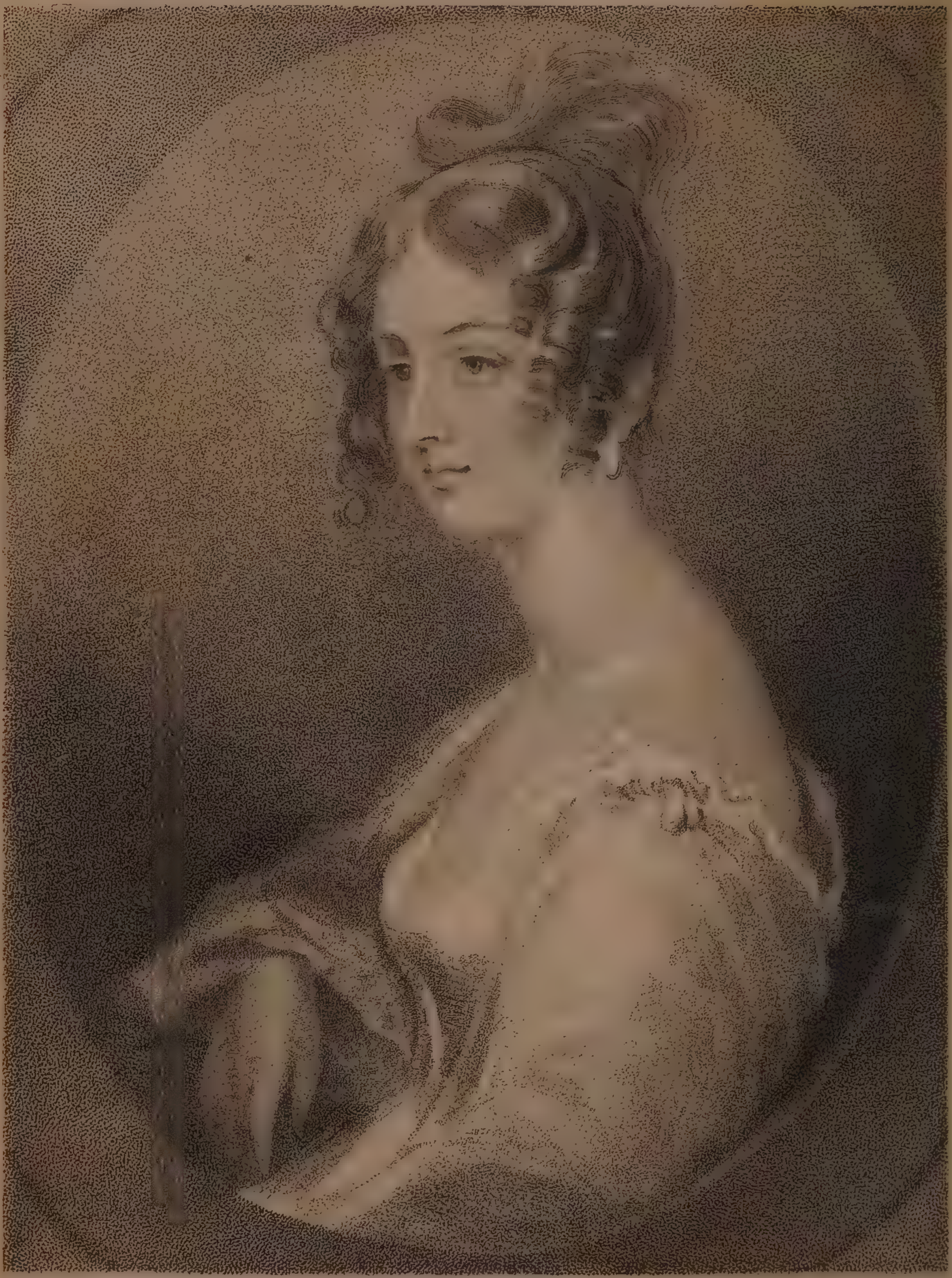
And grief is softened of its power, and fetters lightlier lie,
And death may meet the taunt or jest, if wondering crowds are nigh;
If ages yet unborn shall hear how dauntlessly and well
The captive braved his ruthless foe, and how the patriot fell.

But with the wasting strength of pain to strive when none can hear,
To gaze and gaze on dim-eyed Want unmoved from year to year;
To turn, as sinks in cheerless night fair Hope's departing sun,
And know no solace left below, yet sigh, "Thy will be done!"

To battle with the heart's deceit, the whispering sin
to still,—
To greet with love pursuing hate, to pay with blessing
ill;—
To shrink and weep o'er wedded scorn, but smile
through tears to please;
Wanes not the blazon Glory shews, by conquests such
as these?

Oh! winds that sceptred Midnight sends, to lull the
slumberer's ear;
Ye stars, which from the dewy heavens look down
serene and clear;
Thou, Darkness, wild primeval shape, with Silence,
kindred shade,
Guard of the chambered loneliness where dreamy rest
is laid:

When time shall see the volumed past to gathered
Earth unsealed,
And the deep thoughts of many hearts lie naked and
revealed,
How shall your solemn witness prove in trial's fiercest
burst,
The gentlest armed with holiest strength, the meek
and nameless first!



A PORTRAIT

EVENTFUL PASSAGES IN AN UNHAPPY LIFE.

It has been observed by a high authority, that a record of the life of even the humblest individual would, if written with honest purpose of heart, present something of value for the consideration of posterity. The writer spoke truly;—and happy of their kind, and deep benefactors are they, who are enabled to leave behind them the memorial of a well-spent life. For myself, I can pretend to no such claim on the gratitude of my fellow creatures. But as the mariner ventures not on his voyage unprovided with a chart of the quicksands to be avoided, as well as of the course to be held, it is possible that the following pages may not be without their use to some young voyager on the ocean of life. I have not spared my feelings, nor sought to extenuate my faults, in the recital. She will see in my instance the misery to which the indulgence of 'trifling errors,' of 'fair defects' may lead. A little thoughtlessness, a little vanity, a little self-will, conspired to make shipwreck of my happiness here, and to endanger my hope of eternity. Ere this manuscript sees the light, I shall have ceased to be. And I would fain hope that the *motive* which has induced me to pen so humiliating a narrative, may be received as an apology for the faults of its execution.

My father was of Sicilian extraction, but he was educated partly in England and partly in Paris, where he, at length, married an English lady of good family and considerable beauty. My mother displeased her friends, by her union with a foreigner, and was never afterwards noticed by them. In spite of all her husband's kindness and affection towards her, this circumstance preyed deeply on her spirits; for I well recollect how fondly she seemed to cling to the remembrance of the scenes of her earlier youth when accidental circumstances recalled them to her mind, and how much in my infant days I was taught to consider "Old England" almost as my native land. My father too appeared always to sympathise with these predilections of his English wife: he had been so little accustomed to the manners and habits of his own country, that it was not only without regret, but with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation, that he yielded to the wishes of his family, and consented to superintend some extensive speculations which his father had entered into in Paris, and which by the death of a relation who had hitherto conducted them, had now, as it were, devolved upon him. It, therefore, became necessary that he should reside in that gay metropolis, and thither my mother and I accompanied him, just as I had attained my twelfth year. My childhood had hitherto been passed in happy and peaceful retirement, in the beautiful vicinity of Palermo. I shed tears of childish affection and regret at parting with my father's parents, who had always resided with us. Alas! could I then have foreseen the woes which awaited me in the new world to which I was about to be transported, my tears would have been bitter indeed; and I might have joined in the petition of my aged relations, who earnestly implored my mother to remain with them, or, at the least, to leave with them their darling grandchild. To part, however, from either her beloved husband, or her only child, exceeded my mother's fortitude; and to Paris, I accordingly accompanied my parents. There, every advantage of education and accomplishment was given me. My father's enterprises succeeded almost beyond his hopes; fortune seemed to smile upon us,—and all that was gayest and most *distingué* in that gayest of cities, was of our society. But, alas! ere I had attained the age of fifteen, my mother, whose health had long been declining, was snatched from us. Her chief, almost her only pang, was the consciousness that she left me surrounded by the fashionable dissipations of Paris; exposed to all the perils which beset beauty and thoughtlessness in all places, but no where so much as in that fascinating city.

Beauty, I was universally supposed to possess; and I was, likewise, what I was wont laughingly to term "a gentleman's beauty:" that is, I had the reputation of being destined to inherit a very large fortune. My education had not left me wanting in any of the fashionable accomplishments of the day, and my lively disposition and high spirits made me enter with avidity into all the follies which surrounded me. My mother's death was a severe and dreadful shock to me; and I yielded to this grief, the first I had ever known, with all the abandonment of an uncontrolled and ardent disposition.

At the end of a few months, my father perceived that my unremitting sorrow had impaired my health, and sought to amuse and distract my grief, by inviting once more around me, the young and the gay, from whose society I had so entirely withdrawn for the purpose of indulging my feelings unrestrained. A French lady of high family but reduced fortune was engaged to reside with me as *chaperon;* and in short, at the age of sixteen, I found myself fairly launched in the brilliant vortex of fashionable life, without a guide to direct my erring steps; Madame d'Elbermont being perfectly satisfied, if the manners and appearance of her *elevé* were pronounced *de bon ton et parfaitement distingué.* *La belle Laure, la Jolie Sicilienne,* as I was called, was an object of general *recherché* and attraction; and flattery had really taught me to believe myself worthy of the adoration which attended my steps. My father, whose time was much engrossed by business, but rarely left his hotel: his intimate associates at home were chiefly English; among them was a young gentleman of the name of Merivale, who was one of his greatest favourites, and was a constant member of our domestic circle. Charles Merivale certainly appeared to take great interest in every thing which concerned, or could in any way affect me, but he was not one of my flattering adorers, and I often thought him cold, and almost inattentive in society. Many a time have I tried to pique him into some expression of regard towards me, by flirting most perseveringly with others. Vain, however, were my efforts: Charles, although conversing with others, seemed unable to help fixing his eyes upon me, and watching my folly and flirtation with looks of grave disapprobation; but all my endeavours failed to draw from him any farther demonstration of regard. I could not account for the interest with which this sort of conduct inspired me, and for which I felt almost angry with myself. I would say, "Charles Merivale is not so handsome as the Marquis de P. or the Baron de C., and *they* are desperately in love with me, and never presume to disapprove of any of my actions or advise me, as he does; a clear proof that he cannot be in love with me, or he would be unable to discover my faults; and what sort of a husband would a man make, who could find faults *before* marriage? Beside, he thinks not of me with love,—and yet, how he watches me when we are *en famille!* then, how observant he is of all my movements—how eagerly he listens when I play on the harp and sing! I scarcely know what to think;—however, on one point I am resolved, if he does love me I will make him confess it, and then—why then I will refuse him, to punish his pride and haughtiness."

Charles Merivale, to whom, *malgre moi*, I gave so large a portion of my giddy thoughts, and in favour of whom I had formed this laudable resolution, was about twenty-four years of age, and of independent though not large fortune. At first sight you would scarcely have pronounced him handsome; but an open countenance sparkling with intelligence, fine eyes, and the whitest and most beautifully formed teeth in the world, made the fair-haired young Englishman, when you conversed with him, not shrink from a comparison with the handsomest of my mustachioed admirers. Our soirées and balls were arranged as I pleased; and my father only exacted from me that his dinner circle should be confined to a limited and select few,—a rule which I never dared venture to infringe. My evenings I was generally allowed to devote to any species of amusement I pleased, and of which my chaperon, Madame d' Elbermont, did not disapprove; they were accordingly passed in the most brilliant and fashionable society.

One of my most constant and certainly my most favoured admirer, was the Marquis de Pontarlier: young, handsome, and brave, of good though not of noble birth, (an advantage which few of the reigning *elegants* then possessed) and highly favoured by the Emperor, Albert de Pontarlier was just the sort of person whose attention and devotion were most likely to flatter the vanity of a girl whose naturally affectionate feelings were for the moment controlled by glittering shew, and whose inexperience was totally inadequate to detect the hollowness which this glare but too generally conceals. Alas! I had seen but the opening flowers of life; could I, at seventeen, suspect the existence of the thorns that lurked beneath them? Pontarlier frequently spoke of his anxious wish to apply to my father for approbation of his addresses; but as often deferred the experiment, fearing, as he said, that he would not deem his pecuniary advantages equal to mine, especially as every advance he had endeavoured to make towards an intimacy with him had been met with repulsive coldness,—a circumstance which he attributed to my father's wish that I should marry an Englishman; but which I suspected to arise from some dislike to the character of my lover, which I could not help thinking he had imbibed from Charles Merivale, between whom and the Marquis there certainly seemed to exist a degree of dislike amounting to antipathy. One evening, when I had flirted a good deal with Pontarlier for the amiable purpose of vexing Charles, the latter had ventured to speak to me in terms respectful, gentle, and friendly, of the danger of encouraging an attachment of which my father would never approve, and which must inevitably destroy my own happiness, from the very character of my gay, thoughtless, and warlike lover. I tried hard to be offended, and to construe this advice into impertinent interference,—but it was in vain; the voice of reason and kindness prevailed, and I finished by assuring Charles that I had not really any affection for Pontarlier; and certainly, at that moment, I spoke sincerely. I even abstained for some time from flirting with the young Marquis, who appeared to feel my caprice deeply, or at least acted as if he did so.

Charles, on the other hand, seemed gratified by my conduct, but still he spoke not of love; and I began almost to be provoked with myself, for having yielded to the advice of one so indifferent to my charms, when I discovered a new way of teasing my provoking monitor, whose good opinion, after all, I valued far more than I wished him to suppose. My father, one day, on my entering the drawing room before dinner, introduced to me Mr. Alverton, as the son of an old and dear friend of his; adding, that he hoped we should be able to make Paris so agreeable to him as to induce him to prolong his sojourn. After such an introduction, Mr. Alverton of course became a constant attendant of mine; and I, partly to please my father, and partly to tease Charles Merivale, treated him with the greatest distinction. In himself, Alverton was not a man who could ever engage my attention,—he was not ill-looking, and was I believe perfectly worthy and amiable in every respect; he had moreover, a large fortune; but he was decidedly not fascinating in his appearance, not clever, and had a slowness in his manner, with a tinge of English *gaucherie*, which in my eyes, at that time, would have counterbalanced the virtues of an angel: however, such as he was, Alverton paid me great attention, which I on my part appeared to receive with pleasure. Charles Merivale watched us with an eagerness which did not escape my attention; and the hope of piquing him into some positive declaration of his sentiments, induced me to persevere, until it was generally supposed that I was engaged to Mr. Alverton. I cared not: Pontarlier was perpetually in my path; he would sigh deeply when I passed him, and act the despairing lover with great effect. I flattered myself too, that Charles Merivale looked abundantly miserable. However, one morning my vanity received a sudden check, by Merivale's announcing to us his intention of leaving Paris the following morning for Germany. My father combated this whim, as he called it, with many arguments. I sat boldly and proudly silent; though in truth, could vanity and folly have slept, I should have acknowledged Charles Merivale as the only friend, in the wilderness of brilliant deception in which I moved, whose esteem I valued, or who would venture to wound my self-love, by giving me advice. However, as I left the room, to prepare for a ride with Alverton and a large party, I looked at Charles, and could not but be struck with an expression of anguish in his countenance such as I scarcely ever recollected to have witnessed: at that time it made but a slight impression on me; but since, oh, how often in long years of sorrow, has it returned to me in the silence of the night, haunted me in my desolation, and embittered my tears! The morrow arrived; and when Charles came to take leave, I was sitting alone, Madame d'Elbermont having left the drawing room for a few moments. Charles looked so ill as to excite my pity and astonishment, and we sat almost in silence for some minutes. At length I saw Alverton's cabriolet drive into the court-yard, and to break a silence which made me feel awkward, I exclaimed, here comes Mr. Alverton! Charles started from his seat, seized my hand between both his, pressed it almost to pain, as he said rapidly, "God bless you, dearest, dearest Laura; oh, if you are but happy!" Alverton's step was heard on the stairs, Charles pressed my hand to his lips eagerly, dropped it and rushed from the room, leaving me astonished and scarce able to analyse my own feelings. Almost at the same instant Alverton entered: "Why what have you done to Merivale," said he; "I met him on the stairs, and as usual, was going to shake hands with him, but he pushed me away, and hurried off like a madman." "Nothing," answered I, and bursting into tears quitted the room. I ran to my own boudoir to compose my agitated spirits. I felt mortified at having allowed Alverton to suppose I could care for Charles' departure,—I felt half angry with Charles for having so strictly limited himself to expressions of friendship throughout,—vexed with myself for having encouraged Alverton so much: however, pride was my predominant feeling, and having removed the traces of tears from my countenance, I went down stairs again, where I found Madame d'Elbermont, with a circle of visitors around her. That evening at a ball, Pontarlier was again permitted to dance with me: for I felt that I had given up a flirtation which amused me, for one who after all had treated me only as a friend, and whose censure I feared, I knew not why. In short, in a few days Pontarlier was again a constant attendant upon me; and Alverton offered fortune for my acceptance—which I decidedly, and at once rejected; much to his astonishment, for he never seemed to have dreamed of such a contingency. On the evening of that same day, my father entered my room, as I was dressing for a ball, and asked me if I had really seriously refused Alverton. I replied in the affirmative: on which he told me sternly and decidedly, that Alverton had long had his permission to address me; that I had so evidently received his attentions with approbation that every one believed I was engaged to him; and that he had no idea of my now drawing back, to my own and my father's dishonour; in short, that marry Alverton I should, and no one else. My father's manner was stern and decided; and I knew him too well to suppose for a moment he would change; beside, I felt now the consequences of my own folly and indecision. That very night—(Oh, that I might recall those few decisive hours!) Pontarlier renewed his vows. Alverton, formerly only indifferent to me, now appeared odious in my eyes: there was not one person in all that brilliant assembly to whom I could look for guidance or advice,—the brilliant and beautiful Laura, never seemed to require sympathy excepting in her pleasures. A few short days decided my fate;—my father was violent in his anger. Ah! so hateful to me, that I would have fled any where from him. Pontarlier was suffered to know my distress; and, in an evil hour, I fled from the painful scenes I had gone through at home, eloped, and married my handsome and gay lover. I dare not say how short the time was ere I discovered that he to whom I had given up my young affections, hitherto untried,—to whom I looked for all my happiness, with the intense feeling of a naturally warm heart whose affection has never been directed to a higher hope, and whose all is vested in this world of disappointment; to whom it has never been said, that woman's fate is "to make idols, and to find them clay;"—he, I say, who was now my husband, and whom I loved with all the fervour of a newly awakened passion, soon manifested, not only feelings of indifference, but even of unkindness: in short, I discovered that I had been married for the chance of my supposed large fortune, and that another was preferred to me. What was then the madness of my memory! I cannot, even now, seared by misfortune, dwell on the days and nights of agony I passed, when this conviction first dawned on my mind; those who have felt this pang, can alone understand me. I cannot think, without shuddering, on the feelings which then "gnawed my heart and racked my brain:" behind, was remorse; and before, a long life of agony and repentance. My father did not yield directly to my entreaties for forgiveness; and I had indeed sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind;—but leaving this time of agony, I pass on. In a few months, the political storms which had been gathering round us, terminated at length in the abdication of the Emperor: my husband followed his master to Elba; the only additional pang of which I was susceptible, was the knowledge that his mistress accompanied him in disguise. I had prayed vainly to be allowed to share his fate. I was left behind in Paris; he said he would write and direct me what to do; and I remained alone in our deserted hotel, in a state of mind bordering on distraction. My poor father could not stand by and see his ungrateful and erring, but only child, alone in this bleak world; so he sent one who took me from our desolate abode, and brought me, scarce conscious of my removal, to his own house; and this messenger of peace and reconciliation was—Charles Merivale! who, on his return to Paris, believing me married to Alverton, found my poor father alone, and broken both in health and spirits; and had devoted himself to the task of comforting him, and pleading for the pardon of one who deserved it not.

I know not if my father had any intention of receiving me with coldness; but if he had, it faded away on seeing my altered countenance: he tenderly received in his arms the half-senseless form of his erring child; and once more I wept on that bosom whose long tried and never failing affection I had repaid with deceit and ingratitude. I said nothing to my father of my own private misery; and he considered, or seemed to consider, my husband's leaving me as a necessary step; but the wasted form and faded beauty of nineteen told a tale too plain to require comment.

My father's affairs were ruined by this overthrow of the government, which owed him a large sum of money; and, collecting what he could from the wreck of his fortune, it seemed expedient to him to retire to his paternal estate in Sicily, and to take me with him; for my husband's letters spoke of his detention in Elba as quite indefinite, and positively prohibited me from joining him. Paris, in its unsettled state, was no place for an unprotected young woman; and our former associates were all dispersed in various directions by the late events. My father earnestly requested Charles Merivale to accompany us to Sicily, which, in former days, he had often expressed a wish and intention of visiting; and, as the roads were most unsafe for an infirm man, and a young woman in a weak state of health, he acceded to my father's wish, and in a short time we departed for Palermo. Oh, how different were now my feelings to what they had been! The last time I was seated between my father and Charles Merivale,—*then*, exulting in unbroken health and high spirits, my bosom filled with the conscious pride of beauty and desire of admiration,—*now* I saw, without one pang, that that vain beauty was faded and gone;—repentant, subdued, and grateful, I sat by my protecting angels, and strove to repay their kind efforts to distract my grief by seeming cheerfulness.

We arrived safely in Sicily, and took up our abode at the home of my childhood—my father's estate, near Palermo. His aged parents were long since at rest in their quiet graves. The internal consciousness of slighted affection and domestic misery and neglect, weighed heavily on my heart: but time deadens, if it cannot remove, all human suffering. My father's state of health required many soothing attentions: and happy was I that it was permitted to me to alleviate, by my care, the infirmities which my own conduct had so largely contributed to hasten. Charles Merivale was as a son to my poor father; to me, his conduct was that of an elder brother; while his intelligent conversation and constant cheerfulness supported our failing spirits. To my father he was so absolutely necessary, that whenever he spoke of leaving us, my father earnestly implored him not to think of such a step. "Look," he would say, "at my state, both of mind and body, and see if that poor drooping girl is fit to be left alone with me; and, should I die, who am her only earthly friend, who are there who would trouble themselves even to conduct my helpless orphan to him who *ought* to care for her." These thoughts of bitterness usually overcame my father's firmness, and agitated him cruelly. In truth, my situation was singularly friendless and desolate: I had been so long absent from Sicily, that I had not even an acquaintance there; and my father's estates, at his death, went to a distant heir, whom I had never seen. Charles was, indeed, every thing to us both; and if ever, in the fretfulness of illness, any allusion to past times escaped from my father's lips, he dispelled its bitterness, and consoled me by the reflection that I was, as far as in me lay, atoning for my former waywardness by my present devotion to my parent.

Time reconciles us to all things; and, even on my husband's coldness, I was becoming gradually able to dwell with less intense agony. He wrote kindly to me, and, after the brief triumph of the *Cent Jours*,—not being permitted to accompany the emperor to St. Helena,—he went to Vienna, for, as he said, a short time; after which, he spoke vaguely of my joining him in Italy at some indefinite period. Meanwhile my health and spirits, aided by tranquillity and repose, and sincere efforts after cheerfulness, were slowly resuming something of their former tone.

My real education might now be said to commence. I had felt the vanity of all that I had formerly prized, and knew that all this world had to offer was as nothing without peace of mind, and the internal consciousness of having fulfilled one's duty. Charles Merivale directed me in all my reading; and we sometimes read aloud to my father for hours. He was also my companion in my walks, and assisted me in cultivating the flower-garden which had witnessed the sports of my childhood, and where my poor mother found much of her pleasure. Often did she recur to my memory at this period, as I thought how changed her child was now from the playful happy infant, who had gamboled by her side on that very spot. Yet, though I knew not the happiness I had once believed to exist, I found at length repose, content, and resignation.

After some months of this tranquil life, my father became suddenly much worse; and a few days deprived me of my only earthly stay. On his death bed, he blessed me fervently; and he blessed Charles, who had been, he said, more than a son to him: and, with his dying breath, he implored him to see me safely under my husband's protection, when he should be no more.

As soon as this scene of anguish and distress was ended, I wrote to my husband at Vienna, stating my intention of joining him directly, and entreating him to meet me at Trieste. If this were not *in his power*, as I phrased it (but as my own heavy heart suggested, should it not be his pleasure so to do), I requested to find a letter from him there. When I had terminated, with the assistance of Charles Merivale, all my indispensable affairs at Palermo, our property there having passed into the hands of a distant relation, it became necessary for me again to leave my peaceful home and the new-made grave of my poor father, and turn, with an aching and doubting heart towards new and untried scenes. With bitter emotions I entered the vessel which was to convey me from Palermo, and felt, as I quitted this peaceful haven, that I had now no shelter to look to from the storms of life. My companion left no means untried, to rouse me from the deep sadness in which I was plunged. He spoke of the new duties which awaited me; of his hopes that a brighter future would be mine: and his efforts so far succeeded, that I became calm, and looked forward with firmness and resignation,—in hope, I could not indulge. But Charles was ignorant of all that part of Pontarlier's conduct which weighed the most on my mind. On the afternoon of the second day the wind blew hard, the sun set stormily, and in the evening a violent storm came on, which increased so much as to place us by night in the most imminent danger. I had been seated, unobserved, on a part of the deck; and I preferred remaining there, and knowing, as it were, my fate, to awaiting it below; in the darkness and confusion I was not observed, or I believe I should not have been permitted to remain. Fearful was the gale, with its accompaniments of falling masts, dashing waves, and winds howling around us; and I sat clinging to Charles Merivale's arm, expecting my doom in silent terror, while he endeavoured to give me courage and fortitude, when the captain, passing close to us, and unconscious of our presence, said, in Italian, to his mate, that he had now no hope of escape, and that the vessel could scarce live till morning. I shrank closer to Charles as he spoke; and scarcely were the words uttered, ere I felt myself passionately clasped to his bosom, as he murmured, "My Laura! mine own in death! Oh, happier far than life!" and imprinted on my cheek one long and burning kiss, pressed and prolonged to pain. Oh, at that fearful moment, when the sea was "wreck-strewn and in motion," when all other earthly feelings were hushed by the whirlwind, the veil fell from my eyes,—I felt that I was loved, fervently and truly, and that I loved with my whole soul. Even amid the awful voice of storms, love's whisper is heard distinct and clear, as in a bower of roses; and a few broken questions and replies, made me aware that Charles had long loved me; but knowing my father's wish for an union between Alverton and myself, he had sacrificed his attachment to his dictates of honour. Had I not encouraged Alverton's attentions no power on earth could have restrained him from offering his hand to me; but, believing me engaged, he left me, and returned only to find me married to a man who deserted and neglected me for another.

What a spectacle for one who loved me to distraction was my faded beauty and desolate situation! Yet, true to disinterested affection, and thinking but of my welfare, he shunned my presence, and strove to reconcile my father to me and to Pontarlier; and he succeeded too late. Oh, as all this flashed on my mind in a moment's space, who may know the agony of despair with which I contemplated the work of my own coquetry! What was the storm which roared wildly around us, compared to that far wilder tempest of human passion which raged in my bosom? I was in the arms of one who adored me, and who had loved me long in silence; one to whom I had long been bound by the ties of esteem and gratitude; and, alas! now by the deepest affection;—he seemed my only stay in this bleak world;

and coldly must I turn from such a one, and again offer my heart to him who had scornfully rejected its devotion? Oh! I franticly hoped that the foaming waves would bury in their bosoms together those whose fate on earth was henceforth separate, and spare to frail human nature a trial beyond its strength. As I sat with my head reclining on my lover's shoulder, amid the rolling of the whirlwind and the dashing of the giant-crested waves, I dreaded to awake from the half delirious, agonizing happiness of that terrific night. But my fate was otherwise ordered; the storm abated, morning dawned, and I awoke to the dreary realities of my life, with the additional pang of feeling that I had embittered the existence of one who was dearer to me than the breath of life; and the knowledge that happiness had been within my grasp, and that I had lost it by my own folly and misconduct. Oh, if I had sinned grievously, I was likewise grievously punished, were it only by the fierce agony of this moment, when each throb of my heart was a new sensation of pain. After this discovery of our mutual feelings, Charles and I dared not trust ourselves to speak on the subject which still occupied our thoughts; yet we could thank God from our inmost souls that we were still innocent, and that we now felt all the danger of our situation. Charles behaved to me kindly as ever; but, if possible, even more respectfully than before the fatal storm which had caused the avowal of our feelings towards each other. He looked paler and more wretched each day; and what were my sensations as I looked on one who would have given his dearest earthly hopes to obtain the right to love and protect the deserted and forlorn being who could no longer confer that right on him towards whom her whole soul yearned. In this manner passed the remainder of our voyage, and we landed at length at Trieste, where I expected to find my husband, or at all events a letter directing me what to do. Accordingly as soon as we arrived, I went to the post office, where a letter was put into my hands. On perusing it, it proved to be from a German named Schleugen, who wrote to apprise me that M. Pontarlier had left Vienna for England some time before, and had requested him to open any letters which might arrive during his absence: this gentleman was ignorant at present of M. Pontarlier's address, but expected shortly to hear from him, when he would immediately apprise me. This letter was the last blow to one already nearly sinking under a complication of miseries; and to this hour I can scarcely tell how it was that Charles and I, loving each other fervently as we did, were enabled to resist the temptation of living for each other only. My ties seemed all severed; I had none but him to look to on earth.—Once, and once only, did Charles urge me to unite my fate to his, and discard all other considerations; but for his sake I resisted, and implored him not to oblige me to shun the only friend that still remained to me on earth. After much difficulty and consultation, it was at last decided that I should remain for the present at Trieste. Charles, by the aid of the banker to whom he had a letter of credit, placed me in a respectable family, while he himself remained at an hotel. Indeed I was scarce able to proceed farther, and went as soon as possible to take possession of my new apartments. The family seemed kind and gentle in their manners;—but harassed and worn out, I retired instantly to my chamber, and on the following morning I was found to be delirious, in a raging fever brought on by mental anguish. For six weeks I lay, I believe, with little hope of recovery; but at length my youth triumphed, and I arose from my bed of sickness,—but crushed to the earth, and loathing my life; and each day, which seemed to add strength to my weak frame, removed me farther from the summit of all my earthly hopes,—the quiet grave.

During my illness, Charles Merivale had been admitted twice into my darkened room to gaze on my unconscious form, at moments when it was thought I had but a few hours to live; and now that I was able to be carried to a sofa, I was again to meet him. When he entered the room, although prepared to see me greatly changed, he could not behold unmoved, the wreck he then gazed on; and as he took my faintly offered hand, in spite of every effort to restrain it, his manly soul gave way, and he burst into an uncontrollable passion of tears:—mine flowed not,—I could not weep now, and I endeavoured to comfort him. When he was somewhat more composed, he led me to hope soon for a letter from Pontarlier; and in a few days, as soon as my strength was sufficient to enable me to bear a longer conversation, he brought me a letter from my husband, who had written to the friend by whom he had been apprised of my arrival at Trieste. In this letter, Pontarlier expressed his intention of joining me in a month or two; he blamed me for quitting Palermo so precipitately, as he deemed it, and advised me to remain where I was, until his arrival. Broken-hearted, and weighed down by bodily and mental suffering to the verge of the grave, my Heavenly Father yet enabled me to discern at last my path of duty, and that I resolved to pursue. I therefore told Charles Merivale that to part was now our only remaining pang—that our respective duties were, for him to return to his family in England; and for me, alas! to bend to mine own dark fate in silent bitterness of soul. It was long ere I could prevail on him to listen to the idea of this separation from one so deserted as myself; but a strength, not of this world, was given to me,—and in the midst of the anguish I felt myself, and saw I was inflicting on one so dear to me, I was yet enabled to persevere; and had at all events the inward consolation of believing that I was fulfilling my duty, bitter as that fulfilment was. Perhaps I never should have possessed courage, had I not felt as I thought, a certainty that I should not long cumber the earth, and that a little more or less of suffering for the short time I had to remain, was of small consequence; beside, I was deeply anxious to detach Charles from the thought of one who could but blight all the fair prospects of his opening life.

At last I conquered; and the day for Charles' departure was fixed, after many a struggle between duty and passion. I cannot describe my own state of feeling as I gazed on him and thought that in a few short days we should have parted for ever on this side the grave, and that it was at my own earnest entreaty that he left me; and as I withstood his wishes to remain at Trieste, at all events until I had some protector, I sometimes ventured to hope that my heart, whose every throb was a sensation of pain, would break in the effort and be at peace. Oh those days were indeed far more allied to madness than to reason!—There was madness in my burning brain; and my bosom, which has long ceased to answer to the touch of earthly feelings, thrills even yet with anguish at the recollection of those hours. The day—the fatal morning arrived. I do not know what passed at our last farewell,—I believe I was calm and passive; my misery was far too intense for tears; I only recollect, when Charles left the room and the door closed after him, rushing to the window and seeing him stop and look towards the house, with an expression of bitter anguish in his countenance, and then rapidly hurry on till he turned the corner of the street, whence he vanished from my sight—then it was that the whole horror of my situation rushed upon my mind. He was gone—gone for ever! driven from me by my own act, my own positive will. I should see him no more! The overwhelming thoughts, which rolled like a torrent over my soul, of what I had been, what I was, and of what I might have been, made the agony of that moment more intense than my weakened frame could support; and I know no more of this period, until I awoke to the consciousness of my desolation some days after, when I found myself again stretched on a sick bed. My tale is now well nigh told;—my recovery was slow; and ere it was established, a brighter hope sprang up within me of another and a better world. In a few months I saw Pontarlier, who was struck at finding me so altered; his manner was kind on meeting, but gay and with spirits unbroken as when he had first flattered in a Paris salon the beautiful and envied Laura; now a pale, broken-hearted wretch, weighed down by her faults and her sorrows to the verge of that bourn from which no traveller returns. I received my husband calmly and without reproach; but my whole appearance was a living reproach, which it could not be pleasant to him to witness. He proposed to me, however, to accompany him to Vienna, where I have continued to live ever since as one not of this world.

My husband is often absent; and when with me, partakes of gaieties which, even if I were inclined to share, my broken health would not admit of; and my thoughts and wishes are now all turned to a better world—weaned by sorrow and repentance from this.

From Charles Merivale, I have had two letters: the first written immediately on his arrival in England, full of his own generous feeling and anxiety for me, which I answered by an entreaty to cease writing unless some event of importance befel him; for of course my heart would never, while it beat on this side of the grave, cease to feel an interest in his fate. I urged him to fulfil the wishes of his family, and marry; and I asked as a last request, that he would himself communicate this intelligence to me. Eighteen months afterwards, I received a letter from him, stating that after a long and painful struggle, he had determined on yielding to the wishes of his parents; and that the following month was to witness his union with a person every way suited to him, and whom he would make happy. This letter was most kindly written, as though to a sister. I was pleased at the tidings; but oh, even then—I blush to write it—frail human nature claimed her part, and a flood of tears, the first I had shed for many a weary day, flowed from my eyes. I dried them in shame and sorrow, and earnestly prayed for his happiness; I thanked God I had not destroyed it, and that I was the only sufferer, as I had been the only sinner. Oh, I was deeply thankful! I had but one remaining treasure to which any special remembrance of Charles was attached; this was a set of pearls, given me by my poor father, in our happy days in Paris, and chosen by him: many afflictive recollections attached to these ornaments, now unfit for me. When I answered Charles' letter, which I did with calm, kind, and friendly congratulations, I sent these pearls, entreating him to give them to his young bride, for whom they were fitting and proper decorations;—and he did so. I feel my last earthly tie severed; and I am now told by my physician, and my own feelings confirm me in the belief, that I have but few weeks at the utmost to live. This paper will not be seen until after my death,—when I am no more, may it deter some other Laura from my faults; and thus enable her to shun the just, but heavy earthly punishment they have brought upon me. I humbly trust the contrition I have felt for them, may have purchased pardon and peace in the sight of Him whose mercy is not as that of men.

L. H. L.

SUNRISE.

BY EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

From a rejected Drama.

Scene,—a Mountain-top, in Greece.

Demetrius and *Janira* stand looking forth towards the east.

Janira.—How long will 't be before the sun comes forth?

Demetrius.—Even now he's at Heaven's portal. Dost not see
How all the eastern sky is touched with fire;
While overhead, and westward, is deep blue?
And there 's one cloud, the only one in th' heaven,
Floating upon the golden atmosphere
Like a huge rock of ruby.

Janira.—Beautiful!
Most beautiful!—oh! have I lived till now,
And ne'er seen this?
Demetrius.—How men will haste, and crowd
To see a monarch in his tawdry state!
Yet the great king of light goes daily up
To his resplendent throne, and scarce an eye
Follows his rising.
Janira.—But Demetrius,—
Where is the glorious stretch of prospect round
You talked of? All below us, is dense mist,—
Nought visible but this huge mountain's top,—
And one or two below us, that scarce lift
Their bald heads through the fog. Our morning's toil
So far is lost;—yet I repent it not:
For, though the earth be hid, yet this fair Heaven
Is beautiful beyond the scope of thought
To him that hath not known it:—and the air,
How fresh and sweet!—and this most solemn stillness,
As though all life had bowed the adoring head
In worship of Heaven's King! Demetrius,
Oh! is it not most beautiful?
Demetrius.—Go on
With thy sweet musings. All that 's beautiful,
In earth or heaven, seems yet more beautiful
In thy loved praises. What, to man, were earth,
With all its pomp of mountain and rich plain?
What ocean, with its ever-varying might?

What the bright ceiling of unbounded space,—
The unapproachable glory of the sun,
Or midnight, myriad-starred?—Oh! what, to man,
Were all, if woman were not? Her sweet voice
Gives fragrance to the sweetest breath of morn;
To noon gives brightness,—calmness to the eve,—
And cheerfulness unto the gloom of night.
Janira.—This is the tale you tell in every ear;
And all believe it.
Demetrius.—Dost not thou?
Janira.—Be sure on 't.

* * * * * *

Demetrius.—Look, my love,
The mist is clearing off; and spots of green
Appear, like islands in the vapouring flood.
Anon 't will all pass off; and then I 'll shew thee
A hundred places that are dear to me
From sweet remembrance.
Janira.—Look! Demetrius—look!
The sun is peeping, like a burning eye,
Above the far earth's rim. Oh, beautiful!
See—up into the sky a thousand rays
Shoot round;—
Demetrius.—And all the mountain tops are touched;
Janira. — And the green forest is all capped with gold;—
Now he goes up. Oh! the whole world should wake
To see this majesty! Demetrius,

Let *us* behold it often; for methinks,
This sight would keep us virtuous, more than aught
Philosopher or priest could talk to us.
Who, that saw this, could on that day do ill?
Look—look! But now I cannot look.
Demetrius.—Then hear me—

* * * * * *

Janira.—We must confer again, and yet again,
Before this step be taken. Shew me now
The places that you spake of; for the mist
Is melting off, and gives to view a world,—
Or what might seem such. How magnificent!
Demetrius.—We 'll mount our horses; for a hundred points
Give each a different prospect, and all grand.
Come, my beloved—one happy morn we 'll have,
Though sorrow come at eve.
Janira.—Oh! do not fear.

TO THE RIVER LEA.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

If by thy banks, O! gently winding stream,
No Minstrel chords in ecstasy have rung;
Nor child of Art, in Inspiration's dream,
O'er thy glassed wave with airy pencil hung,—
To one at least, the quivering sallows pale,
And rustling sedge, and fields with kingcups gay,
Which fringe thy course through many a low-browed vale,
(When Memory summons back life's long-past May)
Rise fraught with magic influence.—Joy and Peace
On thy green verge, mild flood, and waters be!
And when this hand, unstrung from toil, shall cease,
May hundreds still, in happy childhood free,
Taste the same sweets from cloudless youth's increase
As I, when sporting once untired, by thee.

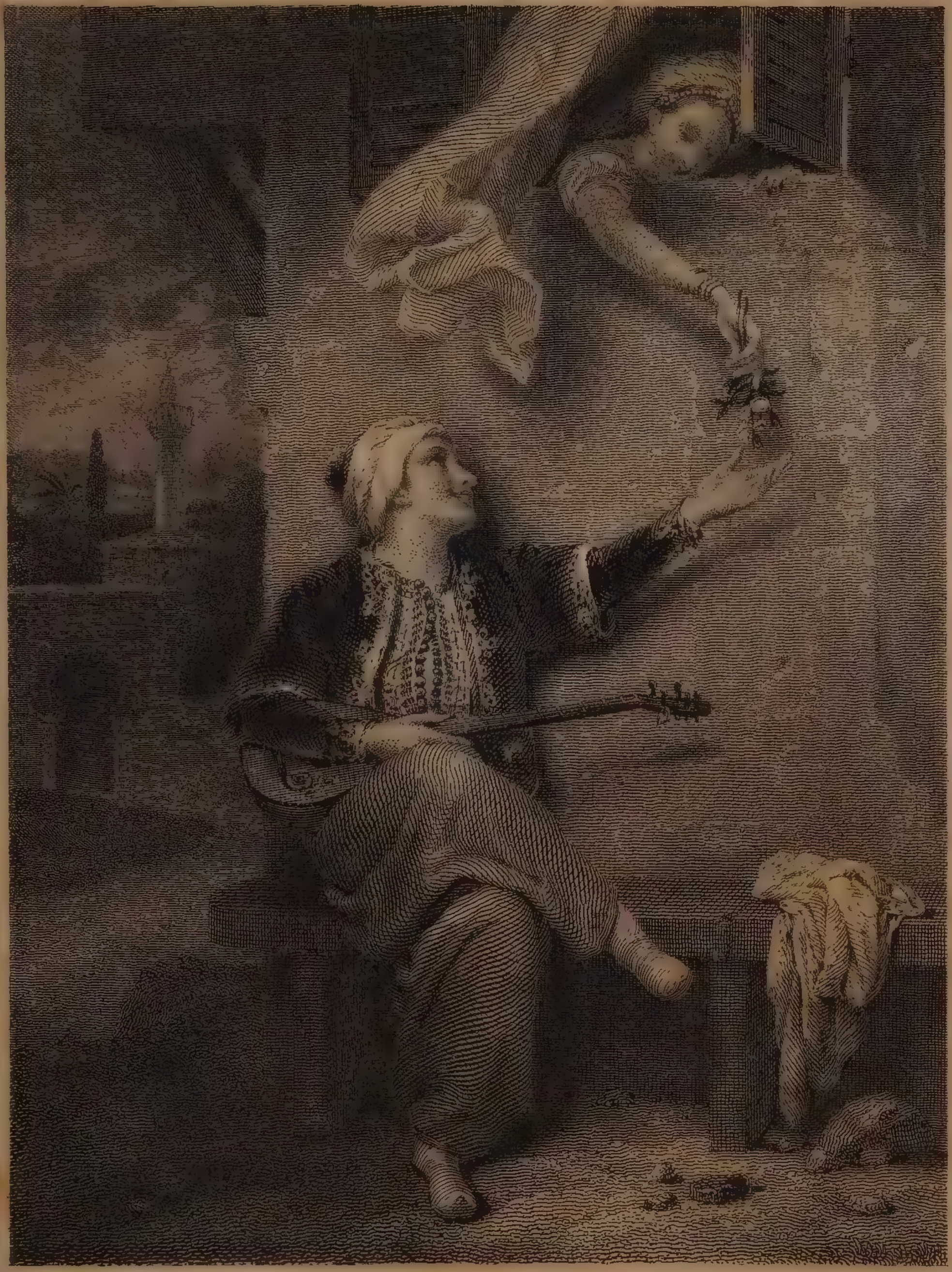
THE ORIENTAL LOVE-LETTER.

I.

'Tis eve, and from her lattice high
  An Eastern maid is bending,
Where music breathes to waft a sigh
  On the soft breeze ascending:
His voice is on the trembling string!
  But she may not greet her lover;
Her timid hand dare only fling
  A silent token over.
That token! though Love's magic powers
  To do his hests have bound it,
Is but a knot of fragrant flowers
  With a silver cord around it.

II.

Ah Love! thou play'st a wizard's part,
  To fling an ample dower
Of meanings, whispering to the heart
  Even through the simplest flower!



Detouches, pinxt.   W. Ensom sculpt.

THE ORIENTAL LOVE LETTER

Published for the Proprietors of the Literary Souvenir. 1833.

On granite rock no pen of steel
  More deeply could indent them;
No winged words more truths reveal,
  Than those thy spells have lent them:
The granite rock to time will yield,
  The words be lost when spoken;
But every blossom in the field
  Renews thy gentle token.

III.

Those loving eyes, when years are gone,
  Though dimmed by time and sorrow,
May turn life's long rough path upon
  Dreams of the past to borrow.
Oft as some garden, rich in all
  This summer-eve discloses,
Shall Love's young blessed hours recall,
  Twined with its budding roses.
So twined and bound, the hand of time
  Shall cast no darkness o'er them;
For each bright year's returning prime
  Is mighty to restore them.

Σ.

A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

I.

'T is a fitting time for hope to die,
  When all is dying round us;
When the flowers in withered fragrance lie
  Whose wreaths so lately crowned us.

II.

'T is a fitting time for sorrow's shade
  To cast its darkness o'er us,
When all in heaven and earth doth fade,
  And look so blank before us.

III.

The skies are grey, the winds are chill,
  The earth is sad and dreary;
And human bosoms feel the ill,
  And sigh till they are weary.

IV.

All that is gay and bright and fair,
  In nature's works is sleeping;
Then why should we escape from care,
  When 't is the time for weeping?

Z.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A TALE OF THE THIRD CRUSADE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BRIDE OF THE NILE."

It was on the last day of July, in the year 1191, that Philip Augustus, king of France, quitted Palestine for ever. Envious of the valour and success of his rival Cœur de Lion, and incensed at the opposition made by the English king to his wishes respecting the disposal of the now nominal crown of Jerusalem, he had only delayed his departure to gain the reluctant consent of the crusaders to the election of his favourite, Conrad, marquis of Monferrat and prince of Tyre, to that dignity. He considered that Guy de Lusignan had lost all right to the throne on the death of his wife Sybilla, who, as elder daughter of the late king Almeric, inherited the kingdom of Jerusalem as her dower. Upon her decease, the regal *title* (for it was no more) devolved on her sister Isabel, who had been forced into an alliance with the fierce prince of Tyre, that he might claim a throne which the powers of christendom had failed to keep from the grasp of the infidel. After much contention, the generous Richard had at length yielded Cyprus to Lusignan, and confirmed to Conrad the title of king of Jerusalem; upon which concession, Philip Augustus set sail for Europe, leaving thousands of his faithful troops in the Holy Land and Jerusalem, in the power of the warlike Saladin.

Before his departure, he repaired to Tyre, and delivered into the hands of Conrad his royal share of the spoil of Acre; amongst which was a body of Saracen prisoners of rank. The king of England resenting this distribution of captives, whom he considered as belonging by right to himself, sent messengers to Tyre to demand their restoration, under penalty of withdrawing his sanction from the recent election; but the haughty marquis refused to obey his mandate, and revenged himself for the affront upon his unfortunate captives. He caused them to walk barefoot through the streets of Tyre, whilst the inhuman soldiers goaded them on with their lances, until several women and children sank under their sufferings. Among the victims was a lovely female, who having fainted under the weight of her chains and the cruelty of her oppressors, was designedly and savagely trampled beneath the hoofs of one of the soldiers' horses. A young and fierce-looking Saracen, who had all along shewn such spirit and dauntlessness, as almost to awe his persecutors into respect, on witnessing this act of brutality, with a gigantic effort burst his chains, and rushing like a tiger on the murderer of the unfortunate maiden, tore him from his horse, and before his fellow soldiers could rescue him, with one grasp of his unarmed hand, forced his breath from his body. A hundred lances were levelled at him; and the brave Saracen must have expired beneath the thrusts of his assailants, had not a knight advanced to his relief, and planting himself before the prostrate body of the infidel commanded the soldiers to desist. They appeared at first unwilling to obey, but yielded as the knight, raising his vizor, disclosed the features of Henri, count of Champagne, one of the best and noblest barons of France. "The infidel is mine," he exclaimed; "I will answer this to the prince of Tyre." He then called around him his vassals, and while the melancholy procession moved on, they raised the young Saracen from the ground: he had already received several wounds, but the count had him removed to his own residence, and ordering the attendance of a skilful leech, proceeded to the prince's palace. It was with a beating heart that Henri passed through its marble courts; he had not entered them since the fatal day, when cruel policy had given the beloved of his heart to the prince Monferrat. The beautiful Isabel of Jerusalem, had been betrothed in her infancy to Vrefroi, lord of Thoron, but the solemn contract was broken from political motives by the power of the church, and the princess released from the dreaded authority of her unseen lord, to be forced into an alliance still more detested.

The king of France and the guardians of the gentle girl, commanded, persuaded, and threatened, till, within one day after her divorce from Vrefroi, the bishop of Beauvais joined her reluctant hand with that of Conrad. The maiden's dream of happiness was gone,—for she had loved, and been beloved: Henri, count of Champagne, the handsome and the brave, had breathed into her ear the tale of his devoted affection. They had wept together over her fatal betrothment to the lord of Thoron—they had promised with an exchange of rings, to love none but each other; and as the hand of Isabel rested in that of Henri, she had vowed that her marriage with Vrefroi should never be accomplished. It never was;—but where were the lovers? Isabel, bearing in the palace of Conrad the empty title of queen, and the hated one of bride: Henri, on the field of glory, praying that the scymetar of the Saracen might end a life no longer worth preserving! The duty of a soldier had taken the knight of Champagne into the city of his rival, where he had beheld the effects of that rival's cruelty. Nothing but the sacred cause of humanity could have led him beneath the same roof with Isabel, and he left it again without seeing her. An exorbitant ransom, claimed by the mercenary Conrad, transferred his prisoner to the power of Henri, who returned with his prize to the camp of the christians then at Acre, and soon afterwards joined the army of Cœur de Lion.

The crusaders gained the battle of Azotus, and having driven back the army of Saladin, marched unmolested to Jaffa and Ramula, and saw the road to Jerusalem open before them. The soldiers would have proceeded thither directly, but Richard was dissuaded by the Templars from an undertaking so hopeless, as the infidel army lay encamped between them and the Holy City. He therefore retraced his way to Ascalon, and took up his quarters there for the winter.

During the unusual severity of the season, and the hardships occasioned by famine, Henri was often indebted to the gratitude of his prisoner. Ahmed, for so he called himself, rose each day in the count's estimation: he was young and vigorous, gigantic in his frame, and handsome in his person; there was a sternness in his manner, and a fire in his large dark eye, which commanded immediate respect; yet he was submissive to the will of his captor, though it was evidently the submission of attachment, not that of compulsion: his talents and penetration were of the highest order, and it was often to his suggestions that Henri owed success in the field and wisdom in the council.

By Ahmed's advice, the count retained his allegiance to Richard when the Duke of Burgundy and most of the French knights deserted his standard to join that of Conrad of Montferrat, who had entered into an alliance with Saladin; and in return for his services, when a treaty of peace was set on foot between Richard and Saladin, (to be cemented by the marriage of Richard's sister, the widow of William king of Sicily, and Saphadin the sultan's brother), Henri generously gave the noble Saracen his liberty without ransom; only entreating that for his sake he would in future be merciful to such christians as might fall into his hands. Ahmed bent before his benefactor, and taking the steed and purse presented him by the count, swore by Allah and his holy prophet, that the deed of the christian knight should not pass unrecompensed; he then leaped joyfully on his charger, and waving his hand, darted off with the rapidity of lightning. Henri sighed as he re-entered his tent, for he had loved the high-souled moslem, and a slight moisture hung on his eyelid as the figure of Ahmed disappeared in the distance.

The negociations between the rival powers proceeded but slowly: Christians and Saracens alike objected to a marriage so preposterous as that between an English princess and a pagan. The necessity for Richard's return to England became more urgent; but he waited till he could leave behind him such a chief of the christians in Palestine, as should secure the peace and repose of the pilgrims. Guy de Lusignan, and Conrad of Montferrat, were still candidates for the crown of Jerusalem: the public voice was in favour of the warlike Conrad; Lusignan was despised by all; therefore Richard, nobly over-looking the declared enmity of the prince of Tyre, and his alliance with Saladin, permitted him again to be declared king.

Preparations were making in Tyre for the coronation of Montferrat; and as both Richard and Saladin were to attend the august ceremony, a truce was concluded for forty days, which permitted every Christian and Saracen to pass unquestioned through each other's territories; when four messengers arrived breathless at the camp, with tidings that Conrad had been murdered in the streets of Tyre. Two Saracens had slain him as he was passing on foot to his palace: they had been seized and tortured, and when on the rack, had confessed that they were of the tribe of the Assassins, or Ismaëlians; and that it was by order of the Old Man of the Mountain, their chief, they had committed the deed—but why they knew not. Their confession received no credit; and there were among the secret foes of the English king, hearts base enough to believe that Cœur de Lion had instigated the murder: but he took instant measures to repel the slander, and sent to Tyre his companion in arms, and faithful ally, Henri of Champagne, to clear up the mystery, and demand from the widowed queen, Isabel, the resignation of the city.

Full of vague and tumultuous hopes and fears, the count of Champagne, followed by a band of trusty vassals, reached the gates of Tyre; they were closed against him, and it was not till he had represented that he was an ambassador from the camp, that he was permitted to enter the city. As soon as he reached the palace, he demanded to be instantly conducted to the queen of Jerusalem; but he was told that illness prevented her from seeing him. For many days he repeated his appeal, but in vain; at last, as he was leaving the palace almost in despair, he perceived that he was followed by a black slave, who, on being questioned by him, placed his finger on his lips, as if to impose silence. Without any manifestation of surprise, Henri conducted the Nubian to his quarters. The slave threw himself at the count's feet, and revealed the fatal intelligence that Isabel had been carried off by the Saracens, but where he knew not: some of her attendants declared that her ravishers had taken the road to Sidon, others, that to Damascus; but all agreed in the policy of concealing the queen's disappearance from the crusaders. Without a moment's hesitation, Henri determined to rescue her or perish in the attempt; he rewarded the friendly slave, and after issuing orders in the queen's name that the city walls should be strongly garrisoned, and the gates shut both against friend and foe, only delayed to see his attendants armed and mounted before he left Tyre.

Uncertain of the track he was to pursue, he first proceeded to Sidon, in the hope (as that city was but five leagues north of Tyre) of gaining some intelligence of the fugitives, at the same time carefully concealing the rank of their captive. No such party had been seen or heard of; and after a brief interval of anxious doubt, the count determined to proceed direct for Damascus, as the nearest city of the infidels; fully prepared, if he were so happy as to find her there, to pledge his hereditary domains, his name, his honour, nay his very existence, rather than leave her one hour unransomed. The road from Sidon to Damascus was difficult, the way lying chiefly through the mountains of Lebanon, among which were many strongholds of the moslems; but Henri knew that during a time of truce he might pass through them unmolested, such was the mutual good faith of the rival powers. Having, therefore, engaged a trusty guide, after supplying himself and his followers with every necessary for the march, he set out on his perilous journey.

It was the beginning of May, and although in the cold north, spring had but just disclosed her fragrant beauties, in those favoured climes of the east, the landscape glowed with all the richness of the golden summer. The mid-day sun shone brightly on the olive groves of Sidon, as the count with his trusty followers left the city gates; he spurred his powerful horse, and relaxed not his speed, till leaving the fruitful plain he reached the foot of Lebanon. At first the ascent, though slow, was easy; the road wound for some time beneath the shade of thick trees, and the sides of the mountains were overgrown with myrtle, oleander, and clusters of cyclamen, whilst the ground was variegated with anemones, tulips, marigolds, and a thousand aromatic plants. But the way soon grew more steep and difficult; and after nearly two hours' toil, the evening closed in, and the travellers dismounted to rest for the night beside the fountain of Ambuslee.

At daybreak the eager Henri roused his vassals, and vaulting into his saddle, led them on their way, closely following his guide. The flowery wilderness through which they had hitherto passed, was now intersected by rapid torrents, which, as if rejoicing to escape from their icy bondage, rushed foaming and sparkling to the beautiful vales below: as they approached the highest ridge of the mountain, all vegetation ceased, and nature seemed to droop beneath the stern encroachments of the regions of eternal snow. Having passed the summit, they descended on the other side, and following the course of a wild stream till it flowed into the river Leontes, or, as it was called amongst the Arabs, the waters of Lebanon, they reached the wide and lovely vale of Bucca. This garden of Syria now bloomed in its richest luxuriance; it was almost a wilderness of roses, blushing a deeper crimson in the warm sunbeams, while beside the broad and noble river, towered in stately ranks the majestic lilies of Palestine, slightly bending their glowing heads, as if they could behold nothing fairer than their own image reflected in the stream. But Henri heeded not the beauties that surrounded him;—he thought most of Isabel, and the perils to which she was exposed, and sighed as his strong war-horse trampled on the flowers in his path: "Even thus," he said, pursuing his melancholy reflections, aloud, "perhaps that fairer flower is crushed! ah! wherefore do I linger on the path which leads me to avenge her!" He spurred his steed, and crossing the Leontes at the bridge of Kor-aven, proceeded at a rapid pace along its banks. Night came on, and he was again compelled to encamp, and await the rise of another day; for the road was so intricate and broken up by torrents, whose fords were perpetually varying, that his guide would not attempt to lead the way.

Next day the travellers passed, by virtue of the truce, without molestation, through several small villages, and hurried across the vale, to the foot of Antilibanus, whose ascent, like that of Lebanon, was at first easy, but afterwards became rocky and difficult. These crossed the rivulet of Ayn-yentloe, now swelled to a mighty stream by the partial melting of snows. They then entered a gorge of the mountains; and after four hours' toilsome march, arrived at Demass, on the heights. Here they procured fresh provisions, and here the guide would have halted for the night, but the impatience of Henri would brook no unnecessary delay, and as there still remained a few hours of daylight, he determined to pursue his way. The road descended, though but gently; and they had not proceeded many leagues, when the night closed in and found them on a wide plain, without grass for their horses, and with only a little stagnant water in the hollows of the rocky ground, so infested with reptiles as to be almost useless; yet here they were compelled to encamp, whilst the howling of the wind, and the incessant croaking of frogs, almost prevented their repose.

A tent had been pitched for the count; and wrapped in his cloak, Henri's murmured prayer for his lady-love had died on his lips, and her fair form had mingled with the visions of his sleep, when a low sound, apparently close to his ear, caused him to arise, and grasp the trusty sword by his side. By the dim light of a rude torch which his squire had placed at his feet, he perceived that he was alone; and paused, doubtful whether his fancy had not deluded him, when again, close to the canvass of his tent, he distinctly heard a low, deep-toned voice, chanting a kind of hymn:—he listened for a moment; the words were Arabic (a language with which his intercourse with Ahmed had familiarized him), but the tone was so low, he could merely distinguish the words, "Sheikh al Jebal;" at that dreaded name he grasped his sword more fiercely, and snatching the torch from its stand, rushed out of his tent. No one was stirring within the narrow precincts of his little encampment: he aroused his followers, and despatched scouts in every direction in pursuit of the midnight intruder, but in vain; no trace remained to shew the path he had taken. The rest of the night and part of the ensuing day were passed in useless endeavours to penetrate the mystery; and it was late when the count pursued his way, his brow still clouded by the occurrence of the night.

Here then, perhaps, was some clue which might enable him to discover the place to which the queen of Jerusalem had been conveyed. He knew too well that the Sheikh al Jebal, or, as he was named among the crusaders, the Old Man of the Mountain, was the chief of a bloody sect of mahometans, called the Ismaëlians, or Assassins, who dwelt in the northern chain of Lebanon, and possessed the territories of Maysat and Tortosa. They were a race justly feared, both by Christians and Saracens, as they owned allegiance to none, and their vengeance was easily provoked.

Could it be, that the confession of Conrad's murderers, though disbelieved at the time, was true?—Was the Sheikh indeed the author of the foul deed, and the ravisher of Isabel? Maddened with the thought, he dashed down the steep descent, nor once reined in his charger, till arrested by the river Barada; this he crossed by a rude bridge, formed by the trunks of trees thrown in their rough state, across the stream. He then ascended by a steep and rocky way, which brought him to the brink of a precipice, at the bottom of which the rapid stream he had before crossed pursued its impetuous course, the mountain having been cleft asunder to give it admission to the plain. On this precipice, despite his anxiety, Henri paused, and gazed in mute wonder on the glories of the vale of Bochat, one of the four paradises of the world.

The sun's red disc just touched the verge of distant Lebanon, tipping with brightness the chain of mountains which afar off bounded the delicious prospect, and illuminating with its rosy light the innumerable domes and minarets of Damascus, which lay in the centre of the plain, embosomed in a verdant mass of widely extended woods. The hum of wild bees, feasting on the flowers, was mingled with the murmur of the breeze as it wafted towards him the sweet tones of the muezzin which called the moslems to their evening prayer, and bore on its wings the perfumed breath of the aromatic groves and blooming gardens around the city; the hundred streams which intersected them, reflected the glowing sky above; whilst the sparkling showers of many fountains were seen, at intervals, catching the fast receding sunbeams, which still gleamed on the palaces and marble kiosks scattered around. The foot of the christian knight rested on the very spot where once the prophet Mahomet had stood, and having viewed the ravishing loveliness of the vale beneath him, turned, and departed the way he came, exclaiming, "There ought to be but one paradise allowed to man, and mine shall never be on earth!"

But Henri thought only of this fair land in the hands of the enemies of the true faith, and was slowly withdrawing his eyes from the beautiful landscape as it faded in the grey tint of approaching twilight, when a voice whispered by his side, "Go not to Damascus—slavery and death await thee there." He started, turned round, and saw a figure wrapped in dark drapery retreating towards a small edifice on the highest part of the precipice. He threw himself from his horse, and commanding his men to await his return, pursued the stranger, who, before he could be overtaken, disappeared under the low archway of the building, which looked like the sepulchre of some sheikh. The knight instantly followed, unsheathing his sword; the shades of evening threw an indistinctness on the scene; but he found himself in a low vaulted apartment, and heard an opposite door close as he entered;—he re-opened it, and passed on. All was darkness; but the sound of footsteps guided him forward: in his haste he would have fallen down some steps, had he not availed himself of a projection for support;—still he hesitated not, but descended a narrow winding stair-case, so long, it seemed as if leading into the very bowels of the earth. He again heard a door close at a distance, and redoubled his speed till he reached it, but it was of iron, and resisted all his efforts. So much time was lost in fruitless endeavours to open it, that he was resolved to return, when his hand rested on a spring, which yielded to its pressure, and the door slowly unclosed. The apartment beyond, seemed to be a large vault, from the body of air which rushed against his face; but it was in total darkness. He paused to listen,—not a sound broke the profound stillness; it was evident the mysterious figure had departed by some other passage, as not the faintest breathing could have escaped him. Slowly traversing the rugged and broken pavement, till he reached the other side, he passed his hand along the wall, hoping to find another way of exit, but in vain. As he proceeded, he came in contact with some hard object, and the clanking of his armour, which was repeated by the surrounding echoes, acquainted him with the vast extent of the place he was in,—he had struck against a stone coffin, or the low pedestal of some fallen statue, and he seated himself upon it, determining to wait till daylight should enable him to renew his search, if indeed light ever penetrated into this dreary vault. He had passed some time, his armed head resting against the wall, and his sword in his hand, in deep meditation or eager watchfulness, when the voice he had twice before so strangely heard, recalled him from his reverie, by exclaiming, still in Arabic, "rise, and follow me." After a moment's bewildered hesitation, Henri obeyed; his conductor passed through a door which yielded without a sound to the touch, and they immediately descended a flight of steps; at the bottom of which, a long gallery led to another door, through which the night breeze blew freshly on his face. The count and his strange guide now stood upon a wide platform cut in the side of the mountain, which formed an arch over-head, whose outline was broken against the sky by clusters of overhanging shrubs. Henri advanced to the edge, and perceived that he overlooked the landscape on which he had before gazed with so much admiration; but he saw it from a point much lower in the mountain, and its beauties were dimly revealed by the silvery light of the moon which shone over the valley, leaving the cavern where he stood, in such deep shadow, that he could not distinguish even the figure of his companion. At length the latter addressing him, said, "Henri of Champagne, Damascus holds not her whom thou seekest; may the wrath of Allah be on me, if thou find her not in the power of the Old Man of the Mountain."

"Ha! sayest thou," cried the knight in agony, "Isabel in the power of such a monster? speak to me yet once more—tell me what thou knowest of her fate?" He paused for a reply; but receiving none, sternly added, "thou art deceiving me! thy words are spoken to draw me from the only path which will lead me to her, or, traitor that thou art, thou wouldest lure me to the den of the Assassins."

"Christian," replied the stranger in a tone at once calm and severe, "were thy destruction my desire, even now, as thou didst hang over this beetling precipice, could I not have plunged thee into the river beneath? Nay, I need but let thee continue thy route to Damascus, where the slaves of Djeladdeddin, the Sheikh al Jebal, await thee, to secure thy fate. Knowest thou this?" he continued,—taking from his bosom, and presenting to Henri, the well known ring he had in happier days exchanged with Isabel. "By this token thou mayest rely upon my truth; take it,—for the present we part, I dare no longer risk discovery by thy vassals; meet me unattended, the second evening from this, among the ruins of Balbec."

Henri took the ring in silent astonishment, and before he could reply, perceived he was alone. The stranger had disappeared as suddenly and noiselessly as though he had melted into air. The count was startled; but rallying his self-possession, paced the platform and called aloud: the rocks alone echoed to his voice; again he shouted, and the blast of a bugle from his followers above came sweetly on the air. His eye was now more accustomed to the uncertain light, and he perceived that the door through which he had entered stood partly open; he easily found his way back into the vault; a torch was stuck in the wall on the other side, and advancing towards it he saw another open door; he took the light, and without pausing to examine further, soon regained the outer court of the sepulchre. He could not doubt, spite of the equivocal nature of his information, that he had been hitherto following a false track: there was something in the manner of the stranger which commanded respect and belief, and dreading lest delay should yet further endanger Isabel, he finally decided on retracing his way to the river Barada. This he did to the unaffected astonishment of his people and the guide, as soon as the light permitted them to commence their journey.

Recrossing the river by the same rude bridge as before, they took a more northerly direction. After riding about an hour and a half, the guide pointed out an ancient structure on a hill above them, which he said was called the tomb of Abel; the knight crossed himself as he trod the ground which had received the first blood shed by the human race, and mused on the miseries of the sons of earth.

They then entered a narrow gorge between two rocky mountains, with the Barada running at the bottom, when a sudden shadow across his path made him raise his eyes to some gigantic pillars which stood on the other side of the river; they seemed part of the ruins of some splendid temple, whose name was lost in oblivion. Henri paused not to examine these witnesses of the decay of all earthly grandeur, but continued his route beside the river, till the close of day, when the party encamped in a beautiful meadow beside the fountain of Ayn el Hawra.

On the morrow they passed the source of the Barada, and in two hours more left the narrow valley, and ascended a mountain on their left. In about three hours, they arrived at Balbec, where they encamped beside a delicious fountain without the town. As soon as evening closed, Henri having refreshed himself, proceeded alone to the splendid ruins of the temple of the Sun. That glorious luminary shed his last rays upon the altar, once hallowed by his worshippers, as the knight traversed its lonely precincts. His way lay through a small circular marble building, surrounded by Corinthian pillars, which seemed to be employed as a place of prayer by the few inhabitants of this once noble city: from this a ruined but stately arcade led him to the foot of a giant flight of marble steps, which he ascended but slowly, for his progress was impeded by broken pillars and fragments of sculpture, teeming with thousands of glittering lizards, which, on his approach, glided swiftly to their marble homes. On reaching the top, he found himself beneath a superb colonnade, whose lofty pillars, of the most exquisite workmanship, encompassed the whole temple, and formed the portico; its roof of massive stone was hollowed into arches, and adorned with the divinities of sculpture, so long worshipped by Greece and Rome. The crusader, as he paused in admiration of their matchless beauty, half forgave the fond idolatry that had once deemed them holy and immortal. The twilight now deepened, and he passed onward as quickly as the increasing difficulties of his way permitted. The portico terminated in a mass of wilder ruin than any he had yet seen, and he perceived he had arrived at what had once been the vestibule, or ante-temple. Fragments of the stately architrave and sculptured cornice were scattered around in sad evidence of all that time had destroyed, and he sighed as he passed over that beautiful wreck. He entered the lofty gate, without pausing to admire its majestic proportions, and found himself in the interior of the mighty temple.

It had no other roof than the blue arch of the distant heavens, where the vesper stars were already visible: its vast extent, and the deep shadow of its lofty walls, gave it a dreamy indistinctness that accorded well with the scene and the hour: he trod the rich but broken pavement with a feeling of awe he in vain endeavoured to account for or to subdue. All was silent, save the fluttering of wild doves, which, disturbed from their secluded nests by the unwonted sound of human footsteps, settled on the tops of the ruined pillars, and broke the melancholy stillness with their soft and plaintive note. Henri gazed long and earnestly through the gloom, but could discern nothing beyond the objects which immediately surrounded him; and, thinking his unknown monitor might be concealed within the building, and await his approach to disclose himself, moved cautiously along the walls. They were ornamented with two rows of pilasters, one above the other, with niches between them, that had formerly contained statues of the inferior gods; but they were now empty and desolate, the divinities they had once enshrined having, like their worshippers, passed away, with scarcely a memorial to tell where they had been. After exploring many of these dark recesses, he at last came to one much larger than the rest, and imagined he beheld a shrouded form standing beside it; on a nearer approach, however, the chill touch of marble convinced him that he had mistaken a figure, sculptured in strong relief, for the object he sought. At length, weary of his fruitless search, he seated himself on the steps of a sort of throne or altar near the centre of the temple, between two gigantic pillars, which seemed to have once supported a canopy above. He had not rested long, when he heard a hasty footstep, and the voice of the mysterious stranger demanded if he were alone.

“ I am,” replied the count. “ Behold me here, as thou didst require; strange and wond’rous being! I await thy disclosure! restore me but Isabel, and wealth uncounted shall be thine!”

"Thou art watched, count," replied the same voice, in a low tone. "Danger is on thy path: thou hast not escaped the vigilance of the Sheikh al Jebal: stratagem, not force, can alone rescue the queen from his hands. Thy journey must be pursued on foot, and without other attendant than myself. Nay, hear me," he continued, as Henri uttered an exclamation of distrust and impatience—"there are secret paths, known but to me; thy people must remain at Balbec, awaiting thy return, and report thee ill in thy tent to the few inhabitants of the town: even then the emissaries of Djeladdeddin may hardly be escaped. Some token must be sent by me to thy esquire; for again thou mayst not join the people, till the queen of Jerusalem be saved."

"If I should trust thee," exclaimed the count, in a doubting tone—

"Nay, trust me not, unless it be thy pleasure, count," cried his companion. "The way is before thee: say ay, and I will lead thee to Isabel; say nay, and I am gone for ever. But haste, the night is advancing, and I must be many leagues hence ere the sun gilds the farthest mountain height."

"I have decided," replied the knight, as he drew from his finger his signet ring. "The die is cast! if thou art treacherous, the guilt be on thine own head!" The stranger took the ring, and bidding Henri await him, left the temple.

In about an hour he returned; and throwing a pilgrim's cloak over the knight's armour, and exchanging his helmet for a hat of the same order, he placed in his hand a strong staff, similar to the one he himself bore; then, beckoning him to follow, he quitted the majestic ruins.

They immediately proceeded northwards, and reached, unmolested, the spot where Libanus and Antilibanus unite. The count's heavy armour had somewhat impeded his progress; they rested therefore a short time before they commenced the ascent. Day broke over the mountain tops as they reached the shores of Limone. Here they refreshed themselves at a clear rill; and Henri, for the first time, beheld his companion by the broad light of day. He could gather little from his scrutiny: the stranger wore a pilgrim's dress, such as he had himself assumed; but, in addition to the large hat, he had a sort of coif, similar in form to that worn by the knights templar, but composed of the same stuff as his gown, to which it seemed to be an appendage, and drawn so far over his face as to render it impossible to distinguish his features. From the ease and activity of his motions, and the full though deep tone of his voice, it was easy to perceive he was not old; whilst, from the purity of his accent, and the clear dark complexion of his hands and feet (the latter partially covered by sandals of curious workmanship), it was equally evident that he was an oriental; beyond this, the knight felt his conjectures to be vague and untenable; and after a few ineffectual attempts to catch a glimpse of the stranger's face, having recruited his strength, he proposed they should recommence their journey.

They travelled for some time in almost total silence, the few remarks made by the knight being met by brief or stern replies, in the same tone which always characterized the stranger's voice, till at length they reached the mountain summit of Lebanon. A wide extent of country entirely covered with snow lay before them; there was neither tree nor rock that could conceal a foe; and, except the occasional footprints of wild beasts, no trace of any living thing; all around was awful desolation. And could it be, that in this wild scene of barrenness, the stately cedar forests once had reared their towering heads? Did this region of dazzling whiteness once rest beneath a deep and holy shade, so vainly deemed eternal?—Ay, even so:—Judah! thy glory and thy might have passed away! Lebanon, thy monarchs of the forest are all laid low!—save where a few still cluster together on thy sacred steeps, like the last scions of a banished house, lingering around their paternal territory! Thus thought the count of Champagne, as he trod the dreary waste; but soon his mind reverted to his own situation; and remarking that here it was impossible they could be waylaid or overheard, he determined to question his guide more closely than he had hitherto done.

"Thus far," said he, "I have followed thee implicitly; but now, all fear of pursuit is over: in this frozen region, no Ismaëlian can track our way unseen: it seems as if the foot of man has never before trod these wastes. Tell me, then, how thou knowest so well the object of my search, and the dangers that await me,—tell me, above all, whither the queen of Jerusalem has been conveyed?"

"Count of Champagne," returned the stranger, "I stood disguised in the christian church, when Conrad of Montferrat led to the altar the unwilling daughter of Almeric. I saw thine eye turned despairingly from the bridal gems that bound her brow, to her pallid face: I marked the glance of never-dying love exchanged between ye;—it needed little skill to know why on the plains of Ascalon, thou foughtest as one disdaining life! I knew thee generous and noble; and when the voices of thousands proclaimed the murder of thy rival, and one dark rumour told the loss of thy beloved, I resolved to guide and guard thee in the course thou would'st pursue. Thus far I have saved thee from the perils that beset thee; but the great difficulty of thine enterprise is yet to come. Isabel is immured in an impregnable fortress; the vale which leads to it is guarded by fierce Ismaëlians, and the entrance is known but to themselves, and me.

Question me no further: who I am, it boots thee little to know, or why I fain would serve thee. Believe me for thy friend; and having trusted me thus far, let not idle doubts deter thee from thy purpose: the time may come, when more may be told thee. We have reached the well of Ayn el Hadede; let us rest beside its waters for a while; and if, as I hope, we escape unmolested, we will abide to-night in the christian vale of Canobine; it is but a little from our path, and only a few hours' journey from hence."

"Saracen," exclaimed the count, with dignity, "for such thy speech betrayeth thee to be, I would fain believe thee honest—and my course is desperate! For the present I trust thee—but beware how thou givest me cause to think thee treacherous!"

So saying, the count and his guide, after a short repose, continued their dreary course, which began to descend towards the vale of Canobine, whose precincts they reached without accident.

They entered the little valley at its southern end, by the clear light of the full moon. It seemed as if a vast mountain had been riven in twain, to afford this isolated shelter to the monks and hermits who inhabited it, so completely was it secluded from the world. Its steep sides were clothed with fragrant shrubs, among whose branches was heard the sweet warbling of the nightingale which loved its eternal coolness. Platforms, or terraces, had been formed, to afford a space for the growth of fruit trees; and on them were erected trellices, over which twined the giant Syrian vine, whose huge bunches of amber-coloured grapes afforded the recluses both food and wine. These platforms were watered by innumerable rills, that fell sparkling from point to point, and united in a small lake which supplied the monks with fish. From this lake glided the "waters of Lebanon," made holy by the tears of penitents, who expiated in this lonely spot the sins committed in the world. The small unadorned church and convent of the Maronites stood on its banks; and the crusader was already rejoicing in the hope of passing part of the night in devotion beneath its holy walls, when his guide, with an impatient gesture, led him up a long flight of rugged steps cut in the face of the rock, and nearly hidden by thick evergreens: it ended in a sort of ledge, so narrow that one false step must plunge the adventurous traveller many fathoms deep into the vale below. This wound round an overhanging rock, which projected so far, that Henri and his guide were obliged to lean over the precipice, and cling by the plants which grew out of its fissures, to keep their footing: this became still more difficult, when, on turning an angle, their slender pathway was crossed by a clear cascade, which, falling from above, left a space between its waters and the rock. Still the stranger passed on; and Henri perceived with astonishment, that the torrent, with the moonbeams shining through its waters, formed a dazzling curtain of light before the entrance of a cave.

The Saracen, intimating that here was their lodging for the night, departed to replenish his empty scrip, while the knight shook the spray from his cloak, and divested himself of his armour. His companion soon returned, and Henri, without inquiry, joined him in his meal; then, both wrapping their ample cloaks around them, composed themselves to sleep, upon a bed of dried leaves at the bottom of the cave.

Early on the morrow they quitted the sacred valley by the way they had entered, and again pursued their course, still ascending, in a northerly direction. They proceeded for some hours, their path resembling that they had trod on the preceding day; when they again descended, and left the regions of snow and barrenness for a more cheerful route; the icy wilderness yielding to the rich green of blossoming trees and odoriferous shrubs.

Suddenly the stranger paused, and listened attentively; Henri heard nothing — but his companion, laying his hand upon his arm, exclaimed,

"We have been traced! I knew it must be so: the feet of multitudes are on our course—but fear thou nothing. I will be with thee in the hour of danger: let what will happen, offer no resistance."

Henri now heard the tramp of horses: "Stay, traitor!" cried he, catching the stranger's robe, as he was attempting to retreat.

"Peace!" rejoined he; "put back thy useless weapon; in me thou wilt destroy thy only friend. The Ismaëlians are upon us! Thou wilt be lost without me—thou mayest be saved by trusting me!"

So saying, with a powerful effort he wrenched himself from the iron grasp of the crusader, and as the first horseman issued from the wood, his dark mantle was lost in the shade of the trees in an opposite direction.

The count of Champagne stood motionless with astonishment, and at first offered no resistance to three or four Saracens, who advancing before their comrades, dismounted, and made themselves masters of his person; but he struggled fiercely as they attempted to bind him;—he was overpowered—his arms were pinioned, and his eyes blindfolded; he was then mounted on horseback, and strapped to the saddle; one of the Saracens held the bridle of his steed, and the party dashed furiously onward.

They pursued their way for many hours at the same rapid pace; sometimes up steep ascents, and through thick woods, at others over immense plains, the wind blowing chill, as on the summit of some mountain. At length, as if accustomed to the path, Henri's horse bounded securely down a tremendous declivity, and he could hear the roar of torrents, and feel their spray upon his cheek, till the dangers of the road were magnified by his fancy to a thousand horrid visions. After this fearful descent had continued for some time, he felt, by the increasing warmth and fragrance, that he was entering a valley. Having proceeded some way further, the party halted, and appeared to be joined by others; in a few seconds he heard a voice speaking in an authoritative tone, and in an unknown tongue. His arms were instantly unbound, and the bandage taken from his eyes. He found himself in a long, narrow valley, on the banks of a still lake, which assumed the aspect of a river, as it followed the windings of the mountains: before him was an immense building, filling up the whole width of the valley, and linking together the opposing heights, whose summits it emulated. This fortress presented one unbroken wall, with neither loop-hole nor entrance of any kind, not even in the single tower that projected from its front.

Henri turned to his captors, and perceived by his side a man of about fifty years of age, of stern and majestic demeanour: from the splendour of his dress, and the superb accoutrements of his Arabian courser, the count doubted not he was in the presence of the Sheikh al Jebal himself; nor was he deceived.

Djeladdeddin, the son of Mohammed, the reigning chief of the tribe in Persia, ruled over the Syrian dominions of his father. It was a saying of the Ismaëlians, that "the art of reigning could never be learned too soon;" therefore the Syrian sheikh's son, the young prince Alaëddin, though only twenty-five years of age, was associated with his father in the government: he was not of the party, being absent on some secret mission. The crusader, as he gazed on his captor's austere brow, fancied he could there trace the blood of many a murdered warrior: still he was unappalled by the danger of his situation; and returned only a smile of contempt, when the sheikh offered him life and liberty, on the condition of his forswearing his faith.

"Young knight of the cross," exclaimed the haughty Djeladdeddin, in the Arabian tongue, "thou do'st not well to scorn my offer. Knowest thou not, that at a word of mine, these faithful slaves would lay thee bleeding at my feet? Knowest thou not the power unlimited I possess?"

"I know," proudly answered the count, "that thou couldst not touch one hair of my head, unless it were permitted thee! I know that without a higher will than thine, thy slaves could not lay a finger on these limbs! The Power I trust, as far exceeds thine, as the glories of the sun transcend the dark clouds of night!"

The sheikh, amazed at his boldness, with a look of wrathful astonishment, exclaimed, "Dost thou doubt my unbounded dominion? Anon, then, thou shalt see it put to the test." They then proceeded to the tower in front of the fortress; when the sheikh again addressed his prisoner.

"Henri, count of Champagne—for I know thee—thou hast a fair territory, in distant France, and subjects devoted to thy will."

"I have," rejoined the crusader; "and would that but a handful of my faithful men were here! I would teach thee, tyrant, how vain is all thy boasted power!"

The sheikh, without heeding his exclamation, continued: "Thou shalt see if thy subjects will obey like mine!"

He blew a small horn; and three youths clothed in white, appeared on the top of the tower. Djeladdeddin gave them some order in his own language, which, to the horror of the knight, was instantly obeyed. The youths cast themselves from the immense height, and fell mangled out of the semblance of humanity, at the feet of their barbarous tyrant, and his shuddering prisoner. The attendant Ismaëlians raised a shout of triumph, exclaiming, "Blessed spirits! ye have entered on the joys of the heavenly paradise, given to those who die for their chief!" and falling before the sheikh, they asked that they too might prove their fidelity and love, and become worthy to dwell in those eternal delights, of which they had already, through his power, enjoyed a foretaste on earth.

They then seized the horror-stricken knight, and after binding him hand and foot, and blindfolding him even more securely than before, two of them bore him to a raft, or boat on the lake. For some time he felt himself pulled swiftly along the water, and thought, from the closeness of the air, that it must run underground; but the pain of his ligatures was so great, that he was unable to pay much attention to what surrounded him. After a time he was again placed on shore; and his feet, but not his hands, unbound: he was led through many vaults, and ascended and descended many flights of steps. At last his conductors stopped; he heard chains and heavy bolts withdrawn, and was led forward a few paces; his arms were unfastened, and immediately he heard a door closed upon him, and strongly secured. The first use he made of his hands, was to unbind his eyes—a vain relief, for he was in total darkness.

Cursing his untoward fate, the count lay for hours motionless on his dungeon floor; but when the first paroxysms of despair were over, he endeavoured to ascertain if there were any chance of escape. He groped round the walls of his cell; it was about ten feet square, and had no door except the heavy one by which he entered, and that was too firmly secured to offer him any hope of forcing it. After this unsuccessful examination, Henri again threw himself on the ground, and, from the length of time he had been left, began with horror to believe, that it was the will of the Old Man of the Mountain, that he should die of hunger in the dreary vault. Fatigue, both of body and mind, at last overpowered even the agonies of hunger and thirst, and he fell asleep. How long he remained in this situation, he knew not; his dreams were of Isabel,—but so painful, that a return to consciousness, even in this loathsome dungeon, was a relief. Hours passed away, yet no foot approached his prison: the cravings of nature were succeeded by a deadly faintness; horrible visions floated before his glazing eyes; he put up prayers to heaven for speedy death or succour, and sank into a kind of torpor, from which even the unbarring of his prison door scarcely aroused him.

A light flashed on his face, and as he raised his languid head, he perceived several black slaves, who had brought with them covered dishes, goblets of violet sherbet, and delicious wine: they spread the viands on the floor, and, leaving the lamp, departed without speaking. Henri raised himself, though with difficulty, and began eagerly to drink some sherbet; but as the fragrant draught cooled his parched lips, the sudden thought crossed him, that poison, sure and deadly, might lurk in the delicious liquor. He hastily put down the goblet; but again, he thought it better far to die by the deadliest drug, than to endure the lingering torments of hunger and thirst; he therefore, without considering further commended his soul to heaven and ate of the food before him.

He had scarcely ended his repast, when he felt a mortal coldness creeping through his veins; his palsied hand dropped the fatal cup; no doubt remained on his mind that his last hour was come! Was he thus to die, and Isabel in peril?—there was madness in the thought. The unfortunate knight murmured an agonized prayer for his beloved—and with the holy words still quivering on his lips, sank, deprived of all sense, cold and motionless, on the floor of his dungeon.

The count awoke from his death-like trance, though his senses returned but slowly, and he imagined himself dreaming still—but it was a dream so delicious that he dared not unclose his eyes to the oppressive darkness of his cell. The softest zephyrs breathed perfume over his face—the noisome and stagnant air of his prison no longer clogged his respiration; and sweet music gradually broke upon his ear. An exquisite female voice sung a soft gazal, accompanied by the lute; then changing to a gayer measure, told of the delights of paradise, and the joys that await the faithful. The knight, with his eyes still closed, listened in rapture, and fancied himself reposing on silken cushions instead of the damp floor which before was his only couch. The song changed again to a sprightly reveillé; and, determined to convince himself if he were indeed awake, he slowly unclosed his eyes upon the most glorious vision that had ever dazzled mortal sense.

He was in an immense saloon; its domed roof, covered with the richest arabesques, was supported by gorgeous columns; the space between them was shaded by curtains of rose-coloured satin, embroidered with gold and precious stones, and festooned at intervals, as if to give glimpses of gardens beyond, beautiful as the Eden of old. He was lying on a couch, his uncovered head supported by scented cushions; the breezes he had felt upon his face, proceeded from the feather fans of some beautiful nymphs who stood around him. She who had enchanted him with her music, was seated at his feet; her lute of sandal-wood still resting on her knee, and her lips still parted with the last sweet tone that had escaped them. Her symmetrical form was clad in a light robe, which, brilliant and silvery as the fountain sparkling near, reflected every dancing sunbeam; a girdle of precious gems encircled her waist, and a crown of glittering stars partially confined the tresses dark as night which floated over her bosom. The count half rose from his couch, and looked intently on the beautiful creature, whose bright dark eye was fixed on his, whilst a wild song of welcome burst from her lips:

"Welcome," she cried, "to these dwellings of light!
Thou hast passed from the cares and the sorrows of earth;
Smiles ever joyful, and eyes ever bright,
Here to pleasure and rapture for ever give birth!
Here the blest children of Allah repose,
In delight never ending, in bliss ever new;
Here the loud voice of despair never rose!—
To the world with its tears, thou hast bidden adieu!
Then welcome—these houris attend on thy will,
Eternally lovely, eternally blessed"—

"Hold, hold!" cried the crusader, starting to his feet. "Whatever thou art, beautiful and glorious being! learn that I own not the power of thy prophet,

—that I scorn these vain delights;" and here he piously crossed himself, endeavouring to believe that this but too charming illusion of Satan might pass away, though at the expense of again finding himself in his gloomy dungeon: but the murmured *Credo* dispelled not the vision; the exquisite form still stood before him, and as he turned away his eyes, they only rested on beings scarcely less beautiful than the seducing songstress herself. These houris (for they indeed seemed too bright for earth) were communing together in whispers scarcely louder than the dropping of the fountain as it fell on plates of silver, with a sound like the sweet tone of distant cymbals.

At length the songstress laid aside her lute, and approached the knight. "Infidel!" she exclaimed, "thy words are bold; but they shall pass as the idle breeze which waves not the stately plantain tree.—Our holy prophet hath beheld with an eye of favour thy valour and thy virtue, and hath marked thee for his own. That thou may'st acknowledge his power, he hath permitted thee to enjoy a foretaste of the bliss of that Paradise he hath prepared for the Faithful; and to me, the humblest of his slaves, is given the glorious task of winning thee from the false creed of Issa, and conducting thee before the radiant steps of Allah's throne! Come," she continued, taking him by the hand, "together we will tread these realms of bliss. I am Perizadeh, the daughter of the fairies!"

Henri hesitated; but in a moment more his armed heels clanked on the variegated pavement, while his conductress glided noiselessly beside him. They descended a flight of marble steps, and entered the odoriferous paths of the gardens. The count gazed in silent fascination on this beautiful being, and thought he had never beheld aught so fair. The branches of the myrobalan, that waved above his head, were less graceful than her form, and the glance of the tame antelope, as it sprung from his path, less darkly beautiful than her eye. He was dazzled, but not subdued, and his fealty to his lost lady-love remained unshaken: her image, as he had last beheld her, rose sadly, yet sweetly on his memory; the light of her blue eyes quenched in tears, and her pale lips quivering as they pronounced the words that were to destroy her peace for ever. The ties which had bound her, were now broken, and she was free,—free only to be torn from him again, to still more detested bondage. His heart sank, as he thought he might be doomed to pass his life amid the delusive splendours that surrounded him. Where was Isabel? Perhaps—and hope rekindled at the thought—she, too, might have been conveyed to these mysterious gardens; and his eye eagerly explored every verdant avenue or sunny lawn that lay around him. He passed several groups of maidens, engaged either in dancing, with wild but graceful movements, and sportively flinging flowers at each other, or reposing on mossy banks, and looking at their own fair forms reflected in the lakes, which, deeply azure as the skies above, spread their sweet waters through the glades. Among these gay nymphs, his heart told him it was vain to seek the queen. His next thought was to discover some mode of escape; but he could see no outlet. He was in a vast labyrinth of groves, surrounded by impassable mountains, and of such extent, that days might be passed in exploring it. The knight almost persuaded himself he was in the toils of some powerful magician—so wonderful was all he saw! His useless scrutiny recalled all his former melancholy thoughts, and his averted eyes avoided the glowing scene: the stately palm-trees and waving acacias were alike unheeded—and he trod in sad abstraction upon flowers, that might have been sought for in vain, even in the bowers of queens.

Perizadeh, who had observed him in silence, now led him to the front of a palace more superb than any thing he had yet beheld. They entered a hall, the steps and pavement of which were of jasper, inlaid with wreaths of golden flowers; rows of pillars occupied three sides of the apartment; they were of a graceful but fantastic shape, formed of large masses of rock crystal, and adorned with gold filagree-work: the whole of the fourth side was hidden by an embroidered curtain, before which was a censer emitting a thin blue smoke, and at intervals flashes of pale fire:

around this stood several ebony caskets, enriched with jewels. But what most attracted the knight, were four fountains, which played in the centre of the hall. The first was of water, and on a tripod before it, was placed a crystal cup: the second was of milk, and a cup of opal, with its rainbow hues, stood ready to receive the liquid: the third was of wine, and it seemed as if some of the sparkling liquor had condensed itself to form the topaz goblet before it: the fourth and last, by which was a cup of gold, flowed with liquid honey, clearer and sweeter than any the wild bee of Hymettus ever sipped from the dewy flowers of Greece.

The knight looked around—Perizadeh looked on him.—At length she spoke. "Thou hast been wandering," she said, "oh, christian! through the paradise which in the beginning of the world was created for Aboulbaschar, the Sefi Allah: we are now on that spot where Eblis gave the forbidden fruit to the beauteous Havah: from some of its juice, as it fell to earth in her guilty haste, these fountains rose. Nay, listen youth—within this divine resting place, our holy prophet, and his vicegerent on earth, the mighty Djeladdeddin, have permitted that thou shouldest taste the cup of bliss, till thou drain it in the heaven of heavens above. Look on me," she continued, shaking back her hair, and fixing her glorious eyes on his, "I am fairer than the daughters of earth; and I will be thy bride, thy slave, if thou wilt abjure thy faith, and worship at Allah's shrine!

"Hence, temptress," exclaimed the knight, "thy blandishments are vain! I glory in my faith; and would rather linger through years of sorrow for its sake, than dwell one guilty hour in these forbidden groves with thee. I despise thy beauty, I scorn thy proffered happiness! I am a christian; and whether I die an ignoble death in the power of thy treacherous and cruel master, or fall as becomes a soldier of the cross, my religion and my knightly honour are far dearer to me, than the life I have so often periled, and so soon may lose."

A shade lowered on Perizadeh's radiant brow, but it quickly passed away; and again smiling sweetly, she exclaimed, "Insensate! is there no spell can fix thy wandering fancy here? Look on these mystic founts: in each there is a hidden virtue! choose in what thy happiness shall consist; thou hast but to drink to obtain it! Of this crystal cup I speak not much; the pure element that flows into it will soothe no care—will bring no blissful vision; yet the lips which drain its refreshing draught, will never more be parched by the sultry noontide heat! But here," she continued, lifting the vase of opal from its stand, and catching in it the milky draught, "this will give thee back the heavenly dreams of infancy, the pure and happy thoughts of childhood, ere the cold breath of the world hath chilled thy heart, and frozen its warm affections: drink, and the morning of life shall again dawn freshly on thy soul!"

The knight turned sadly but steadily away. "Childhood," he said, "indeed is happy; but it is ignorant: it knows neither trials nor sorrows,—yet they must fit the soul for its high destiny! Its hopes and wishes are bright as the hues of thy charmed cup,—but, like them, they are false and fleeting!"

The maiden raised the topaz goblet, and presented to his lips its intoxicating contents. "This," she cried, "gives thee back, even in old age, the wild passions—the fiery energies of youth! It gives thee, too, their fruition—fame—power—the smile of woman! Drink, and all shall be thine."

The knight put back the glowing cup with a proud smile, exclaiming, "The passions are the christian's deadliest foes! Thinkest thou I will arm them against my own salvation?"

"Once more!" She raised the golden cup. "Here is the dream of thine early love! its sweet and pure delight, ere sorrow had blighted one leaf of the glowing flowers of happiness!"

Henri started; the spell was spoken that could alone disarm him. Oh! who would not quaff the bitterest draught, if it could restore the first—the last—the only love! He took the cup,—yet might not some other witchery lurk in the honied liquid,—might not poison?

"but no!" he exclaimed; "it may be woe,—it may be death,—but still, it may be Isabel!" He drank the delicious beverage.

The embroidered veil slowly divided, and disclosed a pale and motionless female form; her snowy robe was unadorned, and her golden hair hung dishevelled over her brow and bosom;—yet it was Isabel; changed, indeed, by sorrow and suffering, as though years had passed since their last meeting; and, save that her mild blue eyes, as if in mournful appeal, were fixed on his, so still and mute, he might have thought some unreal vision mocked his sight.

"Isabel! Isabel!" he cried, and would have sprung forward, but was withheld by some powerful hand. He struggled convulsively, for the fair form of his love seemed to become more shadowing and indistinct through the thin smoke which rose from the censer.

Perizadeh advanced, and, taking up one of the caskets, cried, "'Tis the moment for decision. There is thy love; on one condition she is thine."

"Name it," cried the count, "and, were it more than ever mortal dared before, for her it shall be done!"

The lips of Isabel moved, as if to warn him, but no sound followed.

"Forswear thy faith, and be a moslem," thundered the voice of Djeladdeddin, close beside him.

"Never! never! Isabel, my Isabel! dost thou require it?" Again he struggled to reach her, and had almost disengaged himself from those who held him, when Perizadeh shook some powder from one of the caskets into the flame of the censer. A thick smoke and an overpowering perfume instantly filled the hall; the grasp of the Ismaëlians grew weaker, but their captive no longer needed the restraint; his ears rung as with the clash of contending arms, his eyes closed, his brain whirled round, and he fell heavily and insensible to the earth.

* * * * * *

When Henri was again conscious of existence, a bewildered feeling of danger to be dared, and temptation to be resisted, was mingled with the dull sense of darkness and stupor. He endeavoured to shake it off by rising; but his limbs felt chill and inert, as if from long suspended animation, and his unclosed eye rested on vacancy. He made another effort, and at length recovered so far as to be able to stand: but, heavenly powers! did the vapour from the censer still surround him, or was he in a hideous dream? Where was the radiant hall?—where the divine Perizadeh?—where were even his foes?—above all, where was Isabel? All gone! — all disappeared! The damp walls of his dungeon closed upon him; and his hands, though not his sight, convinced him that he was again in its accursed gloom. He staggered in bitter disappointment—almost in despair—against the wall: he pressed his hands upon his burning brow, as if he would deaden the very power of thinking, and endeavoured to forget all he had seen and heard in the paradise to which some necromancer had conveyed him only to torture him. Perhaps, after all, it was an idle vision produced by the fumes of the sherbet on a brain weakened by long abstinence. He endeavoured to pursue this conjecture connectedly enough to convince his reason, but in vain; either the powers of his mind were shaken by suffering, or the impression was too vivid and too recent to be easily effaced, and with a deep sigh he relinquished the hopeless task.

He had sat for some time, his face buried in his hands, when a low sound proceeded from the opposite side of the prison; he started and withdrew his hands,—was he awake? The solid wall seemed to yield, to give entrance to a shadowy figure which then stood motionless, holding a small lamp—a second glance, aided by the faint light, shewed him that it was his mysterious guide across the mountains. Anger soon mastered his first feeling of superstitious dread; and springing upon the stranger, he seized him by the throat, exclaiming, "Wretch! be thou man or fiend, thou shalt not escape me now! Art thou come to triumph over the misery thou hast caused,—to mock the folly that confided in thee,—or to hasten, by thy treacherous hand, the death to which thou hast betrayed me?"

"Count," replied the other, in a smothered tone, "unhand me, lest I forget that I am here to befriend thee! Nay," he continued, with a violent effort shaking himself free, "madman that thou art! hear me!" But the struggle had loosened his pilgrim's cloak, and it fell from his shoulders; the light flashed on gems and gold, and disclosed the peculiar dress of an Ismaëlian of the highest rank.

"Vile emissary of the base Djeladdeddin!" cried the count, with redoubled fury; "I know thee now, and dearly will I revenge me!" He again closed upon him in mortal struggle, and snatched at a dagger glittering in his girdle, to supply the place of his own sword, which had been taken from him: but the stranger eluded his grasp, and raising the lamp, pushed back the hat and dark coif that hid his face, and allowed the light to shine full on his flushed but noble features.

"Thou knowest me now, indeed," he said, with a sedate smile, and in his natural voice, as the count stood in mute astonishment. "Thou knowest the captive of the streets of Tyre—that Ahmed thou didst so generously liberate from the camp at Ascalon. And yet not so," he continued, placing the lamp on the ground; "I am not what I seem, and a riddle to thee still. I meant not to have disclosed myself, even thus far; but I see I must befriend thee as thou wilt, or not at all. Too often have I practised on thy belief to hope for easy credence now: but let this mute witness tell thee who I am." He extended his right hand; it bore a royal signet, and on a diamond of such brilliant water, that it needed little but its own lustre to trace the Arabic characters engraven on it.

The count read aloud "*Aladdin!*"

"Even so," replied the prince. "Canst thou forgive my disguise, and listen to my explanation?"

Henri, still too much surprised to interrupt him, answered only by pressing his hand; and the Ismaëlian proceeded to tell him, that the captive he had rescued from the lances of an enraged soldiery, and from the more refined barbarity of Conrad of Montferrat, was the only son of the powerful Sheikh, Al Jebal.

He had been taken prisoner at the siege of Acre by some French knights, and sent as a present to their king; at whose departure from Palestine, he had been transferred to Conrad. The Ismaëlians took speedy measures to revenge the capture of their prince; and spite of his entreaties, Djcladdeddin decreed the death of the marquis of Tyre, and swore to visit his son's captivity on the whole family of the persecutor. Alaëddin, though he knew he could not avert, was yet determined to ameliorate the sentence of his father: and well knowing how the loss of Isabel would affect the count of Champagne, his benefactor, he used every endeavour to prevent her being carried off, but in vain. And such was the severity of the laws, to which the highest Ismaëlian must yield obedience, that, notwithstanding his sovereign power, he had been compelled to have recourse to stratagem. His unexpected rencontre with his father's advanced guard entirely deranged his plans, and caused the knight to fall into the hands of the Sheikh himself.

"I will not conceal from thee," continued the prince after he had concluded this recital, "that I was present at the attempts made to induce thee to become a convert to our holy religion: they were vain; but though I sorrow for thy blindness, I do not the less respect thy firmness."

"It was then no dream;" interrupted Henri: "all was real—that delicious garden—that lovely maiden—and the mysterious draught which plunged me in forgetfulness. Tell me, oh prince! of that vision of thy prophet's paradise—and tell me," he shudderingly added, "was it indeed the queen of Jerusalem my eyes beheld in that unhallowed place?"

"I may not answer thee," replied Alaëddin: "there are secrets known only to our holy sect; thou hast seen what the eye of christian never looked upon before, and eternal silence must close thy lips! Thus far only will I satisfy thee: thy Isabel was a sacred deposit in my hands; and though not permitted to restore her, I still could guard her from every harm. I remembered I had been a captive—had been set free—and I remembered by whom! But no more of this; time wears away, and I have already stayed too long; nor have I yet fulfilled the purpose of my visit. Three days hence thou shalt be free, and Isabel with thee. In this palmer's cloak and coif, thou wilt pass safely through the Moslem territories whilst the truce lasts; and the lady must wear a similar disguise. A trusty slave shall guide thee on the way, and thy vassals still await thy return at Balbec. For the present then, my friend, farewell—be vigilant, and be silent!"

He grasped the knight's hand, and raising the lamp, touched the secret spring in the wall, which closed behind him, and left the count in darkness.

In a few minutes afterwards, the door of his dungeon unclosed, and the first sound which fell on his ear was the soft voice of Isabel, speaking in a tone of entreaty.

"Alas!" she cried, "is this the freedom thou didst promise me? In this dreary dungeon——"

"Yes! here is thy fate—here is thy prison for ever!" exclaimed Alaëddin, as the arms of the count of Champagne supported the trembling form of his beloved. "But haste," continued the prince, "all is prepared for flight. And ye must now permit these bands across your eyes—even to friends the secret of our mountain fortress must not be disclosed."

He fastened round the head of each a silken kerchief, and led them from the cell. The way they took seemed to Henri the same by which he had entered, as he was again embarked on the subterranean lake. When the kerchiefs were removed, Henri found himself opposite the tower from which the three youths had thrown themselves: he shuddered at the recollection, and turned to look on Isabel; her figure was enveloped in a pilgrim's cloak, and though her cheek was pale, joy sparkled in her eye, and happiness smiled on her lip. The count placed her gently on one of the milk-white Arabian chargers standing ready for the journey: two veteran Ismaëlians, strongly mounted, were waiting to act as guides, while a third held the horse destined for Henri. A feeling of disappointment passed over him, when he found that Alaëddin was not to accompany their flight; he turned to him, and warmly expressed the regret he felt at parting with one to whom they owed so much.

"Henri," exclaimed the prince, "thou owest me no gratitude — I but repay a debt, too long due to thee! farewell—my father is now absent, and I dare not leave the fortress; here then we must part. Yet not for ever! once more we may meet again, and but once!— Our faith, our country, and our duties are far asunder! Thou art a christian, and I—but enough of this!— Away, away! The mountains, vales, and woodlands are before thee, free—farewell, my friend, farewell!"

Henri sprung into his saddle, the guides placed themselves in front; and the windings of the valley soon hid from sight the form of the Ismaëlian prince.

There were great rejoicings in the city of Tyre.—The streets were hung with rich tapestry and fresh-culled garlands, without one bunch of cypress mingling with the bridal wreaths. The cathedral was thronged with a courtly train; beneath its fretted roof were assembled the flower and pride of christendom. There might be seen the feudal princes and nobles of France and haughty Austria, whilst England shewed her bravest and her best, the gallant Cœur de Lion! Among the glittering band appeared but one moslem, who, of majestic mien and splendidly attired, stood a stranger in the christian church—nor was his name revealed, even to the earnest inquiries of the fair and noble maids who formed the train of Isabel. As Henri stood before the altar, his eye turned with a bright glance of gratitude on the unknown Saracen, when Richard and Berengaria of England conducted between them the queen of the holy city.

William, the good and venerable archbishop of Tyre, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and Richard placed upon the head of Henri, a crown similar to the one already encircling the brow of his blushing and illustrious bride. The loud anthem and hymenial chant swelled through the mighty church, and a thousand voices cried, "Hail to the King and Queen of Jerusalem!"

When the august ceremony was completed, the Saracen advanced, and bending on one knee, blessed the hand of the new-made bride; and in exchange for her portrait, which, suspended from a chain of gold, she flung across his shoulders, he clasped round her beautiful arm a bracelet of diamonds, each stone larger and more lustrous than the fairest gem of England's crown! he then rose, and turning to Henri, wrung his hand in silence, and quitted the cathedral.

CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I.

Oh! in the varied scenes of life
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when amid its busy strife
Congenial spirits meet?
Feelings and thoughts, a fairy band
Long hid from mortal sight,
Then start to meet the master-hand
That calls them forth to light.

II.

When turning o'er some gifted page,
How fondly do we pause,
That dear companion to engage
In answering applause;

And when we list to Music's sighs,
How sweet at every tone,
To read within another's eyes
The raptures of our own!

III.

To share together waking dreams,
Apart from sordid men,
Or speak on high and holy themes,
Beyond the worldling's ken:
These are most dear;—but soon shall pass
That summons of the heart,
Congenial spirits, soon, alas!
Are ever doomed to part.

IV.

Yet those to whom such grief is given,
Mourn not thy lot of woe,
Say, can a wandering light from heaven
E'er sparkle long below?
Earth would be all *too* bright, *too* blest,
With such pure ties of love;
Let kindred spirits hope no rest,
Save in a rest above!

Manning and Co., Printers, London-house Yard.

LESLIE'S PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This day is published, by CHARLES TILT, Fleet Street,
Prints, 10s. 6d.; plain Proofs, 15s.; India ditto, 21s.

A MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING, Ten Inches by Eleven, of the Portrait of the late Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Engraved by G. H. Phillips.

*** The popularity of the small fine print, engraved a few years ago in the Literary Souvenir, and of which upwards of 14,000 impressions have been sold, and the publication, during the last two years, of no less than four piratical imitations of it, attest the estimation in which Mr. Leslie's picture is held by the public, and have suggested the propriety of engraving it on a scale and in a style of execution commensurate with its merits.—Of its superiority as the truest of all the portraits of Sir Walter, before he was broken down by the calamities which clouded the last few years of his existence, innumerable testimonies from his friends might be referred to.

We have never seen a greater power of expression than is lodged in the eyes of this portrait; the columnar head, with its thin whitening locks, the meditative air, the benevolence that breathes between the lips, compressed indeed with the energy of thought, but mild in their firmness; the easy attitude, the unaffected costume, and even the old lofty cane-backed chair, with its massy frame and ornaments of carved work, are all as vivid and as faithful as in the picture itself, and that is all but reality. We have looked long and delightedly on this admirable print.—*Atlas.*

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* * * * * * * That it is infinitely the finest and most pleasing in expression, we can ourselves bear testimony. The engraving is a mezzotint, in Phillips' very best style. The softness and elasticity of the flesh, the fineness of the hair, and the peculiar turn of the eye-brow, all so remarkable in the painting, are most beautifully preserved. The lights upon the right hand—the staff—the cap—the antique-backed chair—are admirably expressed. The performance is altogether distinguished by simplicity, chasteness, and keeping.—*Court Journal.*

THE LAST SUPPER OF MARY,

QUEEN OF SCOTTS.

Size, eleven inches by thirteen. Engraved by G. H. Phillips, from a Painting by Colin. 7s. 6d.; Proofs, 10s. 6d.; before letters, 15s.

"As soon as the melancholy meal was over, Mary desired that a cup of wine should be given to her; and putting it to her lips, drank to the health of each of her attendants by name. She requested that they would pledge her in like manner; and each falling on his knee, and mingling tears with the wine, drank to her, asking pardon at the same time for all the faults he had ever committed."—*Bell's Life of Mary Queen of Scots.*

"A beautiful engraving. It is full of sentiment and pathos. The execution is rich and mellowed."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

"The composition, grouping, and chiaroscuro are excellent. There are nine figures in the piece, and of them not one can be deemed superfluous.—The subject is altogether most ably and effectively treated."—*Court Journal.*

"The centre group is the Queen with her eyes fixed by resolution and firmness, and the lips set, as if pronouncing a parting benediction. Behind her, leaning on a chair, is a venerable form, with a head cast in a British mould; on the Queen's left is Catherine Seyton, and, perhaps, a Chatelar in an attitude of great anxiety. On the right of the eentre are two male figures and one female, all kneeling and profoundly impressed; behind them is a fine old head and a youthful one, in attitudes expressive of the greatest interest. The figures are all well drawn and skilfully grouped.—The beauties are not exaggerated; the scene, style, and costume what they might have been, and probably were at Fotheringay. The accessories are few and appropriate; the light coming from a hidden lamp on the extreme left of the picture, is managed with great skill. The engraving is fine and effective."—*Atlas.*

"The painter has shewn considerable knowledge of the various styles and beauties of composition, in the admirable manner in which the story is unfolded, and the execution is equal to the conception. The countenance of the female figure kneeling, is a true picture of tearful sorrow; and there is a general earnestness in all the figures, and an individuality and expression in each of them, that bespeak considerable power."—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

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